25 June 1983 40p US $1.95 (by air) ISSN 0028 6362

Aus80c DnKr16.50 FrNF10.00 GerDm 5.00 Spn275pts Malaysia $2.50 IR 58p (inc. VAT) New Zealand 80c

NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Keeping up with Ms Jones

GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL REPORT PAGES 6&7

ANIMAL GRACE!

GRACE JONES by KRISTINE McKENNA

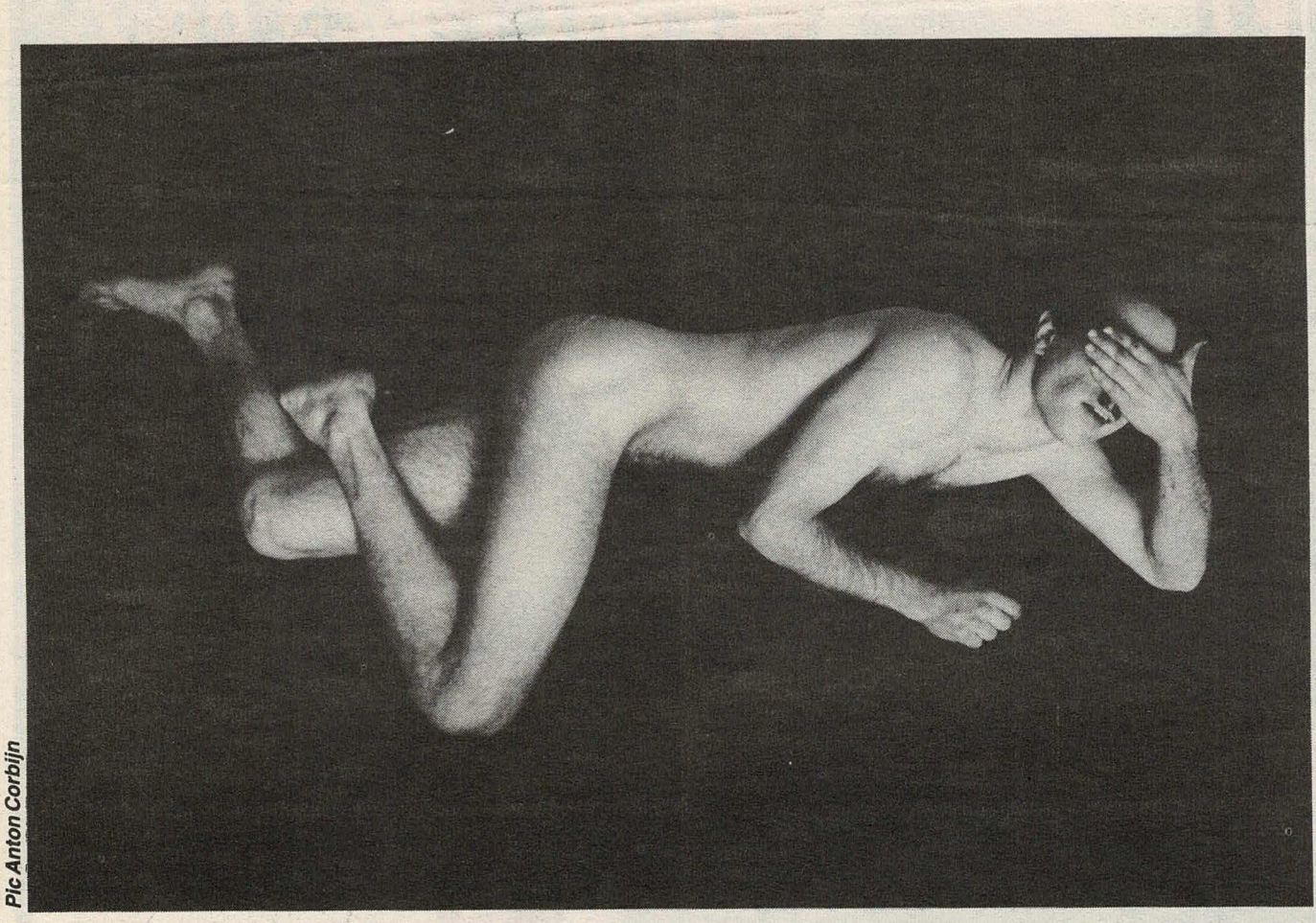
THE YOUNG POLE REBELS

BOOKER NEWBURY III

ROD STEWART

The Silent Scream. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

EINSTÜRZENDE MAN ILL ● DURAN GO OPEN-AIR ● KILLING JOKE DATES ● ABBEY ROAD GOES PUBLIC ●



Pic Anton Corbijn

COLLAPSING NEW DRUMMERS

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN — the leaders of Teutonic noise — suffered a setback last Sunday eve when punters pulled up to London's Brixton Ace anticipating a bill of So Alone and The March Violets topped by the Bohn-endorsed steel-bashers.

They found the venue locked and anxious spokes-folks hovering about to assure them that "money would be refunded come Monday".

The reason for this abrupt cancellation occurred on Friday when Andrew U.N. Ruh (the band's most avowed non-musician) was rushed to hospital just before leaving Berlin. Andy — memorable to London audiences as the man with moustache and power drill — underwent emergency surgery for a particularly unpleasant condition which blocked his upper intestines, preventing his body from dispersing its own waste.

Although U.N. Ruh is now recovering, the incident dealt another severe blow to the Neubauters' plan for an American assault; due to depart the day after their Ace engagement, they had already fallen prey to permit hassles.

On the vinyl front, however, things are not quite so clear: the group's anticipated compilation for Foetus' Hard't label (due for distribution via Some Bizarre and Virgin) will be going ahead as planned.

***DURAN DURAN**'s proposed open-air charity concert at the Aston Villa football ground, plans for which were revealed two weeks ago, has now been given the go-ahead by Birmingham City Council. And with the granting of a licence despite a number of objections by local residents, the event has been set for Saturday, July 23 — one of the two alternative dates forecast by* NME.

Special guests are Robert Palmer and Prince Charles & The City Beat Band, with Peter Powell compering, and the four-hour show starts at 6pm (gates open 4pm). All proceeds will go to MENCAP for the purpose of financing an Open University TV education course on mental handicap, called "Patterns For Living" — and the band hopes it will have a significant impact on society's attitudes to those so afflicted.

Tickets are £8.50 and are available by postal application only to C.P. Box Office, P. O. Box 1AS, London W1A 1AS. Make cheques and POs payable to "D.B.C.P.", and write on the reverse of the cheque whether you prefer pitch or stand tickets, remembering to enclose SAE. There is a limit of four tickets per application.

The band say they expect a large amount of unapproved bootleg merchandising to be on sale outside the ground, and they advise people to ignore this as official merchandising is available inside.

● ***PETER GABRIEL'S** anti-Apartheid benefit on July 9 at the Crystal Palace football ground, South London, has also managed to overcome concentrated efforts to have it banned. The objectors were led by Bernard Weatherill, Tory MP for Croydon North East who was last week appointed the new speaker of the House of Commons — he claimed that gardens would be ruined, windows broken and cars vandalised. Fortunately, his efforts didn't succeed, because in no way could Gabriel suppporters measure up to Leeds or Chelsea soccer fans.*

***ABBEY ROAD**'s famous No. 2 Studio, where The Beatles recorded between 1962 and 1969, is being opened to the public for the first time. For eight weeks, from July 18 to September 11, an audio-visual presentation is to be staged in the studio. The hour-long show will feature film clips and promotional videos with previously unreleased Beatles recordings, coupled with photographs and interviews — plus a display of recording equipment and an opportunity to buy souvenirs, records and books.*

The show at the London studio, is being billed as "The Beatles At Abbey Road". It will open seven days a week throughout the period, with three shows daily (10.30am, 3.30pm and 7.30pm), and tickets are £4.50 each including refreshments, available from EMI Records Ltd (to whom Postal orders only should be made payable), P.O. Box 72, London NW8 9AY — enclose SAE, and give second and third choice of dates.

***KILLING JOKE** have now confirmed eight more concerts, preceding their show at London Hammersmith Palais on July 31, revealed exclusively by* NME *three weeks ago. They are at Sheffield Leadmill (July 21), Glasgow Night Moves (22), Newcastle Dingwalls (23), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Nottingham Rock City (27), Hull Dingwalls (28), Dunstable Civic Hall (29) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (30).*

Further concerts are being finalised, including one in Manchester, and these will be announced in a week or two. Ticket prices range from £2 to £3.50 and, for dates already confirmed, are currently availble from venues and usual agencies. As a prelude to their tour, Joke have a new album released by EG/Polydor on July 8 titled 'Fire Dances' — not only is it their studio set for over a year, but it's also the first they've produced themselves.

GOING

*Or — the jugular **Chris Bohn** wonders why **Thomas Dolby** can be so successful yet so anonymous. Photography **Anton Corbijn.***

TIME WAS when collaborators had their heads shaved. Today they're rewarded with hit records.

Since the ideological stain of punk was washed out of music and the second British invasion has proven how easy it is to sell beads to the Americans, imagination has been replaced with a pervasive stupidity and ugly conformity.

Forgive me for leaping so far back as punk to make a point, but, as communist composer Hanns Eisler, first witness for the prosecution, said: "This jump is necessary in order to describe stupidity in music. I have to go a long way backwards to take a long run in order to jump."

Way back in 1958 — the year today's accused Thomas Dolby was born — Eisler warned electronic music would represent the "real triumph of pedestrian handicraft". We are now suffering the accuracy of that prediction through OMD, Tears For Fears, Thompson Twins, Flock Of Seagulls...

At least Dolby has achieved a certain level of craftsmanship and has a few revealing words to add by way of mitigation.

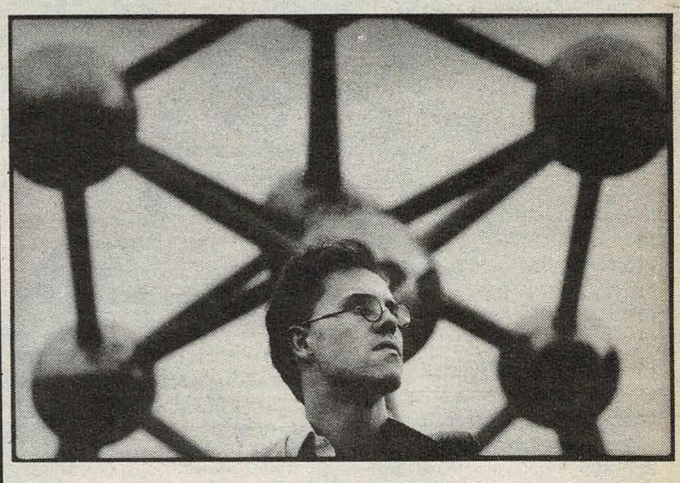
But your investigator, who tracked him down to Brussels sheepishly asserts.

With similar meekness he describes how he collaborated with Bruce Woolley, Foreigner, Joan Armatrading, early Thompson Twins, Lene Lovich and Malcolm McLaren; suggestions of rampant eclecticism, however, are met with an uncharacteristically sour rejoinder.

"Anybody who chooses not to find me credible because I spent a few weeks with Foreigner shows up what a false thing so called credibiity is to music."

And he goes on to explain his activities thus: "I always used to feel that collaboration was what I was best at. I'm very impressionable when it comes to working with somebody else, and I would always want to impress them rather than thinking how the records were going to end up. Eventually I fell into doing things for myself. It felt uncomfortable at first because I don't feel I'm a born performer. I tend to be a better catalyst."

His modesty is borne out by the hour-long video show he has devised for TV. It portrays himself as both a voyeuristic film projectionist and dilettante sound scientist fronting a group. Humour in the presentation fails to hide the clumsiness of music and mannerisms that fit somewhere on the same sliding scale as Ultravox and Gary Numan.



At this point your investigator would like to add a few mitigating words: if it weren't for the intense peer group pressure where he is recording a second LP, can't work out why he's being so cooperative. A very gentlemanly fellow as befits his breeding (widely travelled son of an archaeologist), he stands accused of making self conscious dance records, of being unsuited to his role of electronic boffin turned popstar, and he all but agrees!

"Well, I'm very much a sheep in sheep's clothing," he

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DOLBY DOLBY ● JACKSON AND ROSS TO PLAY ALBERT HALL? ● JULUKA BAN LIFTED ● NME CASSETTE ●

FOR THE JUGGLER

that insists everybody must be a star, Dolby might have applied his craft where it was best suited. That is, in the backroom producing high quality sound for others. But having ventured into the market place himself, he is subject to its fluctuations, intimidated by its trends.

Acquiescence has paid off in America where his 'She Blinded Me With Science' single and 'Golden Age Of Wireless' LP have charted high, earning him illustrious praise from folks such as Michael Jackson. But the sacrifices necessary! For the 'science' video Dolby played up to a deranged boffin image and even brought Magnus Pike in on the joke. Backfired?

"I think there's quite a large contingent in America that regards me on a par with *Upstairs Downstairs* and the Royal wedding because of that video," he remarks ruefully. "A very typical English eccentric."

Then why collude, Thomas?

"I've chosen to look at the truth of what I do, the way I work with machines, highlighting the aspects I think are entertaining."

It's a peculiar sort of honesty, a rather becoming modesty that governs Dolby's success. If the musical climate were healthier, your investigator would have recommended leniency. But the bucks have to stop somewhere and soon.

So your investigator is compelled to ask for Thomas Dolby to be sent away for re-education with a copy of Foetus Over Frisco's 'Custom built For Capitalism' under his arm.

AN AMBITIOUS plan for Michael Jackson, Diana Ross and Lionel Richie to appear together at London's Royal Albert Hall in late November was tinged with controversy as NME *closed for press this week.*

The idea is that the show would be beamed to major cities throughout the World, followed by an album and video of the event, and it would be preceded by a similar concert in New York.

Although reportedly being organised by the Billy Tandi Corporation of California, Capitol Records — on behalf of Diana Ross — said they knew nothing about it. And speaking from the States, Jackson's manager Ron Weisner described the story as a "fabrication", denying his artist's participation in any such concert on either side of the Atlantic.

JULUKA may now appear on British TV as the result of a partial climbdown by the Musicians' Union, who had earlier banned the multi-racial South African group from the small screen.

The MU says it will withhold its objections, in view of the exceptional circumstances, provided that an equivalent amount of work is given by the media to British musicians and the Juluka's TV fees are donated to Anti-Apartheid. But the MU stresses that this applies only to the group's current visit, and holds out little hope for the future unless the members

choose to become political refugees, thereby not returning to South Africa — which defeats the whole object of the group's very existence, and their fight against Apartheid in their home country.

Meanwhile, Juluka have now begun a series of British dates, playing Watford Bailey's (all this week), Leeds Warehouse (July 1) and London Victoria The Venue (4), with the likelihood of more being added. Their new single 'Impi' — their biggest hit in South Africa, telling the story of Lord Chelmsford's defeat by the Zulus — is released by Safari this week, as is their debut UK album, 'Scatterlings'.

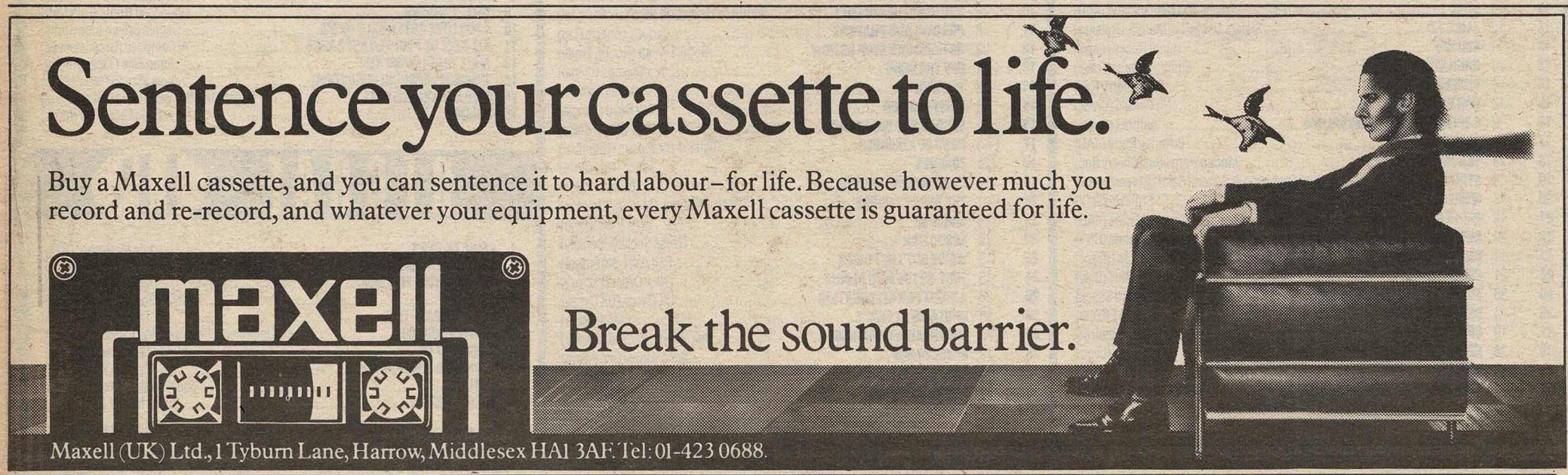
NME understands that some of its very patient readers have yet to receive delivery of their 'Racket Packet' and 'Stompin' At The Savoy' cassettes. We apologise for the inconvenience caused, but unfortunately the delay is beyond our control — in fact, the company hired by IPC to distribute our mail order cassettes has gone into voluntary liquidation.

Nevertheless, we assure those readers still waiting for casssettes that all outstanding orders will be fulfilled, and they should be with you within the next few days.

As far as future* NME *cassette offers are concerned, we will make certain that distribution — as in the past — is trouble-free.

Sentence your cassette to life.

Buy a Maxell cassette, and you can sentence it to hard labour–for life. Because however much you record and re-record, and whatever your equipment, every Maxell cassette is guaranteed for life.



Break the sound barrier.

Maxell (UK) Ltd., 1 Tyburn Lane, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 3AF. Tel: 01-423 0688.

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster and send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	3	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI-America)	4	1
2	1	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	Police (A & M)	5	1
3	6	FLASHDANCE...WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	3	3
4	14	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	4	4
5	2	BAD BOYS	Wham (Innervision)	6	2
6	4	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	6	3
7	13	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES	Elton John (Rocket)	6	7
8	5	BUFFALO SOLDIER	Bob Marley (Island)	7	5
9	9	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	5	9
10	10	LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME)	George Benson (Warner Bros)	4	10
11	20	I WANNA BE STARTING SOMETHING	Michael Jackson (Epic)	3	11
12	11	PILLS AND SOAP	The Imposter (Demon)	3	11
13	7	LOVE TOWN	Booker Newbury III (Polydor)	4	7
14	32	DARK IS THE NIGHT	Shakatak (Polydor)	2	14
15	23	DEAD GIVEAWAY	Shalamar (Solar)	2	15
16	28	DREAM TO SLEEP	H^2O (RCA)	2	16
17	8	JUST GOT LUCKY	JoBoxers (RCA)	6	5
18	17	HANG ON NOW	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	3	17
19	33	MARKET SQUARE HEROES	Marillion (EMI)	2	19
20	19	WE CAME TO DANCE	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	19
21	(—)	WHEN WE WERE YOUNG	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	21
22	22	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	3	22
23	16	IN A BIG COUNTRY	Big Country (Mercury)	5	13
24	12	CANDY GIRL	New Edition (London)	10	1
25	30	LOOKING AT MIDNIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	3	25
26	44	CONFUSION (HITS US EVERY TIME)	The Truth (WEA)	2	26
27	18	MONEY GO ROUND	Style Council (Polydor)	5	8
28	15	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	The Beat (Go Feet)	8	4
29	(—)	ROCK AND ROLL IS KING	ELO (Jet)	1	29
30	(—)	LET'S ALL GO	Killing Joke (EG/Malicious Damage)	1	30
31	(—)	COME LIVE WITH ME	Heaven 17 (BEF)	1	31
32	27	DANCING TIGHT	Galaxy (Ensign)	10	4
33	(—)	I WON'T HOLD YOU BACK	Toto (CBS)	1	33
34	42	JUICY FRUIT	M'tume (Epic)	6	33
35	(—)	THE HEAT IS ON	Agnetha Faltskog (Epic)	2	35
36	(—)	TAKE THAT SITUATION	Nick Heyward (Arista)	2	36
37	(—)	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT	Paul Young (CBS)	1	37
38	40	BRING ME CLOSER	Altered Images (Epic)	4	26
39	39	LET'S LIVE IT UP	David Joseph (Island)	4	37
40	26	STOP AND GO	David Grant (Chrysalis)	7	24
41	(—)	I.O.U.	Freeze (Beggars Banquet)	1	41
42	25	WHAT KINDA BOY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	6	10
43	38	FLESH OF MY FLESH	Orange Juice (Polydor)	4	29
44	35	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	10	1
45	(—)	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	1	45
46	31	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	14	8
47	41	IT'S OVER	The Funkmasters (Master Funk)	2	41
48	34	SHEEPFARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)	3	34
49	49	SURPRISE	Central Line (Mercury)	2	49
50	(—)	IT'S SO HIGH	Matt Fretton (Chrysalis)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	10	1
2	2	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	27	1
3	25	OIL ON CANVAS	Japan (Virgin)	2	3
4	6	TOO LATE FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	3	4
5	23	BODY WISHES	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	2	23
6	9	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	3	6
7	5	CRISES	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	4	5
8	14	PLAYS LIVE	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	2	8
9	4	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley (Island)	5	3
10	7	TWICE AS KOOL	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	8	7
11	10	WHAT IS BEAT/BEST OF	The Beat (Arista)	3	10
12	3	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	15	1
13	19	SPEAKING IN TONGUES	Talking Heads (Sire))	2	13
14	(—)	SYNCHRONICITY	Police (A&M)	1	14
15	8	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	8	1
16	36	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)	2	16
17	12	HIGH DIVER	Dio (Vertigo)	2	12
18	11	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	5	5
19	13	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	15	2
20	22	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	7	5
21	17	CHART ENCOUNTERS OF THE HIT KIND	Various (Ronco)	5	16
22	(—)	CHART STARS	Various (K-Tel)	1	22
23	17	THE COLLECTION	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	5	17
24	27	WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND ME	Agnetha Faltskog (Epic)	3	24
25	18	CARGO	Men At Work (Epic)	10	3
26	15	DUCK ROCK	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	4	11
27	20	WHITE FEATHERS	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	9	8
28	46	HEADFIRST	Uriah Heep (Bronze)	2	28
29	35	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	10	3
30	29	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	17	1
31	33	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	17	2
32	(—)	BITE	Altered Images (Epic)	1	32
33	30	WHAMMY!	B-52s (Island)	5	18
34	42	SAMURAI	Grand Prix (Chrysalis)	2	32
35	21	NIGHT DUBBING	Imagination (R&B)	7	9
36	(—)	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	1	36
37	28	MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND	Meatloaf (Epic)	8	3
38	34	TUBULAR BELLS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	3	34
39	26	ANOTHER PERFECT DAY	Motorhead (Bronze)	4	16
40	(—)	STREETSOUNDS	Various (Streetsounds)	1	40
41	(—)	THE FUGITIVE	Tony Banks (Charisma)	1	41
42	24	FEAST	Creatures (Polydor)	5	8
43	37	NAKED	Kissing The Pink (Magnet)	4	35
44	(—)	SYNCHRO SYSTEM	King Sunny Ade (Island)	1	44
45	31	DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION	Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	10
46	(—)	ELIMINATOR	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)	7	24
47	44	HUNKY DORY	David Bowie (RCA)	3	43
48	40	WATER SIGN	Chris Rea (Magnet)	2	40
49	47	SONGS	Kids From Fame (BBC)	7	17
50	32	TOTO IV	Toto (CBS)	17	3

45s INDEPENDENT

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	PILLS AND SOAP	The Imposter (Demon)	4	1
2	4	SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)	3	2
3	2	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	5	2
4	5	SHIPBUILDING	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	4	4
5	7	WALK OUT TO A WINTER	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	5	5
6	3	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	14	1
7	6	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	5	6
8	8	EVOLUTION EP	Subhumans (Bluurg)	3	8
9	15	IT'S A FINE DAY	Jane (Cherry Red)	3	9
10	10	QUAL	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	3	10
11	12	ALICE 12"	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	3	11
12	(—)	MALIBU	Hanoi Rocks (Licks)	1	12
13	20	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)	3	13
14	(—)	PENELOPE TREE	Felt (Cherry Red)	1	14
15	17	BAD NEWS	Hit Parade (Crass)	3	15
16	9	CAPITALISM AND CANNIBALISM	Anthrax (Crass)	3	9
17	(—)	BAD SEED EP	Birthday Party (4AD)	1	17
18	24	THE JET SET JUNTA	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	2	18
19	14	STOP THAT TRAIN	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)	3	14
20	13	WORKING ON THE GROUND	Shriekback (Y)	3	13
21	18	PEPPERMINT PIG	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	3	18
22	29	MEN LIKE MONKEYS	Three Johns (CNT)	2	22
23	11	BAD BOY	Adicts (Razor)	4	11
24	21	CATCH 23	GBH (Clay)	3	21
25	30	SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME	Miguel Brown (Record Shack)	2	25
26	(—)	DEKOMPOSITIONS	SPK (Side Effects)	1	26
27	19	CROW BABY	March Violets (Rebirth)	3	19
28	26	INVADERS OF THE HEART	Jah Wobble (Lago)	2	26
29	(—)	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	1	29
30	(—)	STOP FIGHTING, STOP WAR, NO MORE EP	Lost Cherries (Riot/Clone)	1	30

LPs INDEPENDENT

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	2	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	7	1
2	3	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	3	2
3	1	YES SIR I WILL	Crass (Crass)	3	1
4	12	VOLUME, CONTRAST, BRILLIANCE	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	3	4
5	4	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	3	4
6	7	PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOL. III	Various (Anagram)	3	6
7	9	BACK TO MYSTERY CITY	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)	3	7
8	11	MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR	Action Pact (Fall Out)	2	8
9	5	STOP THAT TRAIN	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)	3	5
10	16	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)	2	10
11	8	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)	3	8
12	23	NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	2	12
13	(—)	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	1	13
14	6	THE WHIP	Various (Kamera)	3	6
15	13	FIRST FLOWER	Play Dead (Jungle)	2	13
16	10	SECOND EMPIRE JUSTICE	Blitz (Future)	3	10
17	(—)	HAND OF KINDNESS	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)	1	17
18	25	ZOMBIES	Attack (No Future)	2	18
19	17	BEGINNING OF THE END	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)	2	17
20	(—)	THE REPTILE HOUSE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	1	20
21	14	MACHINE	1919 (Red Rhino)	3	14
22	22	SEDUCTION	Danse Society (Society)	3	22
23	19	WE'VE GOT THE POWER	Red Alert (No Future)	2	19
24	15	1981-82 THE MINI ALBUM	New Order (Factory)	3	15
25	28	A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION	UK Decay (UK Decay)	2	25
26	29	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	3	26
27	20	UNREHEARSED WRONGS	Disrupters (Radical Change)	2	20
28	18	REBEL SONGS	Decorators (Red Flame)	2	18
29	(—)	THEMES FOR GRIND	Will Sergeant (92 Happy Customers)	1	29
30	30	ENGINE SHUDDER	Moodists (Red Flame)	2	30

DANCE FLOOR 45s

Mary Jane Girls pose à la Rick James

1	LOVE TOWN	Booker Newbury III (Polydor)	
2	ALL NIGHT LONG/BOYS	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	
3	YOU AIN'T REALLY DOWN	Status IV (TMT)	
4	LOVE IS THE KEY/WE ARE ONE	Maze (Capitol)	
5	IT'S OVER	Funkmasters (Master Funk)	
6	YOU MAKE IT HEAVEN	Terry Wells (Philly World)	
7	USE ME LOSE ME	Paul Simpson Connection (Streetwise)	
8	SATURDAY NIGHT/BLESS THE LADIES	Oliver Cheatham (MCA)	
9	TURN THE MUSIC ON	Orlando Johnson (East Street)	
10	IOU/I DUB	Freez (Beggars Banquet)	
11	JUICY FRUIT	M'tume (Epic)	
12	BETWEEN THE SHEETS	Isley Brothers (T.Neck)	
13	DANCING TIGHT	Galaxy (Ensign)	
14	GROOVIN ON A GROOVE/NO ONE	Ingram (Streetwave)	
15	DIDN'T KNOW LOVE	Lenny White (Elektra)	
16	I NEED YOU NOW	Sinnamon (Jive)	
17	FALLING IN LOVE	Surface (Salsoul)	
18	EXCITATION	Brutus (Philly World)	
19	LET NO NAME PUT ASUNDER	First Choice (Salsoul)	
20	TELL ME LOVE	Michael Wycoff (RCA)	

Courtesy of Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London W1.

W GERMANY 45s

1	JULIET	Robin Gibb (Polydor/DGG)	
2	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)	
3	BRUTTOSOZIALPRODUKT	Geiersturzflug (Ariola)	
4	LEUTCHTURM	Nena (CBS)	
5	SWEET DREAMS	Eurythmics (RCA)	
6	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Rough Trade)	
7	KLEINE TASCHENLAMPE BRENN	Markus (CBS)	
8	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	
9	BREAKAWAY	Tracey Ullman (Stiff/Teldec)	
10	BUM BUM	Trio (Mercury)	

Courtesy Der Musikmarkt

REGGAE 45s

1	ROOTS GIRL	Little John (Powerhouse)	
2	ROOTS ROCKIN'	Aswad (Simba)	
3	ALL IN THE GAME	Little John (Black & White)	
4	RESERVATION FOR TWO	Lloyd Parkes (Intense)	
5	I LIKE IT LIKE THAT	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)	
6	DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU	Nina De Costa (Rokel)	
7	I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE	Tinga Stewart (Channel 1)	
8	JOE GRIMES	Winston Hussey (Volcano)	
9	SWEET WOMAN	Undivided Roots (Ruff Cuff)	
10	YOUR LOVE GOTTA HOLD ON ME	Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)	
11	ALL KIND OF PEOPLE/LAST DANCE	Al Campbell (Greensleeves)	
12	AIN'T THAT LOVING YOU	Alton Ellis (Treasure Isle)	
13	ZUNGGUZUNGGUGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellow Man (Greensleeves)	
14	LIVE AT HARCHOS HALL	Sugar Minott & Earl 16 Etc (Black Roots)	
15	JAMMIN'	Papa Face (Top Notch)	

REGGAE LPs

1	COME ON OVER	Freddie McGregor (Ras)	
2	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley (Island)	
3	SATISFACTION FEELING	Dennis Brown (Tads)	
4	EARTH	Misty In Roots (People Unite)	
5	COME FE MASH IT	Tony Tuff (Volcano)	
6	TWO BIG SOUNDS	Lee's Unlimited v Peoples Choice (Greensleeves)	
7	VERY BEST OF . . .	Ruddy Thomas (Mobiliser)	
8	STANDARD PROCEDURE	Chalice (Pipe Music)	
9	OUTLAW	Josey Wales (Greensleeves)	
10	LOTS OF EXTRA	Sugar Minott (Hit Bound)	

Courtesy Summit, 23 Temple Street, Birmingham 2. Tel: 021 643 4494

US MID PRICE LPs

1	THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST	David Bowie (RCA) 1972
2	PIANO MAN	Billy Joel (Columbia) 1974
3	TAPESTRY	Carole King (Epic) 1971
4	LOOK SHARP!	Joe Jackson (A & M) 1979
5	WHO ARE YOU	The Who (MCA) 1978
6	MORNING DANCE	Spyro Gyra (Infinity) 1979
7	MEATY, BEATY, BIG AND BOUNCY	The Who (MCA) 1971
8	HITS	Boz Scaggs (Columbia) 1980
9	DIAMOND DOGS	David Bowie (RCA) 1974
10	THIS YEAR'S MODEL	Elvis Costello (RCA) 1978
11	LIVE AT LEEDS	The Who (MCA) 1970
12	TOTO	Toto (Columbia) 1978
13	SOUVENIRS	Dan Fogelberg (Epic) 1974
14	NETHERLANDS	Dan Fogelberg (Epic) 1977
15	EXTENDED PLAY	The Pretenders (Sire) 1981
16	TALK TALK TALK	Psychedelic Furs (Columbia) 1981
17	GREATEST HITS	Janis Joplin (Columbia) 1973
18	CELEBRATE ME HOME	Kenny Loggins (Columbia) 1977
19	AMERICAN PIE	Don McLean (United Artists) 1971
20	GREATEST HITS VOL. I	Al Green (Motown) 1975

(average price 5.98 dollars)
Courtesy Billboard

US 45s

1	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
2	TIME	Culture Club (Virgin)
3	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
4	ELECTRIC AVENUE	Eddy Grant (Epic)
5	OVERKILL	Men At Work (Columbia)
6	MY LOVE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
7	DON'T LET IT END	Styx (A & M)
8	ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME	Naked Eyes (EMI-America)
9	AFFAIR OF THE HEART	Rick Springfield (RCA)
10	FAMILY MAN	Hall & Oates (RCA)
11	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
12	FAITHFULLY	Journey (Columbia)
13	NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO	Sergio Mendes (A & M)
14	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	The Police (A & M)
15	TOO SHY	Kajagoogoo (EMI-America)

Courtesy Billboard Publications

Culture Club's timely success Stateside. Pic Mark Lebon

US LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
3	CARGO	Men At Work (Columbia)
4	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
6	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
7	H_2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
8	KILROY WAS HERE	Styx (A & M)
9	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE	Bryan Adams (A & M)
10	1999	Prince (Warner Bros.)
11	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
12	LIVING IN OZ	Rick Springfield (RCA)
13	THE GOLDEN AGE OF WIRELESS	Thomas Dolby (Capitol)
14	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)
15	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros.)

Courtesy Billboard

JAZZ LPs

1	TRAVELS	Pat Metheny (ECM)
2	ALL THE MAGIC	Lester Bowie (ECM)
3	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (WEA)
4	LIGHT BLUE	Arthur Blythe (CBS)
5	MINGUS AH UM	Charlie Mingus (CBS)
6	KINDA BLUE	Miles Davis (CBS)
7	COME FLY WITH ME	Tania Maria (Concord)
8	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)
9	CADONA THREE	Don Cherry (ECM)
10	THELONIUS MONK TRIO	Thelonius Monk (Riverside)
11	PORGY AND BESS	Miles Davis (CBS)
12	LOVE SUPREME	John Coltrane (MCA)
13	BILLIE HOLIDAY STORY VOL 1	Billie Holiday (CBS)
14	LADY SINGS THE BLUES	Billie Holiday (Verve)
15	JOURNEY'S END	Miroslav Vitous (ECM)
16	SAULTES BESSIE SMITH	Amina Myers (Leo)
17	INFLATION BLUES	Jack DeJohnette (ECM)
18	GREATEST CONCERT EVER	Charlie Parker (Prestige)
19	MONK MEETS MULLIGAN	Thelonius Monk (Riverside)
20	STAR PEOPLE	Miles Davis (CBS)

Courtesy of Rhythm, 281 Camden High Street, London NW1

George Benson singing his heart out since 1954. Pic Peter Anderson

FRED FACT

Irene Cara, who I first remember turning up as a member of a Supremes-style trio in a Curtis Mayfield scored, 1976 movie called *Sparkel*, has, in the interim, not done at all badly by hanging onto her Dream Factory pass-key. In 1980, she grabbed the role of Coco Hernandez in the *Fame* movie and also charted at No. 1 in the States with her recording of the title number. Last year she repeated her chart-topping feat in this country when telly-addicts latched onto the homogenised TV series based on the Alan Parker film. And now, after recently topping the US charts with her version of the theme to *Flashdance*, she seems set for a repeat performance here in our beloved Thatchersville. One way or another, it seems that she's now adopted the mantle once worn by Maureen McGovern, who in 1973 gained a No.1 in the States with 'The Morning After', the theme from *The Poseidon Adventure*, and thereafter seemed to herald every disaster flick with a song until presumably getting stuck in a lift shaft halfway through *The Towering Inferno*, a movie which, incidentally, provided her with yet another theme to add to her chart collection. Which reminds me. George Benson, who's doing rather well right now with 'Lady Love Me' and its parent album, has also known screen theme fame, thanks to 'The Greatest Love Of All', a song from the Muhammad Ali bio-pic of 1976. But the thing I find most surprising about good ol' George is that he is not, as popularly supposed, a jazz guitarist who only turned to singing during the mid-'70s. In fact, he actually recorded a number of sides as a vocalist for an RCA offshoot many years earlier — in 1954, would you believe?

MOVIES 10

1	RETURN OF THE JEDI	(20th Century Fox)
2	OCTOPUSSY	(UIP)
3	TOOTSIE	(Col-EMI-Warner)
4	THE HUNGER	(UIP)
5	LOCAL HERO	(20th Century Fox)
6	SOPHIE'S CHOICE	(UIP)
7	EDUCATING RITA	(Rank)
8	PRIVATE POPSICLE/NEW YEAR'S EVIL	(Cannon)
9	HEAT AND DUST	(Curzon/Enterprise)
10	HALLOWEEN III: SEASON OF THE WITCH	(Col-EMI-Warner)

Courtesy of Screen International

5 YEARS AGO

1	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
2	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)
3	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)
4	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)
5	OH CAROL	Smokie (RAK)
6	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)
7	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)
8	CA PLANE POUR MOI	Plastic Bertrand (Sire)
9	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)
10	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)

10 YEARS AGO

1	CAN THE CAN	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
2	RUBBER BULLETS	10 cc (UK)
3	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
4	ONE AND ONE IS ONE	Medicine Head (Polydor)
5	THE GROOVER	T. Rex (EMI)
6	STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU	Stealers Wheel (A&M)
7	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
8	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
9	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)
10	WALKING IN THE RAIN	Partridge Family (Bell)

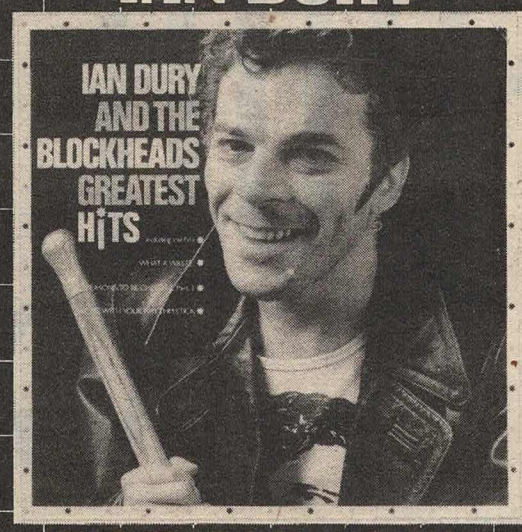
15 YEARS AGO

1	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
3	HURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
4	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
5	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
6	BABY COME BACK	Equals (President)
7	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Julie Driscoll & The Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
8	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
9	DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int)
10	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)

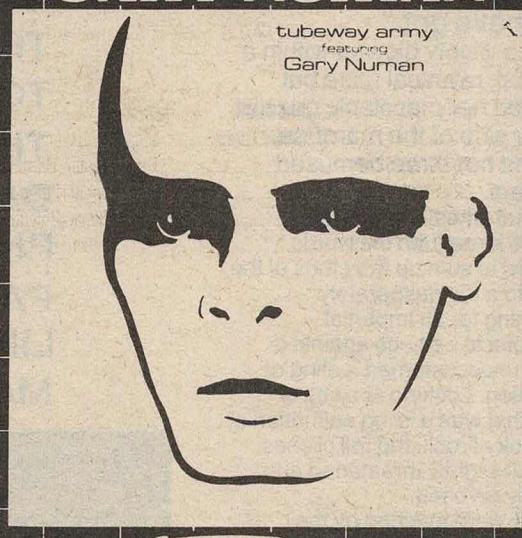
20 YEARS AGO

1	I LIKE IT	Gerry And The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie And The Dreamers (Columbia)
3	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
4	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
5	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
7	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
8	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
9	FALLING	Roy Orbison (London)
10	BO DIDDLEY	Buddy Holly (Coral)

IAN DURY



GARY NUMAN



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FOUR GO TO GLASTONBURY

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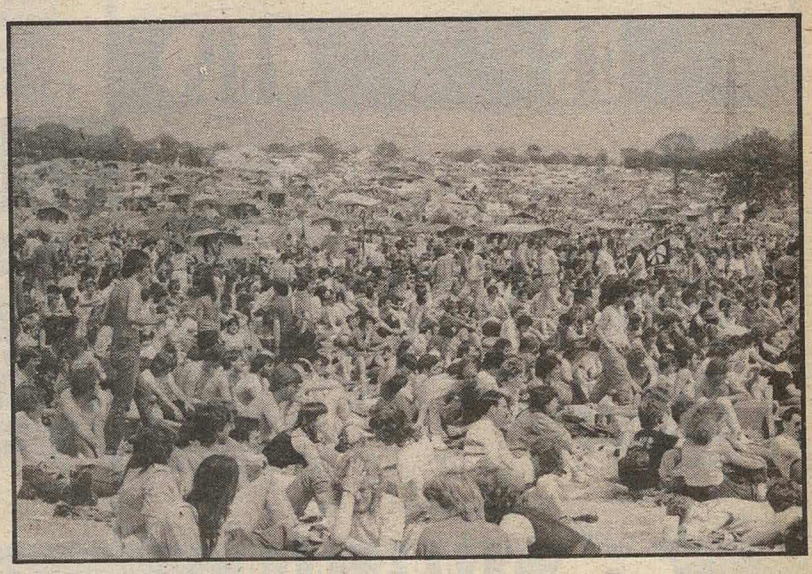


"THIS IS the nearest thing to the '60s that '80s kids have got."

Alice visibly glowed within a magical, mystical haze but directed her messianic gaze at the far side of the marquee, beyond her three bemused listeners.

At that time the underlying attitude more than the words seemed to sum up the ethos of the event to a trio desperately searching for an impartial viewpoint to balance against a totally unaccustomed feeling of alienation. Looking at a sea of lights that was a living animation of the book of rock and roll cliches, they felt slightly threatened and vaguely revolted.

They were touched by the sadness of a display that looked so immediately powerful but lacked any sense of forward direction. They were struck by the vein of blind cynicism they had sought to avoid — but it was a brief moment, and possibly the last one in which their impressions were to collide so completely.

On Friday night the spectacle of Glastonbury Festival seemed to the aloof eye a picture of confusing idolatory, a Disneyworld tinsel town dominated by a spectre of past fascinations.

It was inhabited not by people but by a living mass, a breed dedicated simply to coagulation.

It seemed like the same old story. The freedom of the press pass and the combination of dilated pupils and diluted beer inevitably breeds a roguish individualism, which can slash straight at the superficial sordidness of an event such as this but leaves its essence untouched, an essence which has the power to be in turns sad, revolting and elating.

At Glastonbury hedonism meets mysticism, while reality simply lurks in the background. It's a collision which first invokes morbid fascination, followed by a high-minded puritanism which finally (if temporarily) split wide open on the Sunday night thanks to the caressing sensuality of King Sunny Ade.

But the later giddy delights are a cosmic mile from the events of the Friday night.

On the shimmering silver pyramid of a stage the first band to meet our gaze were Marillion, who only propagated the bewildering backward looking myth-seeking with which such festivals have been associated.

The nearest that kids of the '80s have got to the '70s, they've obviously nursed a burning desire to genuinely *be* Genesis, which is now flaring forth in the most feverishly contrived imitation.

The Britishness that the band encapsulate is the reflection of a search for a mystic haze in which to retreat from the new iron dream of Thatcherism but which only results in a further extended nostalgia. They threw a feeble half light, strained through a medieval stained glass window, onto a picture that was visibly decaying.

"My 15-year-old's taken her first trip today," Alice commented, stirring suddenly out of a reverie. "I wanted her to take it here," she continued fondly before tailing off into another blissful silence.

As we stumbled our way over guy ropes and past hash tents towards the exit, Melanie, a refugee from the first Glastonbury free festival, squawked her way through a set and soaked up the seeping adulation of a crowd choked not by her wracked voice but by the very fact that she was a survivor from those days of supposed glory, a living icon.

Inevitably our taxi had already been claimed, leaving us to stumble, brains racing, towards a sleepless night.

IN THE light of day on Saturday, the fascination of the night before stagnated rapidly to repulsion. Where before there had been the strange hypnosis of the crowd's archaic solidarity, there was now just a bleary-eyed remnant of the brave idealism.

In theory, the free spirit ethic revoked the values of a jostling mercenary world, but in practice it revived them.

The overall atmosphere was of a cheap street market opportunistically capitalising on the surge of gullibility that inevitably accompanies manufactured festivity. The only difference lay in the manifestation of the mood: in its step beyond the family fun of the fair, the Glastonbury affair created something just as strained and pathetic but also insidiously revolting.

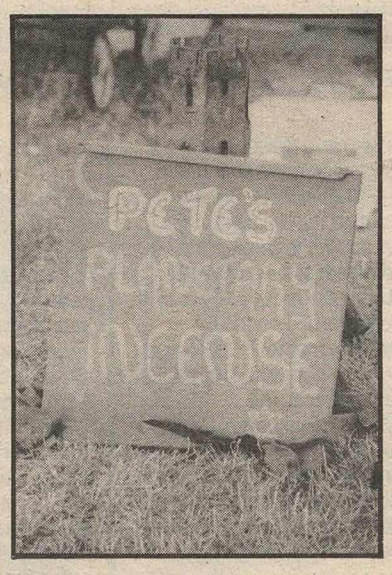
The strings of rickety shacks snagged with snares and wares of a thousand hustlers tailed aimlessly in all directions. Home-made signposts quoted drug prices at the milling crowd and persistent tones of wheeling and dealing echoed from the shadows. Pungent wafts of smoking fat assaulted the senses from every tacky snack bar and the sun scorched mercilessly down on the tiny naked children, weaving their way through sun-soaking slabs of human tripe.

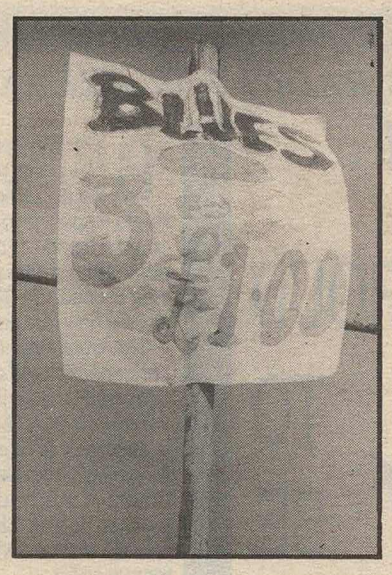
As nausea clutched, the only escape was a trip to the edges of the tent cluster, the domain of the distanced and of Trudy, who ambled over-cautiously to slur a greeting.

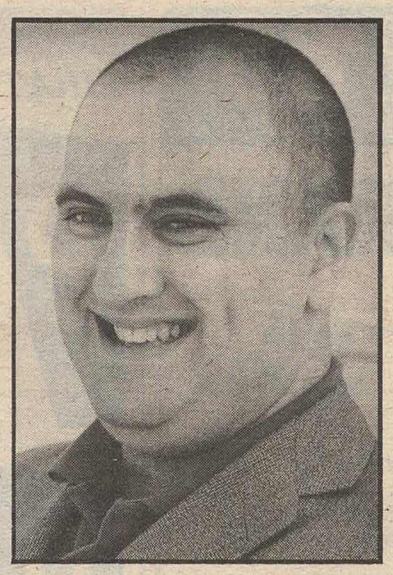
Setting herself down with an injured animal's uneasiness, she ventured phrases with an irregular swing, puncturing her conversation with sea-sick pauses.

There was an infinite sadness, not in her words, but in the uncertainty behind them and the aching contradiction between them.

"I like the countryside," she faltered, raising a track-marked arm to push a mat of black hair from her eyes. "We live here with no worries...no paranoia like in London." She paused to dart us a glance, then smiled. "It's the vibes here that are so magic...so many people, all thinking the same things...it's like a fairyland..." Tailing off, she gazed vacantly into







The people of the event: far left Curtis Mayfield, Donald of A Certain Ratio, and the audience. Immediately left, Keith Allen and Alexei Sayle frame the ad posters; centre The Fun Boy Three; and below King Sunny Ade; and finally one of the* NME's *alert reporters.

the distance.

"I deal in London," she continued huskily, "that's why I stay there. That and my kids...both at school. But I'd love to live here...it's so much more...real...than London."

She chewed drearily at her lower lip with a single stained front tooth, then broke into a laugh. "You should see it when it's finished though. It looks like a shithouse. Last year I turned back as we were leaving and it reminded me of a dirty great garbage pack with maggots crawling out..."

She sat and rocked reflectively for a few minutes, then jerked up and slunk off to check on her hash coffee.

compromise you want to admit you've achieved," (Keith Allen, Comedian)

"You know that it would be untrue/You know that I would be a liar/If I was to say to you/Girl we couldn't get much higher." ('Light My Fire', The Doors.)

SUNDAY. IT had been a long cool night. Again. The fine line between the reality of the festival's ideal and the regressive romanticism of its audience had become muddied; the 'hippy' legacy, with its passive rejection of society had all but smothered the

disjointed freak would run the length of the stage or step along the crazy paving of the pathways. Others had the good fortune to win a flight over the site in a hot air balloon. Either way the experience was short lived; I doubt any saw much of interest when they were up. Or down.

Down in the market place you could swap a joint for a poem or a pound for a prediction. Both were sweet dreams and sad deals.

Past the 'Real Indian Glass Bangles' stall and left at the Tarot cards please, roll up, roll up: "Red Leb...Black...Acid!"

The message was as clear as the punters were foggy; join the crowd, keep the faith and

centre of town, at the foot of the pyramid, he'd be fortunate to find anything other than weed.

The Fun Boy Three, with their irreverent wit and their own brand of militancy, produced the first bloodletting of the weekend. Indeed, without Hall's deadpan presentation and the band's beat genius, the afternoon would have spiralled into a dour last stand.

Thankfully, the standard was raised and the sullen retreat from the stage became a salubrious advance toward celebration; a realisation (if only partial) of the audience's inherent potency.

For the first time the loose knit solidarity of the event was drawn into a shield of defiance.

high and channel it into the stratosphere. One song from the short set to encapsulate the message of the human spirit. One song and three words. 'Move On Up'.

Curtis Mayfield had lifted the heart of a needy crowd; if the warmth of the sun was melting then the heat of the soul was moving up. A thousand degress.

As the evening chill came down and sunburnt skin shivered in the sudden cold, the momentum was carried forward, with movement beating out torpor at last. Sunny Ade took hold of the energy produced by Mayfield and worked it subtly to a heat that shimmered rather than seared, but captured the dance desire in tired limbs and naturally inspired the sense of spirit that had so far seemed contrived.

Like Gregory Isaacs, Ade never forces the beat but teases it tenderly manipulating the audience with cool perfection. In those final moments there was an irridescent defiance in the celebration, a motivation in the music.

Passing out of the tent zone was like crossing a hope barrier. Slowly the ritual and fiasco gave away to true festival celebration. The new A Certain Ratio — Shakatak with claws — have the dimensional properties of glass. In the festival context, the shard caught the sun's rays, toyed with them awhile then streamed them out in a spectrum of rainbow colours.

This essential simplicity was captured by very few bands during the weekend — Curtis Mayfield and King Sunny Ade crystallised the technique on Sunday — but it offered the key to the true heart of the festival: escapism as an extension of enjoyment rather than a shroud of defeatism.

"If you're not an activist then everything is escapism — it all depends on what level of

possibility of some action from within the CND benefit.

Sadly, such lethargy would seem to be the reason for the weekend's insipid nature; it was the real zero option.

Empty your pockets and fill your head with dreams — pipe dreams. But don't move, man, because it's your three days of Nirvana and you don't really want to burst the bubble. The neatly packaged plastic bubble.

"There's a special atmosphere about it — people arrive here, and whatever they do in their daily lives stops — once they get here they're just cooled out!" (Rikki Stein, Organiser).

It was a long wait before things warmed up. In between the micro-dots burned their cold flame into the still day; occasionally a

remember, there is no smoke without...

"Look man, people do what people do. If you go into the cities you'll find people selling drugs on the streets: and here we are...a small city." (Rikki Stein, Organiser).

"Where have all the flowers gone?" (Terry Hall, Fun Boy Three).

Would it be fair to say? In this Horse Latitude of humanity the 'flower' is (particularly in the older 'communes') well catered for, the *casualties* are steered through the doldrums and the children are shown the rigging. Few have the craft to escape from such dead currents.

Maybe high on the hill, on the outskirts of this nylon Los Angeles, Terry would find an answer. In the

Uncle Sam, the bogey man of the benefit and the bastard father of theatre warfare, became an Orwellian focus of hate. 'It Ain't What You Do' was scorched by the burning of the Stars And Stripes — a move that prompted a chilling response from the audience. A response that was echoed somewhat dubiously in the Fun Boy's cover of 'The End' *(a la* Morrison).Still, it was a sentiment that raised the corpse of CND from the apathy that had embalmed the weekend's proceedings.

It was a similar sentiment that found its roots in pre-Reagan politics and its heart in a singer called Curtis Mayfield. It took one song from this wondrous man to discover the unearthed treasures of the pyramid. One song to seize the growing elation of a natural

Above all, there was the value and currency of a synthesis still excited by its own existence, drawing, not fawning, on what had gone before and an audience reaction that seemed untained by dull desires.

Here was the heat, the shame is simply the time it took to set the flare.

SO, AS the embers cooled, blues dances broke out where gangster style Rastas stood and stared and passive hippies sat and nodded.

Some of the faithful stayed on to face the wreckage of the following morning, some prepared to wind off towards the Stonehenge event, and some trailed up the path towards the arms of the drug-squad search party.

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PROUD TO BE PIRATE

BY NOW, word may have reached you of a new pirate radio station transmitting from North London — Station BPR (Breakfast Pirate Radio). It goes out on Sundays between 10.00 am and 1.00 pm, and while some of the other pirates play it safe and dream of the day they'll get their license, the BPR crew are proud to be known as "the only true pirate station in London".

There are three DJs at the moment: 'top jock' is Londoner Eddie Kelly, who co-founded the station. Second on the bill is Luke Steiner, the velvet-voiced American from Pittsburgh, PA. Last but not least is Timmy Cross, "the Queen of the Airwaves", from Darlington. Discovered in Earls Court by Luke, he delights in exposing the rich and famous. Shakin' Stevens and Kevin Rowland are just two who've suffered from Timmy's sharp tongue so far.

Also involved is ex-Manchester City and England footballer, Stan Bowles who is the station's Sports Correspondent. I'm assured that his news will consist mainly of "dressing room chit chat". Rachael Strong is the station's "token woman." She attempts to inject some serious social, non-sexist opinions into the station — while confessing a liking for well endowed young men!

Completely new shows go out every other week and are repeated the following week, so there's no excuse for missing a single minute of it. They manage to combine some amazing music with assorted unreleased demos — just wait till you hear Boots 'Sex' Dread, Jamaica's first gay Rasta — and out-takes from assorted films and TV shows in such a way as to cause offence to absolutely everyone. It's outrageous!

Mario, the station's handyman, told me it's their aim to get together with other pirates all over the UK, so that cassettes of BPR's shows can be broadcast nationwide every Sunday. In return, they will transmit the other stations' shows during the week. Those involved call it Community Radio, but see the whole country as one large community. They want listeners to get involved — the address to write to is Station BPR, 202 Kensington Park Rd, London WII. Or give them a ring on the BPR Ansaphone 01-244 7555. You can find BPR on 235 medium wave or 1278 Khz, just to the right of Radio 3.

JO-ANNE SMITH

STRAIGHT OUTA SPACE

NEW EDITION'S 'Candy Girl' reached the top of the British singles charts. And in New York, two singles by The Jonzun Crew, 'Space Cowboy' and 'Space Is The Place', are heading up the black music and disco charts and blasting out of boom boxes everywhere.

These are triumphs that Michael Jonzun, creative director of The Jonzun Crew, and his brother Maurice Starr, with whom he co-produced 'Candy Girl', have been waiting for a long time.

"We wrote 'Candy Girl' eight or ten years ago," Michael explains. "At the time, Maurice and I were trying to get a deal for ourselves. We went to Bobby Womack and he said, 'You guys sound too much like the Jackson Five.' This was, like, 1973. We couldn't get over with the stuff, but luckily these kids are getting over now with the songs that we wrote ten years ago."

Maurice Starr had a brief career as a solo act signed to RCA some years back, and had a disco hit called 'Dance To The Funky Groove'. But the brothers' main activity has been writing, producing and session work. Jonzun is a multi-instrumentalist who plays all the music on 'Candy Girl' and on The Jonzun Crew records.

"I've done so much recording it's crazy. I was just looking at my collection of records that I produced with Maurice and I think we've got about 24 different releases. I said to Maurice last night, 'You know what? If I had thought it was gonna take us this long and this many releases I would have given up a long time ago'."

Michael describes the music of The Jonzun Crew as "space music", which is pretty apt, as it emphasises computer programming, electro drums and cartoonish, time-warped vocals.

On one hand, Jonzun Crew music is a cliché taken to its logical conclusion, the ultimate extension of the sound of the new electro-boogie. On the other hand, it sums up the style so perfectly it has to get over, and it does sound perfect when a group of young kids are dancing the electro-boogie to it in a park or on a street corner.

Michael's other brother, Soni Jonzun, another Jonzun Crew number, defends it this way.

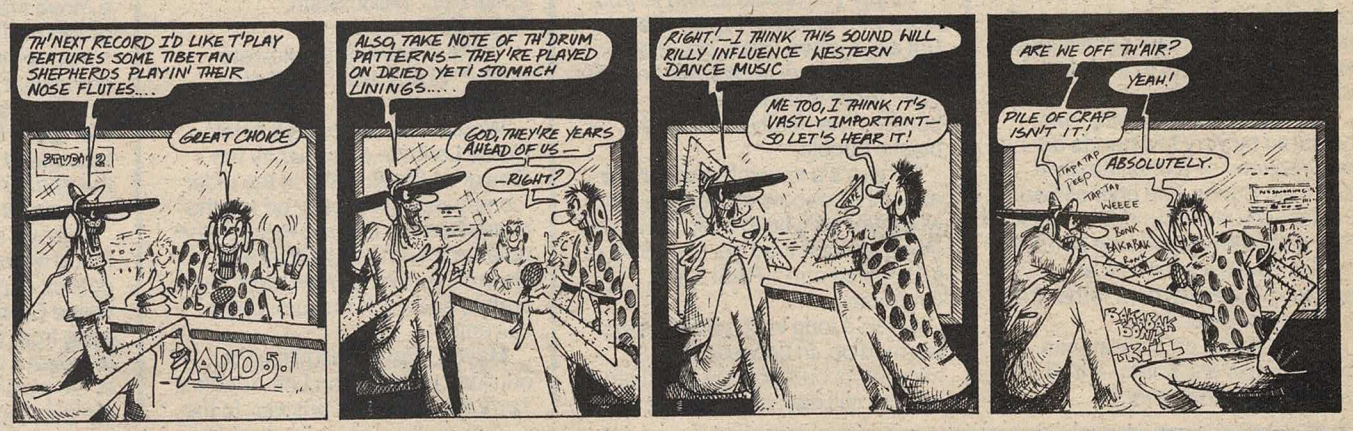
"Space music is the music of teenagers, of the young people of today. They are the computer kids, they're the space kids, the space mates. They're into that, because everything is so computerized that it's only fitting that the music be in line with that.

"I wasn't surprised when Michael wrote 'Pack Jam' at all, because the style was on that basis all the time. And kids accept it. Our fans are from ten to 20, and it's their music. It's like James Brown was to my big brother, and Sly And The Family Stone was to us, it's that kind of trend-setter."

RICHARD GRABEL

Space cowboy Michael Jonzun turns judge. Pic Joseph Stevens.

the lone groover benyon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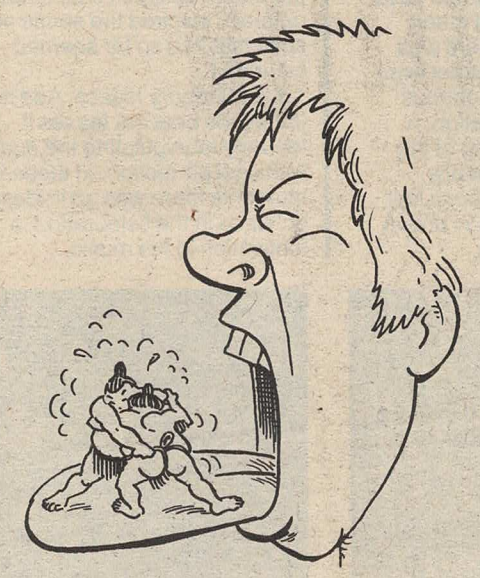
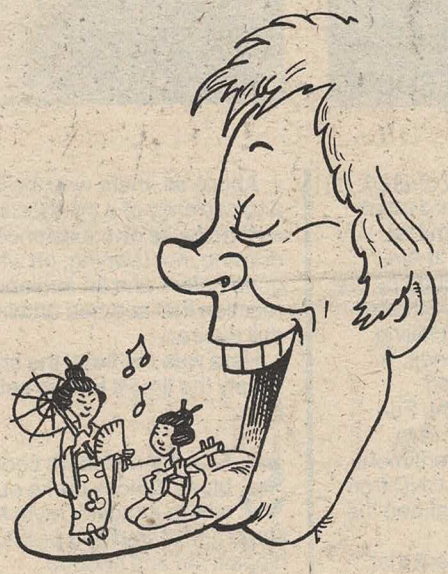
GOD, THEY'RE YEARS AHEAD OF US.—
—RIGHT?
RIGHT!—I THINK THIS SOUND WILL RILLY INFLUENCE WESTERN DANCE MUSIC
ME TOO, I THINK IT'S VASTLY IMPORTANT— SO LET'S HEAR IT!
ARE WE OFF TH'AIR?
YEAH!
PILE OF CRAP ISN'T IT!
ABSOLUTELY.
WEEEE





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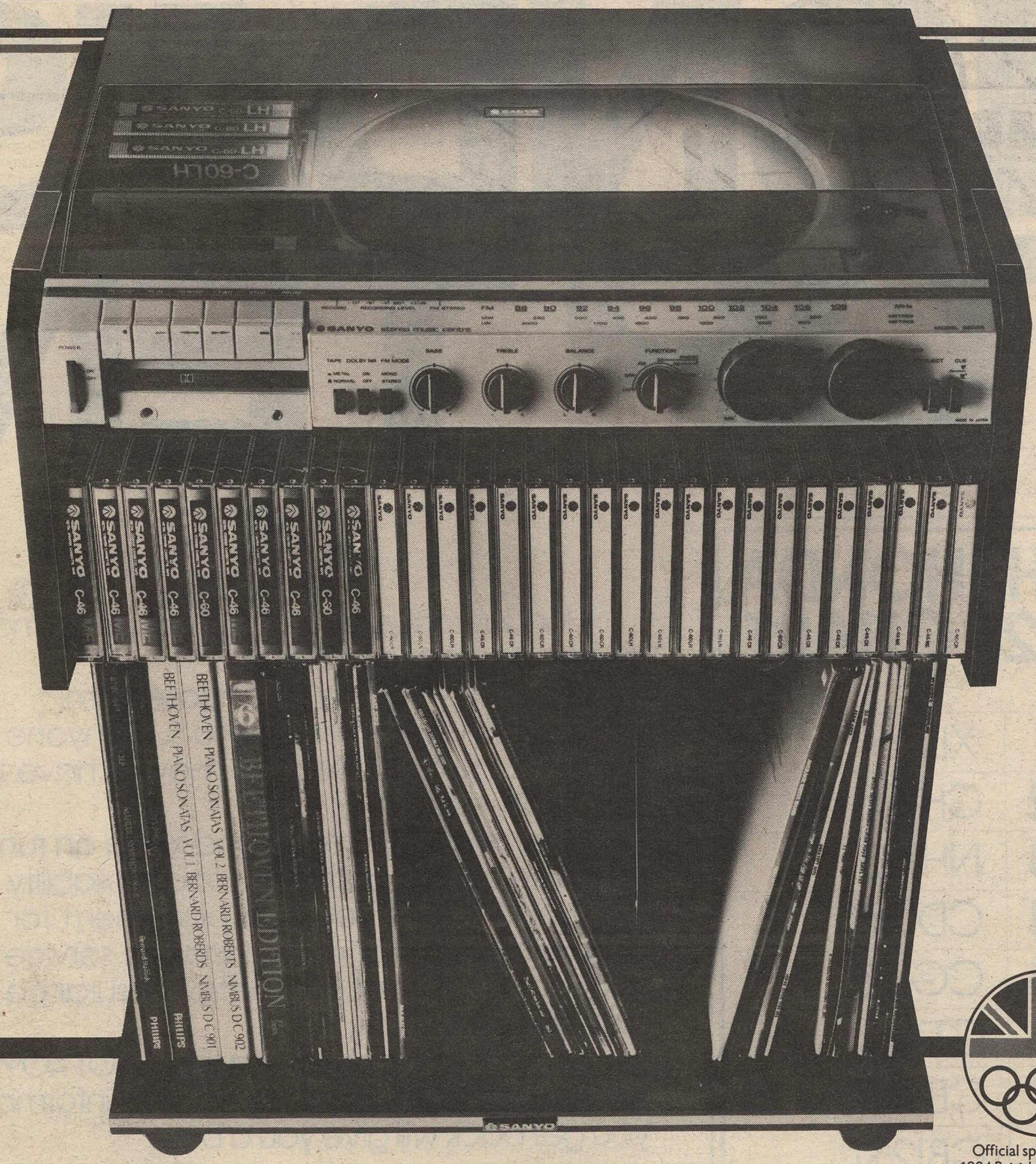
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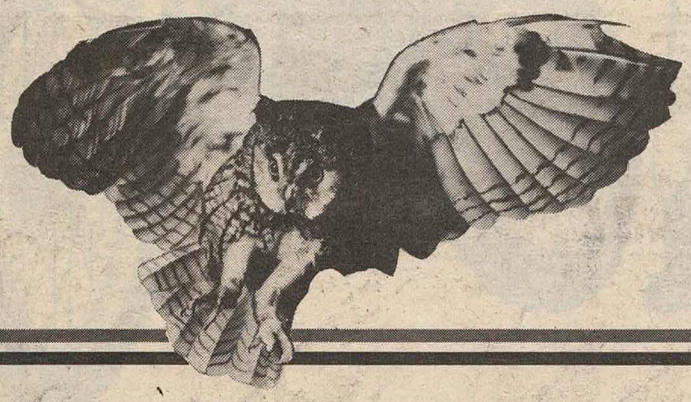

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BOOKER NEWBURY'S IN TOWN ● SIZEWELL TURNABOUT ●

BOOKER'S WORLD

SAT IN the dressing room, his eyes hidden by dark shades, his left foot constantly and nervously tapping, Booker Newbury cuts what you might call an imposing figure. Over six feet tall, carrying 21 stones of flesh and you want me to *argue* with this man?

There's no need to. 'Love Town', Booker's debut hit in British chartland, is a quality single, typified by a sensuous, understated groove neatly balanced against Booker's powerful, uplifting vocal.

One of the more pleasant surprises that the charts have thrown up recently, Booker's ambitions go further than just bettering his bank balance. "Yeah, I'm trying to make the *whole* world happy," he says of his music. "Put smiles on people's faces, get rid of all the frowns. I wish I could. I really do. I wish I had some medicine that I could put in the water and make *everybody* laugh.

He throws back his head and does just that. He laughs. Loudly. Success, it seems, *can* make you happy and Booker has certainly waited long enough.

Brought up in Ohio, at the age of five Kid Newbury could be found singing gospel music in his church. This lasted till he was a teenager when he caught local heroes the Ohio Players at a show one night. "Dudes like that," he says, "converted me and made me lean towards the commercial music a bit more".

He joined his first group at 15. Along with family relations, The Mystic Knights were a doo-wop group who covered the standards of the days. They lasted four years playing in and out of Ohio before Booker started getting creative urges of his own. He took his talents to a group called Sweet Thunder and ended up as a rhythm keyboard player and lead vocalist. They made three albums and had a minor hit with 'Love Songs' in England between '77 and '78.

When their contract expired, Sweet Thunder made sweet noises and split up. Booker found himself in something of a jam. "After Sweet Thunder," he recalls, "I got what you might call misled for a minute in terms of what the music industry had to offer me, where would I go, who would I turn to. So I went on the road with this group down in the southern part of the States and I played with them for about a year and a half just to keep myself active."

The group, it transpires was a lounge group who played the Holiday Inns. A bit soul destroying, eh Booker? He grimaces. "After about a year of it, I was *itching* to get back in the music business."

So Booker made a few phone calls, entered a studio and made a demo. He mailed it out to all the companies and sat back waiting for the phone to ring. It didn't. So he picked it up again, made another round of calls and made a second demo which contained 'Love Town', written by his friends Bobby Eli and Lyn Berry.

Then he went home and the phone rang. Signing to Boardwalk (current home of Curtis Mayfield) Booker issued 'Love Town' and began work on his LP, although that's something of a painstaking process. "I usually come up with a title first because that's the hardest part of a song," he explains. Then he laughs again. "If the title ain't *happening* then the song sure enough ain't *happening* "

Hopefully the LP will follow a similar vein to that of 'Love Town' , an astute mixture of midnight madness and moonlight sadness which will give full range to Booker's prowess as a vocalist.

That particular talent he puts down to God whom he prays to daily. "I consider myself blessed considering the way the world is now," he says humbly. "I'm really grateful to have the chance to put out my music because I know there's a lot of people who have talent and might never get the opportunity."

If we lived in the Love Town that Booker so neatly evokes in his music, that last statement might not ring half as true. "I know," he says with a sigh, which he quickly replaces with a smile. "But then again I might not be here . . ."

PAOLO HEWITT

Pic Peter Anderson

BROKEN PROMISES

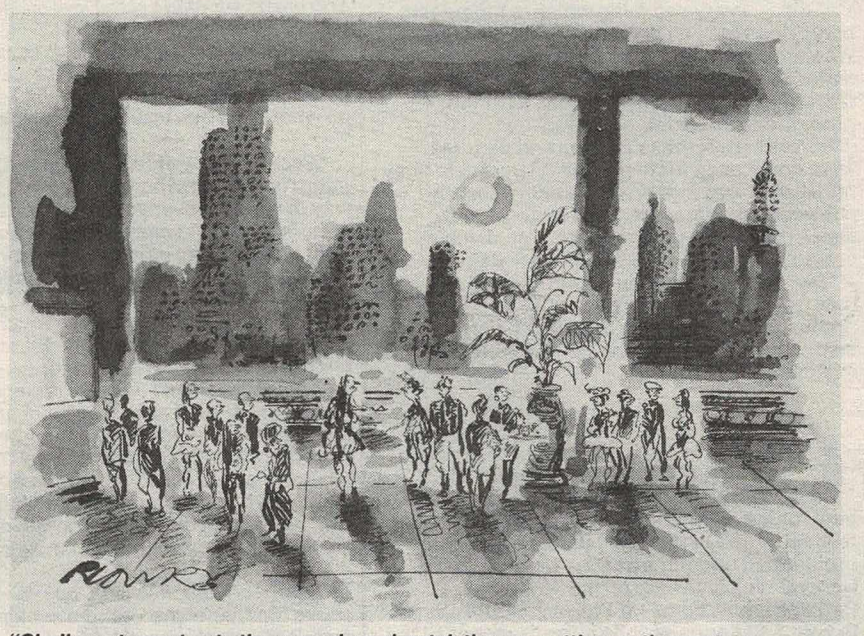
NME readers should know that as of June 14, Sizewell Inquiry Inspector Sir Frank Layfield has refused the request for an adjournment of the safety portion of the 'public' enquiry concerning the highly controversial PWR reactor — due to bring to Suffolk the sort of anxiety felt by residents of America's Three Mile Island area.

This means that the enquiry is in effect no longer 'public': "It will now be a private enquiry between one government body and another," says Steve Billcliffe (Director of Friends Of The Earth who are mounting the safety case for the public). "Most of the outstanding safety issues — up to 80 of which are serious matters on which, watchdogs the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate are unsatisfied, will now be dealt with in secret by the NII and the Central Electricity Generating Board. The public, and the objectors, will be excluded.

"What the British public should be clear about," commented Billcliffe "is that this enquiry will now not be able to give the PWR that clean bill of health ministers promised; not a question of whether they are willing or not to do so but that they will not be able to."

Promises of successive government ministers that "our own standards of safety will be fully satisfied" have now been broken.

lowry



"Shall we step out onto the veranda and watch the sun setting on the post-war economic boom?"

RICK ROGERS — AN APOLOGY

ON PAGE 45 of the issue of *NME* for March 12, 1983 we published a review of the Fun Boy Three concert at Leeds University. In the course of that review we referred to the group's playing of the song 'Gangsters' stating that it was "included no doubt as a tribute to their recently departed manager". As many of our readers are aware and indeed as was mentioned on an earlier page of the same issue, Mr Rick Rodgers was the manager of Fun Boy Three until shortly before their Leeds concert. We wish to make it clear that it was not our intention to suggest that Mr Rogers had been guilty of any impropriety or dishonesty as Fun Boy Three's manager and we acknowledge that any such suggestion would be wholly without foundation. We unreservedly apologise to Mr Rogers for the embarrassment which he has been caused.

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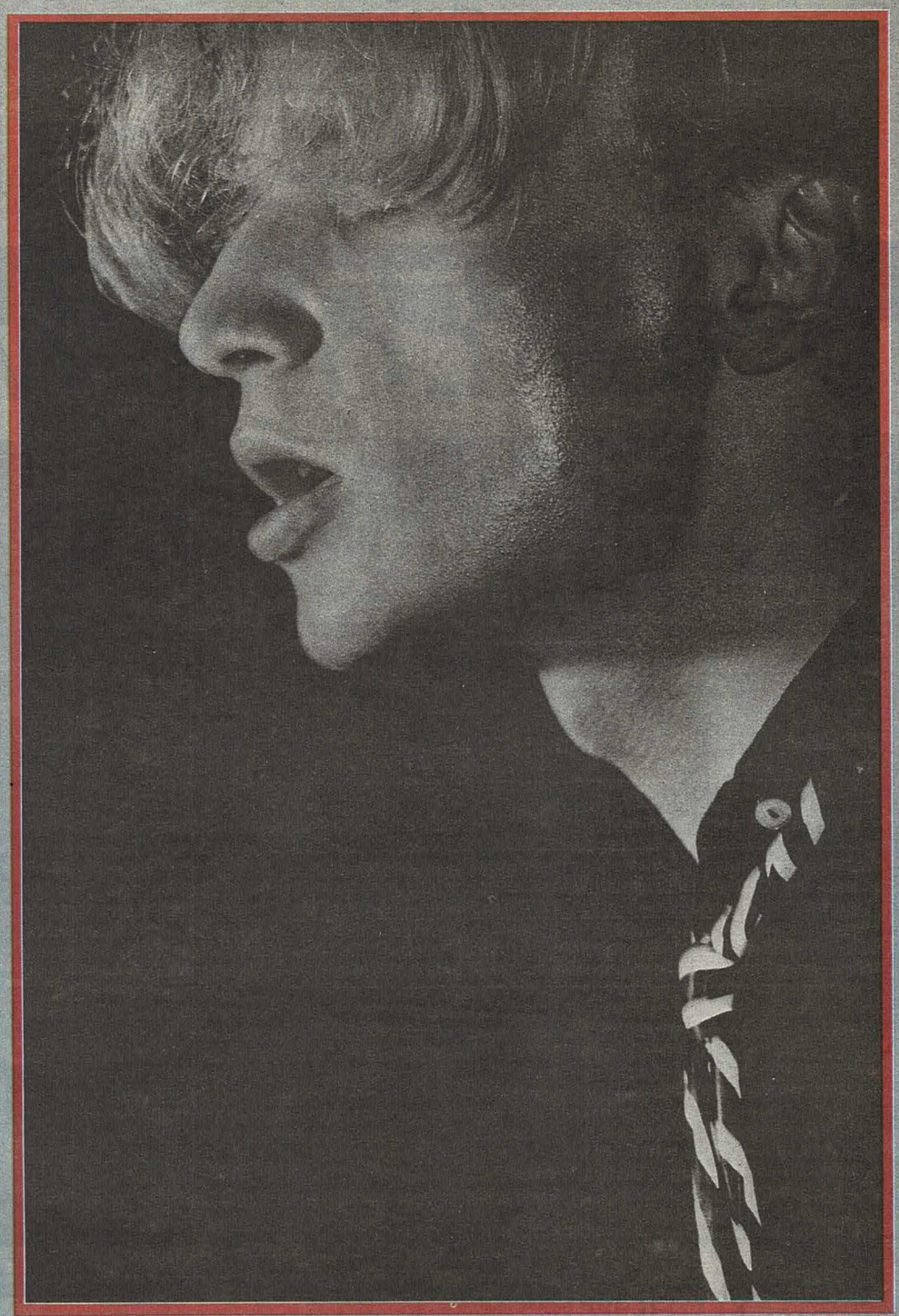
POLAND:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PARTY AND ITS GUESTS

See them come: the punks, teenies, teen idols, reluctant conscripts, longhairs — and not forgetting the mysterious gitmen. Gathering in another corner, the poopers — the militia, do-rights and jobsworths — conspiring to end the longest, wildest party inside the Warsaw Pakt.

By Chris Bohn. Photography: Jeff Veitch



You are now looking at the idol of millions — impressed? Republika's Grzegorz Cichowksi.

Life is that much easier if you go along with the local customs.

Short of a few declaration forms the British contingent — a three man film crew, an ambitious independent record/PA company looking for inlets and outlets in Poland and yours truly — nervously waits for clearance through Warsaw Airport.

On the other side of the glass barrier families clutching flowers eagerly peer through for their friends and relatives. Apart from cabbies in a rush for foreign marks and the yankee dollar, no one's in any hurry. The continental humidity has relaxed the pace to a sluggish crawl.

Best fall in line . . .

A small gift doesn't constitute graft but a sign of gratitude goes the prevailing wisdom; thanks for doing your job so well, pal. Bottles of vodka bought at the duty free dollar shop are discreetly left behind. The wheels lubricated, life rolls on smoothly. Conveyed through to the other side we are prey to the prowling cab drivers.

One hawk, claiming his cab to be damaged to the extent of some 1000s of zlotys (official going rate: 134 slotys to the pound — 500 to the dollar on the black market) on the short run from airport to hotel, says he will magnaminously settle for a fiver's compensation. Like a boar trapped by his own greed he paces the lobby waiting for this seemingly slight truffle, darkness falling on his venomous curses.

He is probably still waiting.

Meanwhile, slipping out the back door, we board the early morning train for Poznan, travelling in the exotically titled *Bar Wars* buffet car. Poznan lies west of Warsaw en route for Berlin. Attractively rural, it is only scarred by the railway sidings cutting up its eastern approach. The most overt sign of industry, however, is so classically shaped — rectangular factory block, vertiginous chimney, diagonal external corridors — it earns its decorous setting on the river bank flanking the picturesque old quarter. It even generates appropriately ghostly clanking noises, as if confirming the town's antiquity.

Unlike its neighbours, the DDR, the CSSR and the USSR, red banners hanging outside factories or along thoroughfares urging unity or greater productivity are a rare sight in Poland. There are a few of the uniform signs common to the Comecon states. Leninography is not a growing concern.

A majestic monument to the fallen, marking the Soviet/Polish war sacrifices, is matched in grandeur and dignity by the Solidarity-built memorial to the 53 workers killed in the cost of living riots of '56. Other than that the dominant iconography is based on the Pope and pop.

A catholic kitsch shop peddles images of His Holiness alongside effigies of the saints, while inside a newspaper/stationery store Spandau Ballet posters and Beatle promo pictures are on sale; their western record company insignia and not-for-sale stamps no doubt authenticate their value as artefacts!

"Yes." fumes Piotr Metz, Poland's leading Beatle expert, whose weekly 45 minute show dedicated to the Fab Four on Warsaw Third intersperses gossip, news and views with very rare Beatle tracks and alternative takes.

"This is a very sad thing which is happening here. This year EMI signed a contract to sell Western records through Pewex, our chain of dollar shops (meaning they only take hard currency). They also sent Pewex all kinds of promotional material.

Unfortunately these posters and pictures were never used for their original purpose. They *found their way* into private shops (recently allowed to operate alongside state-owned shops) where they are sold for a lot of money — such a poster is twice as much as a Polish LP.

"My listeners send me letters asking how they can do such a thing, sell posters with not-for-sale stamped on them. I can only sympathise. It's a real bad thing. Somebody's making a big profit here."

Cute as Poznan's stores are, we're not here for the shopping, but for a three night pop festival — one of the many that has ironically proliferated under the austere post crisis rule of General Wojciech Jaruzelski. No Colonel Tom Parker he, how come he allows youthful spirits to soar and flourish, while other branches of the arts are more closely regulated, or — like the film industry — subjected to the constraints of a crippled economy?

A news item in the official English speaking monthly *Polish Perspectives* offers a clue, reporting that Jaruzelski "emphasised the democratic, open and tolerant character of the party's cultural policy and drew attention to the intelligentsia's duty to make a creative contribution to recovery. The Party's honest attitude, he said, would in the long run allow it to secure credibility, respect and trust in intellectual quarters."

But having crushed the popular power base of Solidarity in December 1981 and temporarily imposed martial law, how can a military government ever expect to win the support of the people?

If this were Czechoslovakia, the government wouldn't be bothering with such considerations. In Poland, however, even the most rigid of post-war regimes has made efforts on behalf of its people. Each bout of rioting — '56 in Poznan, '70 in Gdansk, Gdynia and Szczecin, once again in '76 — was followed first by the restoration of order and then by carefully controlled reforms.

The pitiful state of the Polish economy at the time of the Jaruzelski takeover meant he had no consumable carrots to dangle; cakes were out, so what does that leave? The food of love!

"Because rock music is so popular with the youth here, the authorities decided to use it as a way of winning over youth to their side," remarks one observer. "Well, not exactly to their side, but allowing them to express their feelings in music, hoping they would forget about everything else.

"And after so many years in which groups had to struggle to find equipment and with no chance of recording, the new government made equipment available to every young group, gave radio and TV airtime to them and some of them made an overnight success because of that. What was the dream of every '70s group has become the reality for young groups in the '80s. So who can blame groups for co-operating with the government, when now is perhaps the only chance they will have in their career?"

The observer bellows his opinions in my ear above the roar of the vacuum sucking up the night's debris in a hotel lobby.

Tongues and emotions loosened by the flow of vodka, silence is evidently not a golden rule in Poland. People refuse to stay invisible. The action takes place overground, albeit occasionally in the shadows. Last minute requests for anonymity strike a note of caution, a sensible reminder that all is not so normal as it seems. What with Party curbs on the one hand and the Polish will to all-night-partying on the other, delirious highs are reached such as are rarely experienced at home, where anything goes.

"It's a complicated business being a Pole," mourns a maudlin drunk. I stiffen sympathetically.

Just who benefits most from Jaruzelski's bid to win the hearts and minds of youth? Surely the groups are simply taking the money and running?

That a million teen hearts flutter, that thousands of intellectual minds are tickled by, say, Poland's most popular group Republika — whose sharp yet cleverly ambiguous songs and witty self promotion have won them a massive across-the-generation-gap following — doesn't add up to an endorsement of anything.

Of course, the State doesn't expect such a direct reward for its generosity. By allowing pop and rock to flourish, turning a blind eye to the flagrant assaults of punks and letting the subtle innuendos of more sensitive groups slip by, they are providing a public safety valve for pent up frustrations, at once encouraging an atmosphere of normality. Which hundreds of artists and musicians have astutely taken advantage of.

"Because everybody was wary of the government policy, thinking it must be some kind of trick," comments an onlooker, "the government had to open the gate very wide to get anybody through it at all. They had to let everybody through and, of course, things have got out of control.

"For them there are probably too many groups. There are probably too many festivals. Every two weeks we have a festival of some kind and young people travel all over the country from one festival to another. Because they are not used to these kinds of things, I don't think they were prepared for everything to grow quite so big."

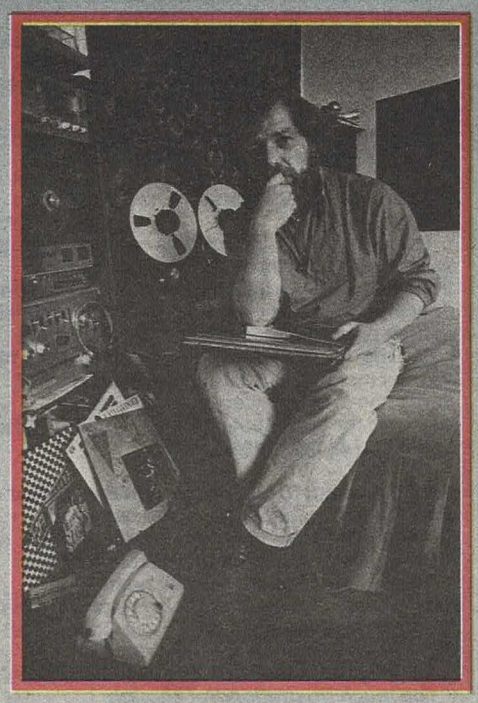
Or quite so diverse or daring.

The festival site as starship landing: Poznan's sports arena assumes the shape of a decapitated space module. The Polish thousands gather under the shade of concrete supports or sprawl in the sun strumming guitars.

To westerners accustomed to stories of grey conformity behind the curtains, the variety of dress is astounding. It is also more imaginative. As the state rock agency hasn't cottoned onto the concessions racket — beyond posters and badges — people must design their own clothes or customise off-the-peg numbers into the correct combinations to mark their alignment to a particular group.

Though Republika don't play till Sunday, their black and white colours are the most prolific. Even so, the predominantly teen audience is prepared to enjoy whatever's going.

Given the erratic quality of interbloc entertainment — the bill's drawn from Polish and Warsaw Pact groups — the audience's happy pragmatism is as much expediency as generosity. Zlotys paid, they're going to have a good time regardless. So long as the rhythm



Two members of the Polish Republiken Army (top left); the pretty face of Hungarian heavy metal Group Kathargo (2nd top left); Warsaw Station (near left); Wiktor J., Darius and Kasia K., Wojciech J., of the Kafkaesque Kontrola W (below); Poland's John Peel — Piotr Kaozkowski (top right) and Singalonga Republika (above).

moves they'll jump to it, employing music to their own end.

At which point let me tell you about Poland's Perfect, who once held the number one spot in young hearts now reserved for Republika and a semi-pomp group Maanam.

Their live favourite used to be 'I Want To Be Myself', because a slight phonetic change converted the chorus into *"I Want To Beat A Zomo"* — slang for cop. The group would sing the original and the audience the modification. And though the authorities could hardly condone massed ranks chanting *"I Want To Beat A Zomo"*, it would be equally ludicrous for them to ban a group from asserting 'I Want To Be Myself'. Thus minor satisfactions are gained.

Tiny bodies maul themselves into a state of muppet hysteria. Skinny arms flail skywards, fingers splayed into V signs, eyes screwed tightly shut, they enter into a frantic communal bounce — the fraternal response to the pogo perhaps? — be it to heavy metal, hard rock or the Polish equivalent of power pop. Only punk grounds the majority. That, and the existential sulks of an excellent group Kontrola W . . .

Let's rock around the Bloc! So what does an East German heavy metal group sound like?

Don't ask. Beethoven will not be flattered by *Berluc's* solo guitar reading of his 'Ode To Joy', though he might sympathise with their *"No more Hiroshima!"* call. Anti nucler protest, it would appear, is now sanctioned by the East German censors.

I'm sure you'd all rather hear a Hungarian heavy metal version of 'Na Na Na Kiss Him Goodbye', as performed by *Karthargo* who, having taken rock's tribal connotations to heart, dress up in Viking horns, kneelength bearskin boots and furs — fluorescent green gorilla masks optional.

Whatever melody the song possessed is hauled through a primal mud of numbingly pedestrian riffs and finally stomped to death, only for the song to re-emerge as a monstrously ugly swamp thing that is nevertheless preferable to the wafer thin prissiness of the Banarama cover.

The Polish *Exodus* are almost as silly: Chipmunks go heavy metal; while the tart *Lady Pank* are a slip of the tongue translation into Polish of the Police. Poznan favourites *Turbo,* bedecked in lurid satins and silks, demonstrate that tantrums aren't the province of Western stars. They once demanded as a condition for a concert at a local school that their dressing room be painted pink. Puce would have been more appropriate.

One group, *TSA,* have a vigorous vulgarity as broad as Ted Nugent's wicked grin and a self-deprecating stage presentation to match. Long hair, cut off shorts, scrawny legs and a complete lack of grace add up to a spectacle so ridiculous and lively it's hard not to warm to them. TSA = *T*ranscend *S*tyle *A*nd taste.

Medieval carved faces of town patrons and saints sheltering under the staid arches and eaves of Poznan's town hall benignly look down on a never-changing Saturday shopping scene.

But what must they be thinking this morning as they witness their provincial square filling with unsavoury strangers, who bring with them the stink of city industry? Suddenly they seem to be arriving up every alley, dragging their heavy, battered workboots through the heat . . .

Studded punks, leather punks, denim punks, razored punks, dirt greased punks, spiked punks, Sham punks, Sub punks, Crass punks, Pistol whipped punks, No Future punks, Fuck The War punks, Fuck Off punks, anarchy punks sprawl across benches, heads resting in each other's laps, dizzy with tiredness, heat and drink.

Gdansk punks, Lodz punks, Gdynia punks, Warsaw punks, Cracow punks arriving on foot or by thumb, on trains and in trunks. Presently flushed with time and no where to go, they nevertheless sense the danger of staying in one place too long. Stylishly sullen and senseless, they scowl through backstreets, gradually making their way to the sports arena; for tonight's their night.

And don't the militia just know it! Compared to the previous night's invisible presence, the site today is occupied by rank upon rank of grey. With machine guns slung over their shoulders and alsatians in tow, they patrol the perimeter in pairs, practising the niggling policy of shaking down the unsavouriest of the bunch for IDs.

Those who don't meet the requirements are whisked away to . . . dimlit corridors of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

POLAND:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

sports arena where photographer Jeff Veitch and I find ourselves for intringing a local bylaw — no pictures of police. Escorted by two militiamen — one in front one behind — we're led past the severest looking of the punks; the mohicans, those with the heaviest straps and chains and one who's decorated his neck with a noose. Jeff loses two films, others their wristbands. Mockery of man in the shape of self-mutilation, it seems, offends the basic tenets of socialist realism. That prerogative rests solely with the state.

Punks push and prod the patience of the state, testing the public tolerance of youthful extremes. Obviously they're aware of the risks, but they're prepared to run the gauntlet of both official and domestic disapproval. For they're not only prey to the police but also to other youth factions who, unlike punks, more easily hide themselves

Punks, who have been around since '78 in the industrial cities, only began to flourish as a minority under the military regime.

"We too are attractions for Western tourists," mutters one punk sardonically. "They are surprised that a thing like punk exists here. But for us it is normal."

"It's a police state, but it's not that much of a police state," laughs his friend.

Teen troubles and fads are not a novelty in Poland.

Ever since rock and roll was smuggled in by sailors returning through the Baltic ports, Polish youth have mirrored or echoed Western developments and even thrown up a few styles of their own, the oddest and most disturbing being the '70s growth of the *Gitmen* who, so far as I can make out, were any ugly amalgam of mods and popperstyle, distinguished by a yearning for order that had them quoting Hitler and Stalin as their ideal leaders.

SS20 banned! Not an upswing in the nuclear disarmament campaign, but the censors moving in on a Warsaw punk group who'd named themselves after the Russian missile.

They've since changed their name to the hardly less inflammatory *De Zerter* and gained favourable coverage in the Young Communist daily, even though their songs remain resolutely the same: 'The Aborted Generation' (*"Too much frustration/Not enough satisfaction/I belong to the aborted generation/There is no future for me . . ."*); 'El Salvador' *("I want a holiday in El Salvador/Because at least something's happening there/Here there's only boredom and nothing to do"*).

That last one's meant to be ironic, points out one of the group helpfully.

"It's not the most important thing that the song is set in El Salvador," he adds, "it's happening in other countries too, people getting caught in the crossfire between two forces and dying . . ."

Other songs deal with the grinding reality of living in post-crisis Poland. They're not insults or assaults on the system as such, but expressions of their own feelings, for which the aggression of punk is ideally suited.

"We're not a fashionable group. We know that punk has existed since '77. We heard the records, though it was impossible to hear punk on TV, and read plenty of scandalous articles reprinted from the British and French press. Otherwise punk is isolated here."

Being in the minority they get the dogends when it comes to instruments, halls and fees.

"We play in student halls. The student clubs want the money and they know plenty of people in Poland want to see punk (they usually pull 4–500 people at a time). It's good for the clubs because they know we want to play, so they can get away with paying us very little money. We only get 400 zlotys and out of that we're supposed to buy the cognac for the journalists."

"At Poznan we saw a contingent of punks and we were playing for them," remarked a De Zerter. "The rest can fuck off. It's up to them if they hear or understand anything."

And so it was that the multitude of young, bewildered and well-behaved Poles looked on bemused at the mass of pogoing punks churning up the front of the stage. But once the bouncers moved in and began hauling out pogoers at random, De Zerter managed to unite the crowd against adversity by launching into a final ironic song — 'Ask A Policeman'.

"For the first time I know peace," marvels a stray punk who has smuggled himself into one of the high class hotels into which the festival groups have been booked. "This is the first time I feel I do not have to worry about anything. The first place I have been where there are no shortages. For once I feel I can relax."

More generally punks no longer make any pretence at grasping after the unattainable. On the contrary, they've exteriorized their state of mind and the hopelessness of their situation into their dress and demeanour. Thus one group used to announce itself: "We formed three years before the end of the world. We have no success, no gear, no plans, no future..."

And another, Brygada Kryzys, once Poland's best known punk group, used to turn up at concerts with the little equipment they had, leaving it to providence and the initiative of the clubs in hustling up instruments and PAs whether they played that night or not.

"They just didn't care," despairs Warsaw Third's most popular DJ Piotr Kaczkowski, often described as Poland's John Peel, a muso wounded by the groups's apparent lack of pride in their craft.

Perhaps it's because they cared too much...

"Where lies or censorship prevail," George Steiner postulated in *Extraterritorial,* poetry can be news in a literal sense." He has also speculated how totalitarianism necessitated a more playful, allusive and elusive style of art and writing that would not only stimulate readers alert to nuances but also combat the deadening affect on language of an all-pervasive authoritarian newspeak.

Poland has always exercised a more tolerant attitude towards the arts than its Eastern neighbours and its practitioners have not been slow to take advantage of this limited freedom. Thus they've built on a tradition of surrealism and heightened realism, fantasy and grotesquerie founded in bizarre Central European folk tales and ghost stories, using such forms to deal with the extraordinary effect on the Polish national psyche of a history of invasions, defeat and heroic resistance.

More so than anywhere else in Europe, Poland is acutely aware of its own past, particularly the most recent past of the Second World War, the subsequent civil war and the destructive Stalinist period. Then, the scars of history don't easily heal, especially not those left by Hitler's attempts to erase Warsaw and other Polish cities from the European map. The Poles don't easily forget and nor — quite naturally — do they want to.

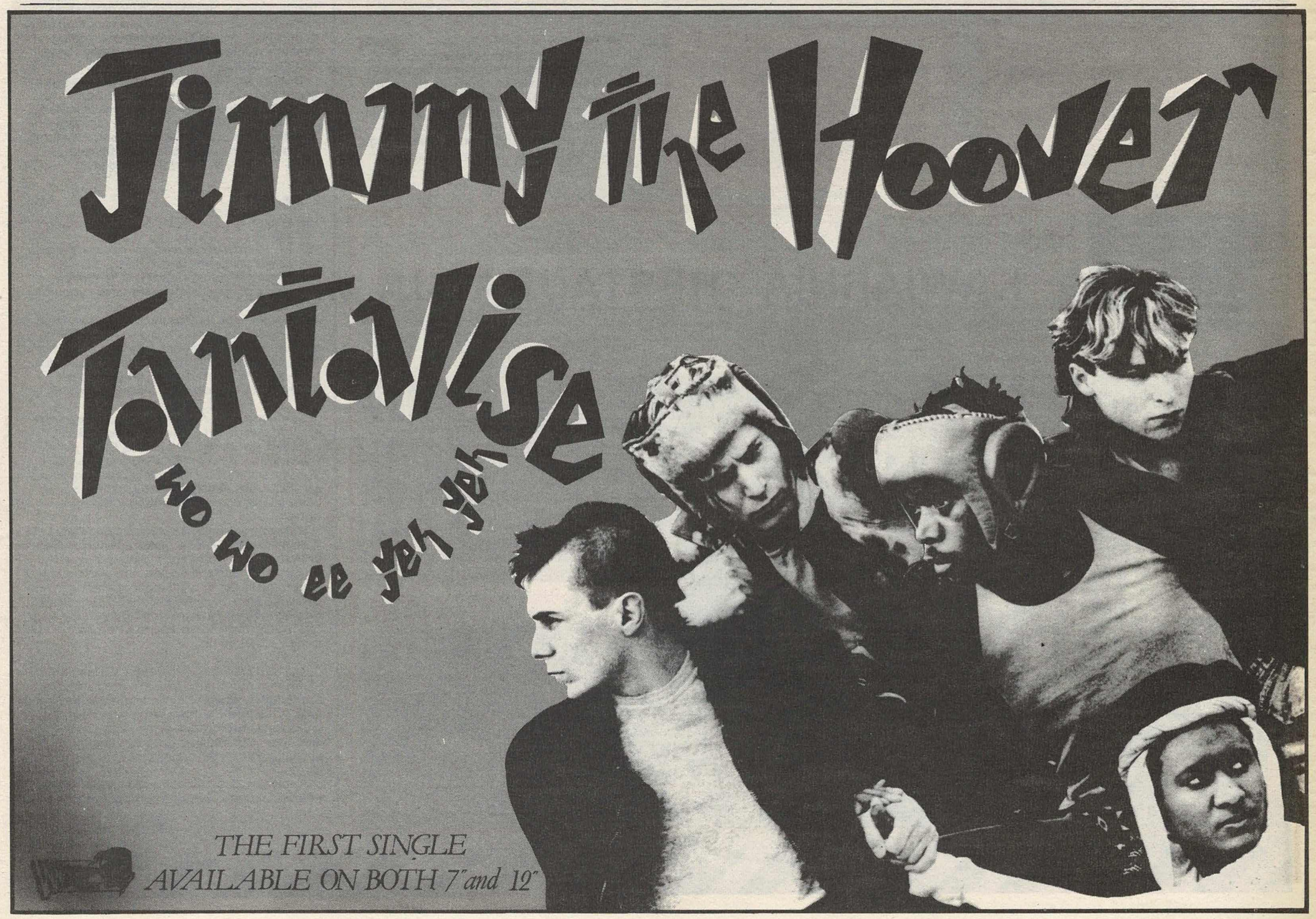
Past nightmares recur like acid flashbacks through the writings of Bruno Schulz, who was murdered by the Nazis in 1942, the concentration camp stories of Tadeusz Borowski, who survived Auschwitz and Dachau only to kill himself in 1951, the surreal reality of the post-war civil war as recalled in Tadeusz Konwicki's *A Dreambook For Our Time* and Jerzy Andrzejewski's *Ashes And Diamonds.* The themes have persisted through Polish cinema: the films of Wajda, Zulawski, the Polish work of exiles Skolimowski and Polanski.

The past sewn up by literature and film, it is perhaps down to popular music to deal more immediately with the present. Steiner proposes "the poem is a conspiracy in the open air. The counter worlds of language, the rhetoric of fantastication, are a critique — probably the only critique that can be made aloud — of political reality."

I'd update that by suggesting Polish popular music, enriched by strong traditions and radical experiments in other fields of art, best fulfils that function. For, as one pop singer quipped: "People haven't got the time to read in times of crisis."

The great gloomy insect of eyes of Franz Kafka stare out from both the handsomely serious face of Dariusz Kulda and his more delicately-featured 17-year old sister Kasia, who together make up half of Kontrola W, the best and most contemporary of groups featured at Poznan.

Like Kafka's stories, their songs are minutely accurate capsule descriptions of claustrophobia, pinpricks of intense burning



light in the prevailing blackness, alleviated by darkly sardonic humour that comes across more in its presentation than content.

"I am cold/I am frightened/What's happening?" queries Dariusz with the unnervingly funny intensity of a David Byrne with, for once, something genuinely worrying on his mind. *"I am walking/I am shouting/I am fighting for life!"* Though so timid and sweet onstage, his sister supports his vocal with chilling choral effects that hint of desolate expanses outside the warm sanctuary established by the music. Their pared back rhythms — thin recoiling bass and nervously itchy guitars — remind one of nothing it not the B-52's. But where the B-52's are relentlessly, blindly happy, Kontrola W are morbidly inquisitive. If they are to be trapped in a world they never made, subjected to unwritten, ever adaptable laws, they will at least control their own destiny so far as possible by preparing their own defence.

Their coldly splendid garage minimalist reading of K's *The Trial,* however, isn't a conceptual favourite with the crowd. Fortunately for them the crowd is not a jury, this time no criminal injustice is perpetrated.

Anyway, everybody's dressed for Republika. Masses of teen girls are draped in black and white, their skirts and shirts embroidered with the group's name, Republika stencilled across scarves and chests. No merchandisers cater for these teen dreams, everything is hand-made. The boys, too, are dressed in black and white, just like their heroes.

Always polite and incredibly patient the fans wait, heart in mouth, for a glance at the group, a smile and an autograph. Like most Eastern European groups, Republika are obliging and unfailingly good natured with their fans, even severely-tested vocalist Grzegorz Cichowski, who is hounded and hunted all over Poland.

On tour his hotel room number invariably slips out, leaving him besieged with phone calls from across the country throughout the night. He has arisen to find fans camped outside in the corridor, tearful and tired, waiting to hand him a rose.

Hardly the stuff of teen idolatry, Grzegorz's looks must rely on a certain weather-beaten appeal. A mess of straw-blond hair flops forward across his face, over emphasising his slightly receding chin.

When performing he stands sideways-on to the audience, pumping away at an upright piano and emotively singing in an appealing slur that sometimes slips into an effective stylistic stutter. As it is evidently not his looks, it must be his songs that have so captured the public imagination; or at least until teen hysteria took over and took off on a momentum of its own. I'm told that he has devised a metaphorical language that immediately touches a nerve, but at the same time can't be too concretely explained.

"The leader is a very intelligent boy who writes songs the youth immediately identifies with," comments one observer. "Republika's songs reflect the situation and feelings of the people."

Because they accurately finger the pulse of the people, their reputation has spread rapidly during the past two years until they've reached their presently unassailable position. With no record company to hype their way, Republika's popularity is that rare thing: genuine.

"Here the band has created everything itself," claims Grzegorz in a matter of fact tone. "Unlike in the West you haven't got record companies which sign groups and then create mass hysteria around them to sell records. In Poland concerts are the place where real spirit is communicated first. Now after two years without any TV appearances we will release our first LP."

It is guaranteed to sell out its 300,000 initial pressing. You will hear more about Republika when the LP is translated into English and released here later this year.

Every hour four haunting bugle notes sound mournfully over the air in commemoration, apparently, of the bugler who 500 years ago rose to the ramparts of Cracow to warn the town of a Tartar invasion, only to catch an arrow in his throat. The Poles probably lost that battle, just as they've lost most of their battles through history.

The bugle notes aside, the radio playlist is more democratically decided. Because few records get released in Poland the charts are compiled from listeners' votes. They can choose anything they hear on radio, from singles to LP tracks to live recordings.

Reflecting the rise of Polish music these past few years the balance of groups in the chart has now tipped in favour of homegrown. That said, Robert Plant's 'Moonlight In Samosa' held the Number One spot during our visit, but Republika figured strongly with four entries in the Top 20.

An interbloc joke goes something like this:
What nationality were Adam and Eve?
Polish, naturally.
Why?
Firstly, because they had nothing to wear. Secondly they only had one apple between the two of them. And lastly, they still thought they were in Paradise.

Travelling by bus from Poznan back to Warsaw through lush, fertile land, past Catholic shrines to the fallen and religious totems guarding crops, it is difficult to understand why Poland ever suffers from food shortages.

Seeing lone peasants working the soil on hands and knees is one contributory factor. Foreign rake offs — Russian and Western — is another. With such crippling debts to the West, Poland is forced to sell off its best produce for hard currency, leaving Polish shops with shoddy quality goods and workers with little incentive to increase yields.

Add to that the knowledge that 3m card-carrying jobsworths outlawed 10m Solidarity members and it's no small wonder that those in absolute contempt of the system practise a policy of non-cooperation, doing the little necessary to get by.

Many simply don't give a fuck anymore and thus go out to enjoy life to the full, paying off along the way where necessary, even if they find the practice distasteful; why line some avaricious do-right's pockets? But grease money is accepted as the reality necessary to a comfortable life or at the very least to get things done. The ugly consequences of this is the excess profits going to those most willing to work for the yankee dollar — who'll do anything for the yankee dollar.

But what can a man do other than turn to the black market when the best quality goods, including some medicines along with luxuries, are only available through the official Pewex hard currency shops? Dollars buy breathing space, just as illegally buying dollars can deny you it. That many ordinary people will flaunt the law — indeed the state itself all but encourages lawbreaking — creates a prevailing atmosphere of lawless hedonism.

It allows spirits to soar to extraordinary heights that are only matched by the depths of hungover depression the following morning when reality seeps back in.

We must stop meeting like this! One last encounter with the heavy metal group TSA leads me to a table cluttered with empty bottles and soaked with spilt wine in a Warsaw hotel.

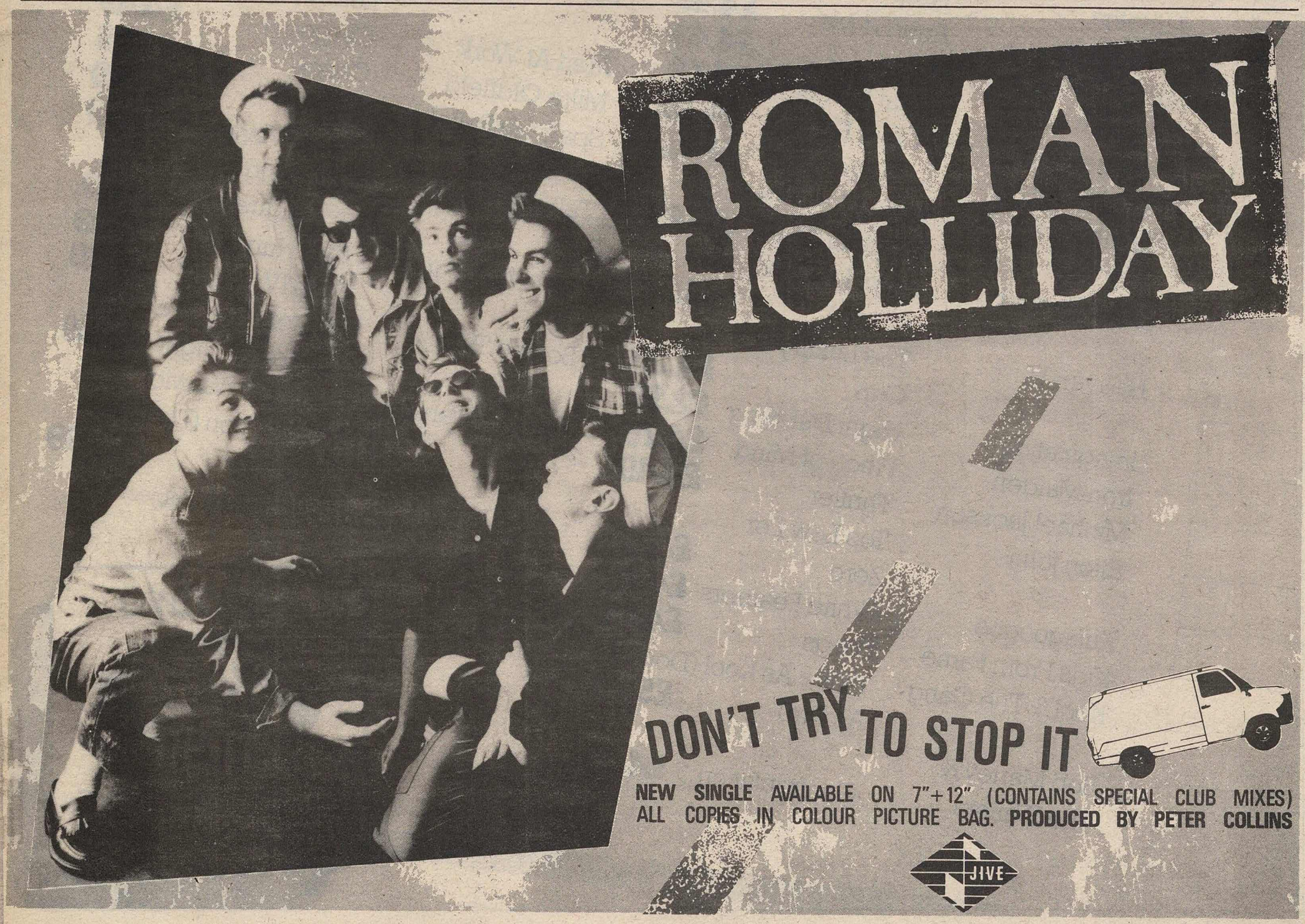
Their vocalist Mariek looks up from his glass grinning manically, his popping eyes full of devil spirit fun.

"Music must be crazy!" he bawls expansively across the room. Then, blowing his nose on a banknote he continues: "Music is my pistol — it kills fascists!" and abruptly lapses into a grotesque mime of one pinned to the wall by a hail of musical bullets. "Argh!"

Here in Poland even heavy metal is that much more deadly.

TSA's Mariek

● *After the feature — the movie!* An account of Polish music called *Poles Apart,* written and directed by Chris Johnson, is currently being prepared for television. It should be screened late autumn.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NONA HENDRYX FACES THE MUSIC ●

Nona thinks twice about hitching a lift from a New York cop in Times Square. Pics: Joseph Stevens.

THIS RECORD called 'Nona' by Nona Hendryx whispers little secrets in your ear, and keeps the funky floor shifting underneath your feet. It talks about dangerous things like living on the border, and elemental things like transformation, and passionate things like B-Boys, and things that have to be kept confidential.

Nona used to be less intriguing, and a lot more brazen. When she sang in Labelle, Nona Hendryx appeared onstage in black leather, festooned with whips and chains, a glitzy caricature of an S&N dominatrix.

She's toned down her stage look since then, sharpened her singing voice and surrounded herself with some very strong musicians. But Hendryx still provokes controversy, it seems simply by showing up. Recently Rolling Stone called her "one of pop's few outspoken bisexuals", seemingly without provocation, since none of her often ambiguous lyrics exactly cry for such an interpretation.

So we sit Nona down on a couch in RCA's offices and make her face the music.

"Well I did write a song called 'Alternations' that is on an album that was never released, and I do it live," she admits. "But it's not so much about bisexuality as about being capable of change. I think the choices for intimacy in sexuality in our world are very limited, and I'm not a very limiting person."

The 'Nona' album, produced by Hendryx and Material, uses a shifting collection of musicians, including Nile Rogers and Sly Dunbar, to create a chameleon-like selection of pop, funk, soul and reggae textures. One minute you're hearing some hard funk, the next something that sounds like Grace Jones.

It's a record that points to a new direction for the black music mainstream, incorporating the rhythmic emphasis and directness of rap, keeping the arrangements tight, peeling off the excess baggage.

But there is something tentative about most of the album, and there is no such hesitation in Hendryx's live performances. Her current live band is a powerhouse, rhythmically super-tight (drummer Trevor Gale is exceptional) and melodically inventive. Live, Nona comes off mostly as a soul singer in the classic mould of Aretha Franklin and Gladys Knight and Tina Turner.

"Probably. I never styled myself after anyone. Because I never thought of myself as a singer. I didn't have a burning desire to be a singer. Singing is just something that happened in my life. So I didn't pattern myself after anyone. The only person I ever tried to sing like was Mahalia Jackson, once when I was 14 years old I sang a song of hers in church."

If not as a singer, then how do you think of yourself?

"I guess as a conductor, as in something that energy travels through. And a communicator. And I just happen to use music as my vehicle. I don't really care about my voice. What I care about is getting the feeling across."

Lately black music seems to be going through a change, from escapist to socially relevant.

"I think what we heard on the radio might have been vague and, uh, thin, but what was going on in the streets and clubs was not. But the underground has to get over. Eventually enough people begin to hear this strange stuff happening over there. The difficult thing is that it gets picked up on and exploited real fast, so therefore it gets homogenised again, and people have to keep going more extreme."

Do you think songwriting today is still caught up in the old cliches about love, or has there been a real change in what can be said?

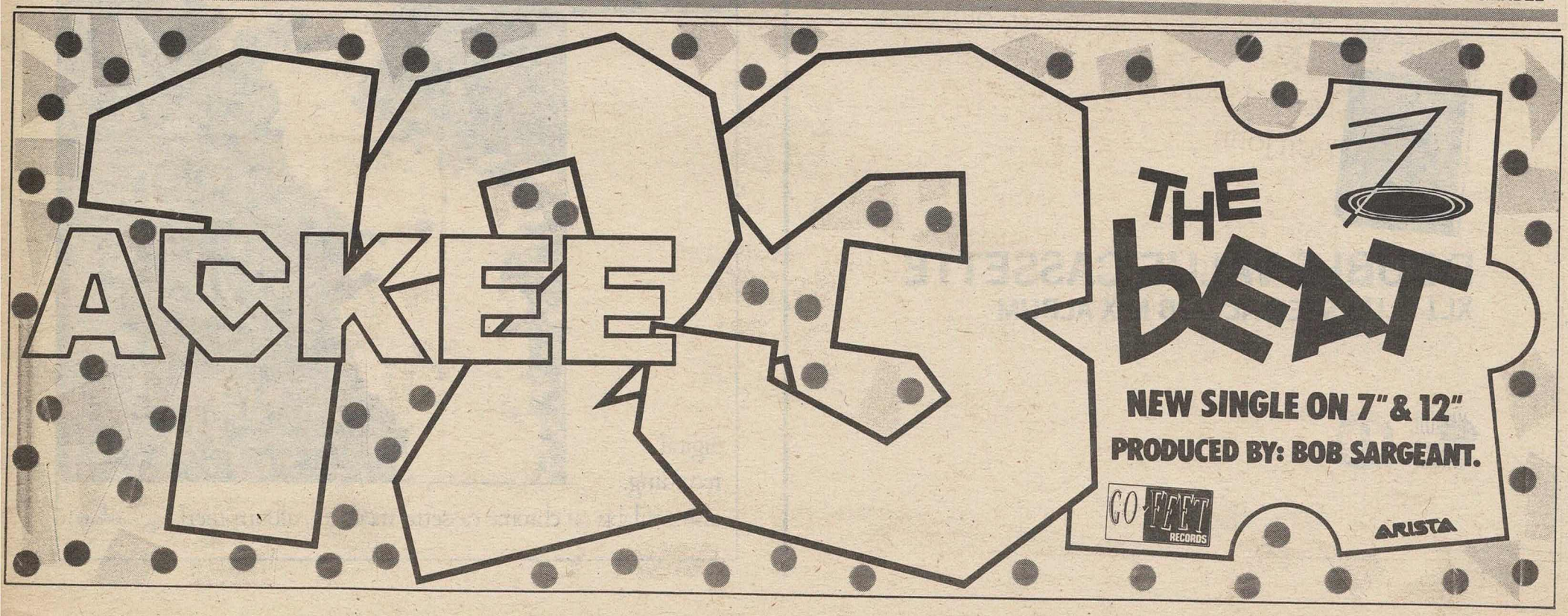
"Very little. We have basic information as human beings. We're born, we go through our childhood experiences, which are basically the same except for cultural changes. Like now children are concerned with mugging, getting raped, and drugs, so those things are coming out in younger kids' music. But they're still going to be talking about love, friendship, mother-father, sister-brother, God or devil. Those things, the either side of something, the opposites. But it's the same thing, it just how you say it, and who's hearing it."

Nona's talk may get a little "cosmic" about the Big Issues, but don't be fooled. In the end I rate her as very sharp, very down to earth, and very much blessed with a perspective that sees her music for what it is, and what it is not.

"The way things are said in a lot of funk music, say, P-Funk, I think is not exactly the way to do it. Particularly for third world people, I think they need to be fed a lot more original information. I can't just boogie through my life. I like to boogie, I like to dance, but I also need to contribute something. We've got lots of unwed mothers, we've got lots of babies making babies, and we've got lots of people tearing the roof off the sucker. I mean they already know how to do that."

THE BEAST FROM LABELLE COMES CLEAN

RICHARD GRABEL



Pete Shelley

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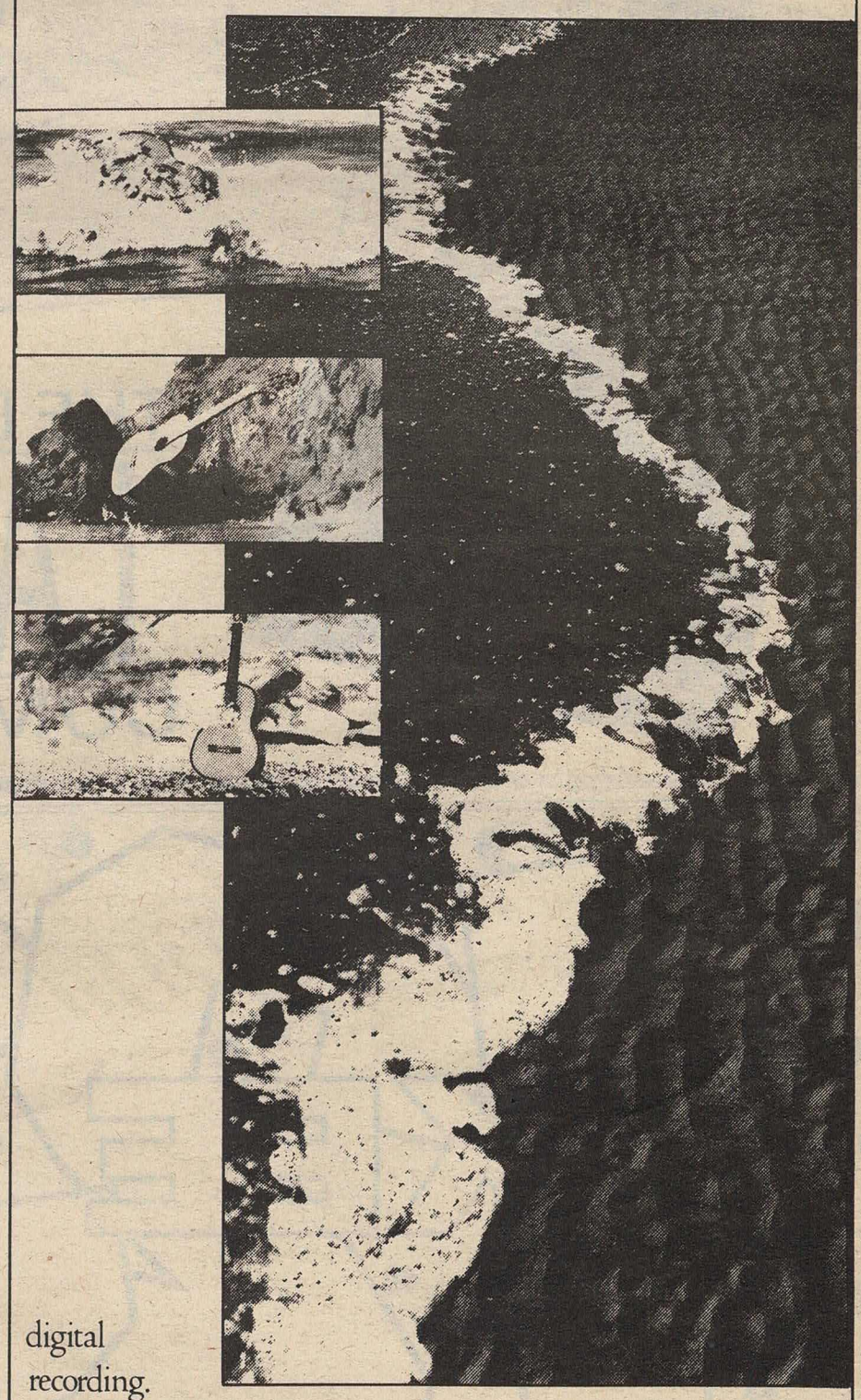

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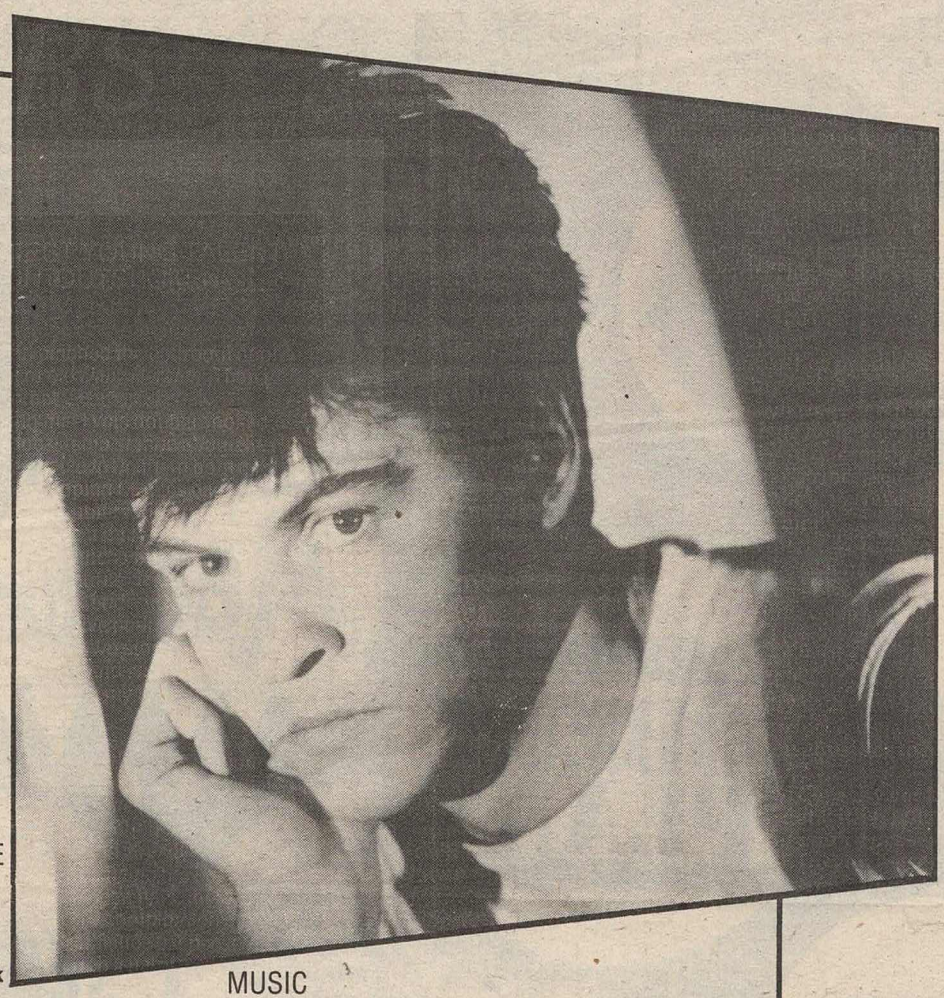

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RANTERS CORNER

SOUTH YORKSHIRE'S ANGRIEST YOUNG TALENT SPEAKS OUT IN ANOTHER, UH, OUTSPOKEN EPISODE OF...

Woke up. Bastard! Somebody had pinched the bedroom door. And the wardrobe. And the pile of old *Daily Heralds*. Then I remembered that I wasn't at home.

I remembered the party. I remembered that I was double booked. A gig at a borstal, and a phone-in at the local radio station about the Life of a Ranter. Well, I ought to have been able to do them both if I'd got any suss. Got up. Remembered the Swapping Clothes dance I'd finished the evening off with. The dress fitted quite well.

Went downstairs. Out of the door. Smiled at a milkman who said Are you Darren Shakespeare's sister? I said Watch your bastard gold top and keep your lip zipped. He hit me with a bottle. It stung. Got on the bus. Some hilarious bastard came up to me and said You are Darren Shakespeare in a dress and I claim my five pounds. I said No I'm Joolz with a moustache. For a joke I got off two stops early and walked towards the borstal. I stopped a copper and said How do I get to bastard borstal? He said you keep standing on my foot and I'll send you there for ten years. I didn't laugh.

I walked into the borstal and they said Come this way they've already started. I stopped at a payphone and rang the radio station and said Green most of the time but Red Thursdays. They said What you jabbering about and I hung up. I knew that some bastard always asked what's your favourite colour at one of these phone ins.

The borstal bloke led me into a big room. They'd already started and Don the Daft Bugger was going on about him being the best ranter in the world. Well I had to dispute that. I mean he's got a great stage name but he's not much of a ranter. So in a combination of joke and stinging reply I was sick into my hat. The audience gasped in amazement. Then I remembered I wasn't wearing a hat. I wiped my hands and looked at the bloke on the floor underneath me. He was covered in sick.

For a joke I said I like your stage costume brother and he said I am Gary the Lying Down Punk Sonneteer. I said what's the bastard difference between a lying down Punk Sonneteer and standing up one. He said Your jacket back wears out quicker than your shoes. Somebody shouted that I was wanted on the phone. I said Tell them Bridlington. Some bastard always asks what your favourite holiday resort is. Half an hour later somebody came up and said the fire brigade have just sent a telegram your house has burnt down. They tried to ring you but you said you were in Bridlington.

I got a hat out of my pocket with the words THAT'S BASTARD FATE written on the hatband and put it on. Everybody laughed.

(Darren Shakespeare was talking to IAN McMILLAN)

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You can't be sweet 16 for the rest of your life, declares 38-year old ROD STEWART as he offers yet more profound, philosophical thoughts on his music, lifestyle and football. PAOLO HEWITT offers tea and scepticism, ANTON CORBIJN snaps his shutter.

WELL, I *used* to like him. But that's all over now...

Fiorucci jeans and a white T-shirt emblazoned with 'My Heart Belongs To Daddy'. (You might have seen it on *Nationwide.)* Familiar shock of blond hair, (uprooted and tinted) and a golden brown skin, tanned to perfection by the Californian sun.

Blue Chelsea boots and hippy beads tied around his neck and wrists. A hint of arrogance balanced by a humour that is endearing and natural, but occasionally forced, as though a laugh and a smile at *that* moment in time is *the* most important thing in the world.

It's a grey afternoon in Wembley and up here in the canteen (downstairs are the rehearsal rooms where he practises with his band for their four month world tour), Rod Stewart puts a cheeky grin on his face.

"We should have opened a bottle of champagne," he says in his curious, mid-Atlantic voice. "Celebrate the first interview I've done with a music paper in eight years."

Why's it been so long, Rod?

"Well, I had a press officer who thought I should stay away from the music papers because they'd been murdering me for so many years. Now he's not with me, I thought well, if you can't beat them, join them. See if I can get my point across."

Rod smiles again. "That's if you'll let me..."

BRIEFLY, THEN. It may seem unfashionable and unfathomable as to why Rod Stewart was such an important figure in the early '70s but, quite simply, there was no one near him.

Groomed in the blues and soul of America, he incorporated a sound and an image, both solo and with The Faces, that still lingers today. At a time when music, white rock music, was judged in terms of pretension and musical dexterity, Stewart emerged with a rasping, distinctive vocal and a brash, couldn't-care-less attitude. With The Faces, he and Ronnie Wood promoted the archetypal working class boys together, out for a laugh and a drink, although Stewart now credits bassist Ronnie Lane as the true force behind them.

"Ronnie Lane was really The Faces, more so than me and Woody. We may have been the front men, the Glamorous Twosome, but Laney was the exuberance of the band, the drinking spirit of it, and once his enthusiasm waned that's when it all started falling apart."

Indeed, The Faces always seemed to be on the verge of disintegration. Compared to Rod's slightly polished solo efforts, their LPs were poor, sloppy affairs ('A Nod's As Good As A Wink' excepted) that served to heighten their tipsy image.

Similarly, their shows, complete with strippers and footballs, were hit and miss affairs. Either rowdy, fun-filled parties fuelled by drink and their 'we're all lads together' attitude, or a bunch of embarrassing slobs boring the life out of everyone.

Alcohol played a large part in their appeal. "In the early days it was Dutch courage," says Rod. "We were fucking nervous. Who wants to see three of the old Small Faces and two guys from the Jeff Beck Group? No one wants to see that, so we'd all get drunk and make the best of it. But towards the end it was obligatory to get drunk. We were going on drunk just to be drunk because it was expected of us."

At a time when musicians smoked dope, The Faces brandished bottles of brandy. When fashion amongst groups was blue jeans and T-shirts, Rod appeared with his hair stuck up on end, silk scarf and satin trousers and a cheeky grin spread right across his mouth.

His interviews were never about music, but football and the night before. His and The Faces records covered similar ground, either boisterous machismo like 'Stay With Me' or tender heartbreaks like 'Mandolin Wind'.

He flaunted himself and he flaunted his riches. But it wasn't an obnoxious stance. Rather it was working class flash that read, between the lines, Christ if *I* can do it, so can you. For a confused 14-year old, these things were important.

In 1975, or thereabouts, The Faces broke up, mainly through Rod's massive solo success.

"Especially the third album," explains Rod, "which had 'Maggie May' on. From then on it started to go downhill. Ronnie Lane was the first to be upset by it. Woody was never upset by it. I love the guy, he's so free, he couldn't give a fuck. But Laney was upset by it. He wanted it to be a band and so did I.

"But I was obligated to make my own albums, and I *enjoyed* making my own albums. I think the turning point was when we played San Antone one night. We got to the gig for a soundcheck a bit early and we caught the promoter taking the sign down that said, Rod Stewart and the Faces and putting it up again as just The Faces.

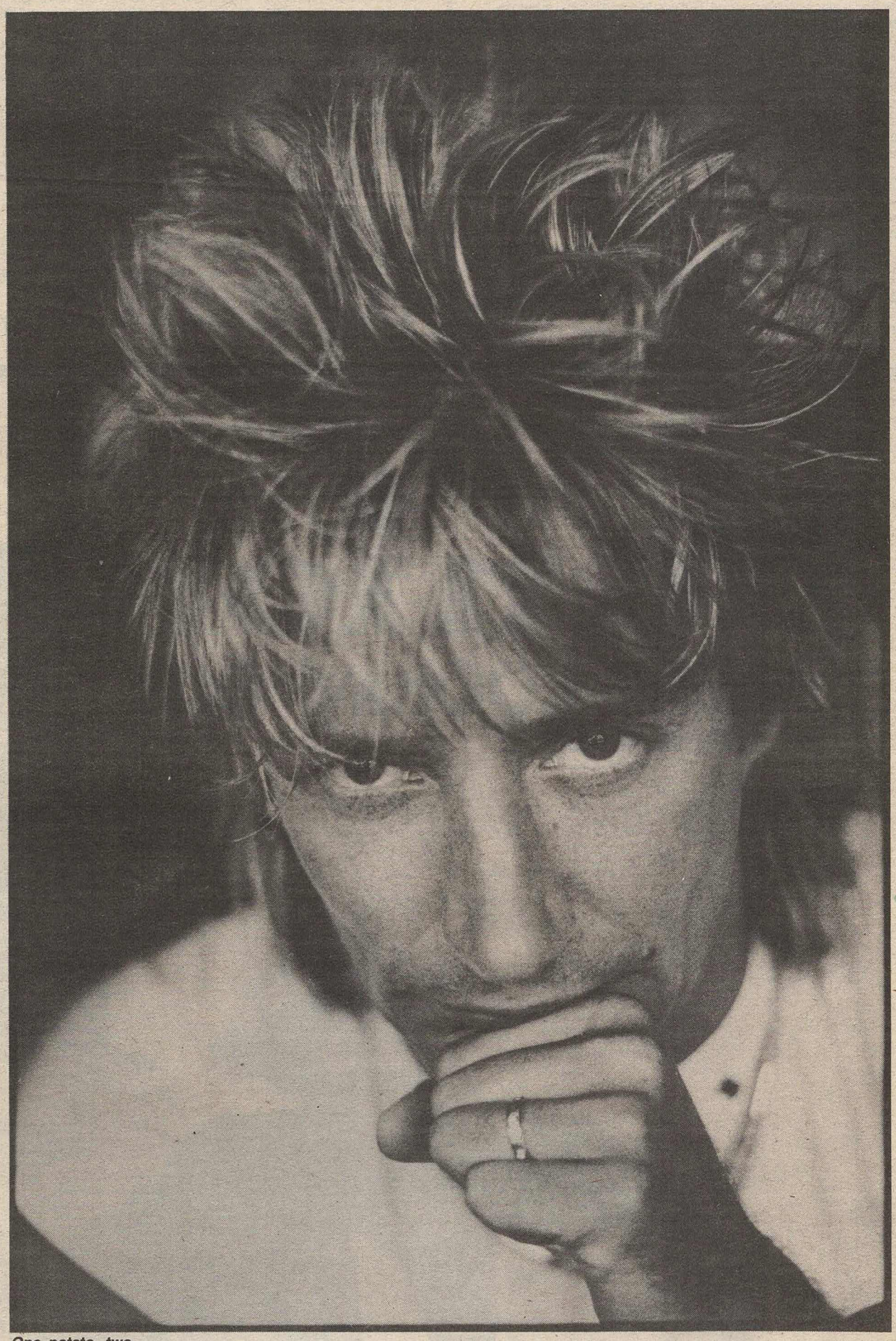
"My ex-manager, who was also The Faces manager, told him to bill as RS and the Faces. Laney saw that, the other boys saw that, and I just hung my head. I think that might have been the turning point.

The Faces split in all kinds of directions and Rod Stewart went over to Los Angeles to live. The start of his downfall. He linked up with Britt Ekland and, over the years, lived out the corniest of existences as one of the *nouveau riche.* He went from the cover of the music papers to the populist Fleet St weeklies who eagerly reported his every move.

His music went the same way.

Singles such as 'Sailing' and 'You're In My Heart' established Stewart worldwide but in the process his down-to-earth sensibility, his link with the culture he had promoted so successfully, were all lost in the world he now inhabited.

These days Rod Stewart is an industry, albeit a slimmed down industry. There's a lot of money riding on the boy. Every year he makes a new LP and embarks on gruelling world tours. Every year the LPs sound the same and every year people flock to massive stadiums to hear him.



One potato, two...

Rod Stewart is now 38, married, with children. He's recently sacked his manager Billy Gaff, along with a lot of his old entourage, and he has an LP, 'Body Wishes', about to be released. Like every LP he's released in this country since 1971, it will probably go platinum. His dates will sell out and for this tour there will be a specially made plaster woman, totaling 140 feet in length and holding a football, covering the stage.

Whilst pop in England has gone from Johnny Rotten to Boy George, Stewart has kept, either through laziness or sharp financial acumen, to the same well-trod path.

His music is traditional, shined to perfection. His political outlook is Conservative. And he still believes that the innovations he made all these years ago are *still* unique and individual.

He may also, like Bowie, Jagger and the rest of his contemporaries, be among the last of a dying breed.

WE MET twice. Once at Wembley, where the talk was stilted, once in his local English pub, The Flask.

"I used to come here with my parents when I was eight or nine. They'd go inside and I'd kick an old tennis ball against the wall. I'd paint it orange so I could see it in the dark and they'd bring me orange juices all night."

You had a good childhood?

"Yeah, great. Really great childhood. We're a very close-knit family."

Stewart had trials for Brentford FC but ended up rich and famous instead. In the process, since his infamous move to LA, he's received enormous flak and criticism.

"I think a lot of it was fairly accurate. A lot of it I deserved, especially between '76 and '79. I can't be specific, but I know my fault was that I was believing everything I read about myself. Especially in America. I really believed I was God's gift to women.

"I think it affected the music, but hopefully that's all behind me now. I'm God's gift to men now," he says with a chuckle.

Why Los Angeles?

"I don't know. I could have moved to Paris and not paid any tax at all. It was something I was tricked into doing. My manager at the time said, well go over there and find yourself somewhere to live. See if you like it.

"Once I got over there, they said, ha ha, we got you now. You can't come back. You've got to stay out for a year. I still like it, I must admit. It frustrates me that here there's just a few radio stations when over there you've got 30 in LA alone. I like the sunshine too and it's not so far away. I come back 13 or 14 times a year on average. See my mum and dad, the odd football match."

It's a typical Stewart remark. Everyone's to blame except himself

CONTINUED OVER

STEWART

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

and his love for football gets a plug too. His transition from a raw R&B singer to cabaret crooner, for instance, is down to LA. And Britt Ekland.

"I think the LA lifestyle changed me a lot", he remarks, "and Britt Ekland had a lot to do with it. I was madly in love with her. She was telling me what to do, how to pose, and the album cover for 'Night On The Town' is probably the most embarrassing thing. Fucking straw boater and a glass of champagne. But you live and learn, I suppose."

Took you an awful long time.

"It certainly did. I think everyone was scared to tell me. All those people I've now got rid of. They blame my old lady but it's not true. My manager, PR people, half the road crew and a lot of friends too, no one had the guts to tell me. They were just pandering to me. Now it's the opposite."

Throughout our conversation, Stewart will make many allusions to this period, '76 to '79 — "I went through a period of pretending", "Well, it was a foolish period". Eventually, after much pushing, he gets bitter with me.

"Unless you'd have gone through the experience yourself *you* wouldn't know what *I* was talking about."

Ask him about age (38 and singing about 'Baby Jane'??), and he calms down a little.

"If I could keep on singing for the rest of my life, I'd be happy. I can't keep doing this all the time, jumping around the stage when I'm 40. I'd like to mature into something like a white Marvin Gaye. No one ever aims the fact that Marvin Gaye is 44 and just had one of the biggest records of his life. No one ever says *he's* too old."

But it's a different tradition he's coming from.

"Yeah, that's true. Perhaps I can make the transition. I don't think I'll be coming back and playing Earls Court for five nights. I'd like to come back and play the Albert Hall for a week. I don't know. I don't know what's going to happen in two years time."

Actually, Stewart does know. His current tour will take him to Xmas and Hawaii before he makes another LP which will take four months to "create". Then there's a film with Elton John to make, plus a projected tour with him around the States...

Hasn't he got bored with it all yet?

"What?"

Nonsense songs about girls with hot legs. Drinking with the lads. Standard rock music.

"The 12 bar thing," he states emphatically, "is still the thing I love. I don't think I've done an album without there being a 12 bar blues on it. There's one on this new LP called 'Dancin' Alone'. No, I never get tired of it. I never get tired of the small spectrum rock'n'roll is in. I don't think it should ever branch out of that.

"That's why I'm very, I wouldn't say anti-synthesiser, but I think it's taken a lot of soul out of music. I think that's what is lacking in a lot of music. A little bit soulless. It's very *inventive*, but it's a little bit souless to me.

"Then again," he says, "I can't be artistic about my music. Rock'n'roll has always been about taking the piss out of yourself and doing the best you can. I'm not Bowie. I'm not artistic. I can't sing to a *skull*. You know what I was going to do? Sit in a chair, onstage, and sing to a teapot. *(laughing)* I might just do it. To me a sense of humour is the most important thing. I think you've always got to have that. I can't take myself seriously. I can't take rock'n'roll seriously and I can't take life seriously.

"I do take some things seriously," he concedes. "I take my family extremely seriously and that's the utmost priority. Nothing gets in the way of that. I don't take life seriously, I can't, when I see two thirds of the new world starving. What's that all about?"

So, rather than confront it, you turn your head.

"I do confront it but I don't lose sleep over it. I try and help as best I can."

How?

"It always sounds like fucking martyrdom but I gave a lot of money to UNICEF, over half a million dollars from the royalties to 'Sexy'. I'm doing it on one of the tracks from this album. Me and the old lady support about eight kids from World Vision and the kids write back in their little handwriting and the letters are transcribedand typed out for us. I feel strongly about that. One of the songs on this album, 'Ghettoblaster', all the royalties are going to World Vision. I like telling you, but I don't want to make a big deal out of it. Let's get onto jollier things."

Okay, how about money?

"I'm nowhere near as wealthy as everybody thinks I am. I'm not hard up, that's for sure, but I've gone through a lot of money and it isn't through buying fast cars and doing silly things. It's bad investments."

Stewart is far from broke, however. His new single 'Baby Jane' is already a massive hit in the States. The tour is fully booked and Rod, despite reality, still believes himself to be making a worthwhile contribution to music in general.

"I don't think I'd make a record if I didn't think I was making a step forward or writing better songs. I don't think I'll ever change that radically. I don't think I'll ever get away from the two guitar basis of everything I do. It's not really for me to decide either. It's the record-buying public and they either buy your records or they don't."

But if you presented them with something different...

"But I think there's something different on each album," he argues. "With my voice on it every track sounds the same because it's such a distinct voice."

Seems to me that once you get to a certain stage, it all becomes a bit...

"Mechanical? Nah! If it was I'd tell you the truth, it still takes me donkey's ages to make an album, it takes me ages to write the lyrics. I'm always finishing off the lyrics on the last day of recording. I'm just not a natural songwriter. But it certainly isn't mechanical."

Perhaps there lies the problem. Stewart's best songs were always colloborations. Either with Ronnie Wood or unknowns such as Martin Quittenton. Divorced from these people his music has accordingly suffocated, although his popularity has never been higher.

SO WHO listens to Rod Stewart now?

"I won't know until we've done the first night in Glasgow to see what audience we've got. Doesn't worry me, you know. Can't write songs like 'Hot Legs' for the rest of my life. I'm 38 now, so I try and write songs that I can relate to and the people who buy my records can relate to. I leave all the other stuff to the younger bands. You can't be sweet 16 for the rest of your life, you know."

That sounds awfully resigned to me.

"Yes it is, but I don't wan't to fool myself either. I think I'm writing better songs now that go a lot deeper than I did before. I'm writing a lot more about relationships again but you have to resign yourself to the fact that you're getting older. All of us do." He pauses and then puts on his camp voice. "I'll still probably wear something absolutely stupid when I walk out on stage and think to myself, what's a man of 38 doing wearing *this?*"

What indeed? And what's the point of another tour anyway?

"I think what I'm trying to do with this tour, and which I think Britain is lacking right now, is some good old fashioned rock'n'roll. And I'll always stand by that."

The fact that in Britain, at least, there has been an encouraging trend away from 'good old rock'n'roll' seems to elude Stewart completely. The fact that some people are breaking away from its stifling traditionalism and trying to bring in new shades of colour, adventure and perception, baffles Stewart.

"I don't understand that. Rock'n'roll is rock'n'roll to me whether it's Bob Seger or the Human League..."

Indeed, Stewart's fave contemporaries, Tom Petty, Bob Seger, underline Rod's devotion to this defunct musical line. But Stewart remains adamant. And out of touch.

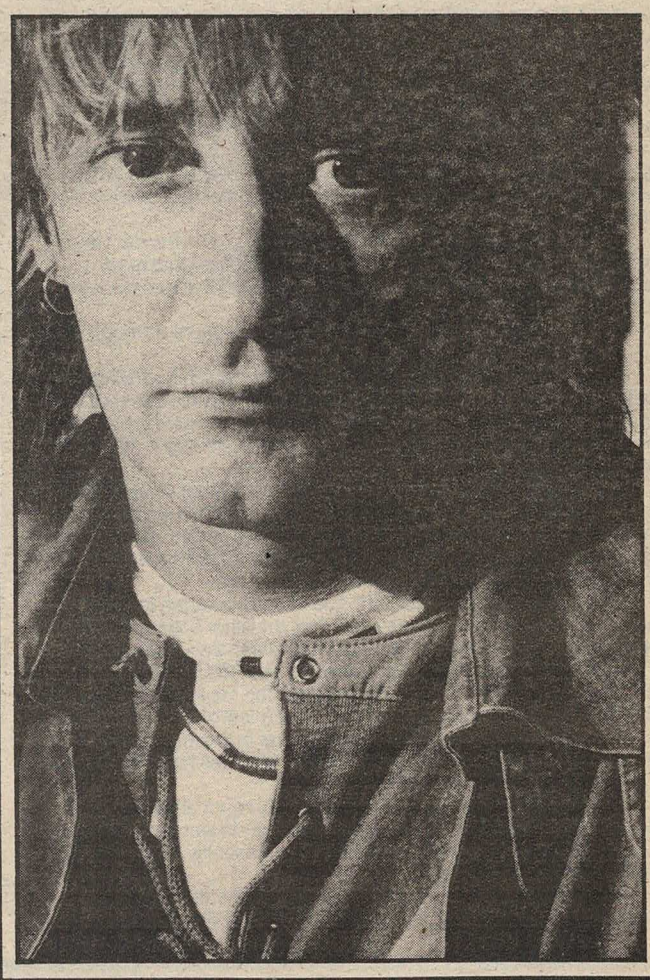
"I don't want to change that much. I think I'm original and I'll always stay that way. I was the first at what I'm doing. I was the first with the haircut, the first with the no bullshit rock'n'roll and that's what people expect of me. I've still got, even if I say so myself, one of the best, most expressive voices in music and *that's* why people come to see me. Not because we've got a 140 feet woman covering the stage. I'd like to believe that people come and see me for a good white voice."

When he first appeared this much was true. To believe that, ten years on, Stewart is 'original' or a 'first' is way short off the mark.

But the circus will continue, the show must go on.

Rod Stewart will remain the dazed character he now is. He'll keep believing his press, keep convincing himself that he enjoys going "on the road with a bunch of hooligans" (albeit sesion musician hooligans) at the age of 38, keep milking the formula that has brought in millions and still try to believe that he's a vital part of contemporary music.

His time has come and gone. Everybody knows it. Except Rod Stewart.



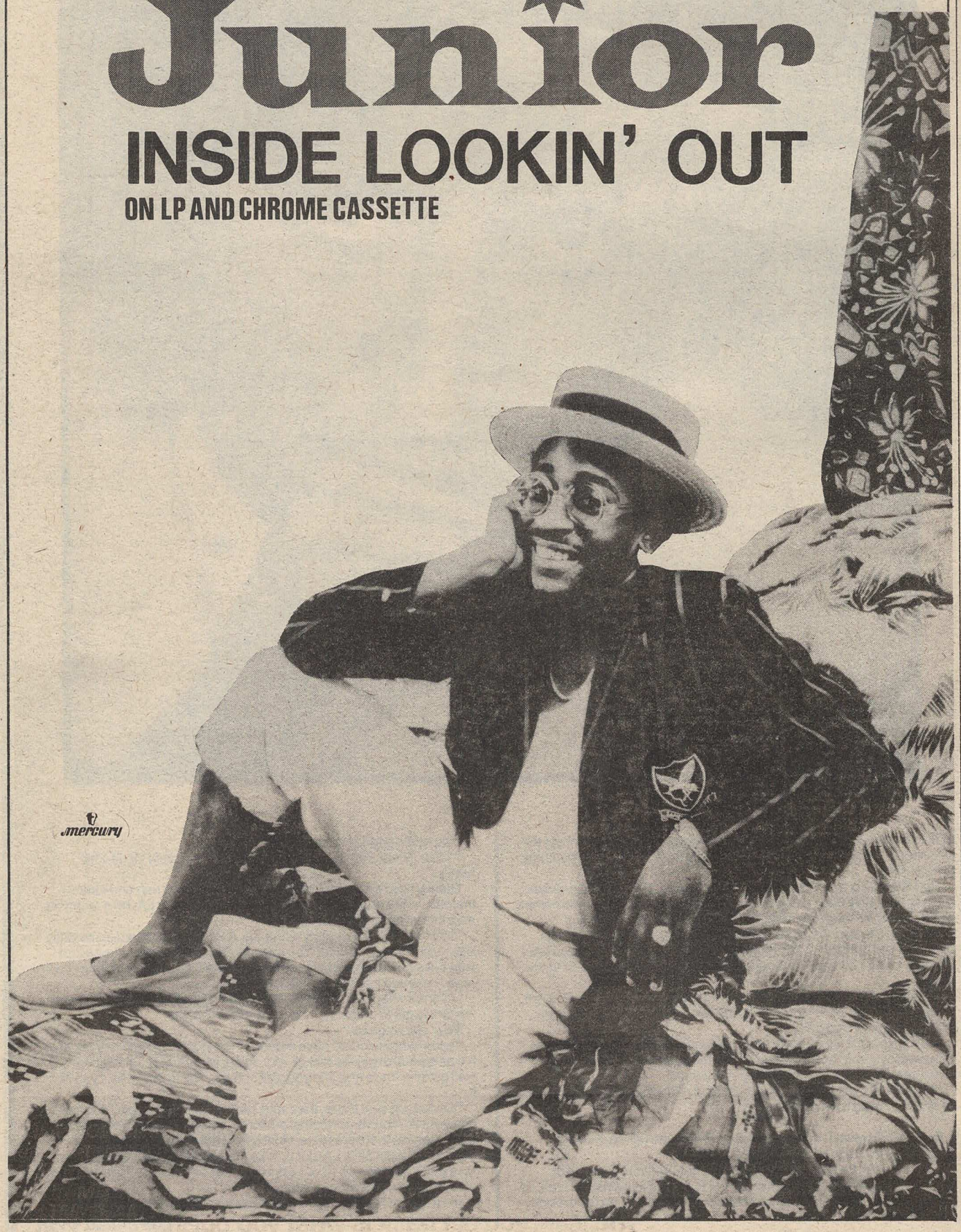
LP MERS 20 TAPE MERSC 20

phonogram

Junior

INSIDE LOOKIN' OUT

ON LP AND CHROME CASSETTE



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PRINT

Beat roots explored by VIV FONGENIE

MOVE ON UP

MINOR CHARACTERS
by Joyce Johnson (*Picador, £2.50*)

MINOR CHARACTERS is Joyce Johnson's third book and, as in her two novels 'Come Join The Dance' and 'Bad Connections', much of the action takes place in her hometown, New York.

But *Minor Characters* is not a novel, it is a reminisence about novelists and their characters. It is set in the late '50s and concerns a generation which, like its late '60s counterpart, can be summed up largely by its puerility and its egoism. It was Jack Kerouac, without doubt the most significant of his ilk, who christened his youthful contemporaries the Beat Generation and, although Jack's appearances are somewhat few and far between in Johnson's pages, his shadow quite befittingly looms over the whole book.

The Beats were as much a throw-back to the Lost Generation of the '20s as they were precursors of '60s hippiedom. The romantic desperation personified so articulately in the lives of Scott Fitzgerald and Jack Kerouac would emerge once again with a tragic inevitability in those idols of the '60s, only this time round their roles would be played out with the aid of drugs rather than alcohol or the mechanisms of speed.

Johnson's characters — herself not least — are presented with an honesty that shifts from the touching to the painful. For some months during the late '50s she knew Kerouac, devoted herself to him and bore him a love which remained unrequited. The book meanders its way through the settings of their liaison and the circles in which they moved, revealing as it goes the sham and superficiality behind much of what was hip at the time.

Your name was spoken with awe if you went mad or, better still, committed suicide. As ever, rebellion was typified by the kind of clothes or jewellery you wore, it had little to do with the formulation of revolutionary ideas of any sort. Normally the most venerated individuals were those sporting the most outrageous regalia or else those prepared to indulge in the most outrageous activities — 'Far Out' became the phrase later adopted.

Greenwich Village is where it's at and everybody down there is a tortured artist or knows one. The smug self-assurance with which the non-exploits of people are enacted smacks of all too familiar middle-class liberalism. A decent smattering of black — a handbag, hat or pair of boots will do — inaugurates you into the existentialist elite. Smoke your cigarette with the correct amount of elegant desperation and you too can be a nihilist; it doesn't matter too much what the word means — even less so if you happen to be a Trotskyite — so long as folks raise their brows and pale with horror at the discovery.

In Johnson's world it's the males who constitute the intelligentsia while the women, as the title says, are only minor characters. What is perhaps most notable is that someone has at last bothered to reveal these previously anonymous minor characters at all, giving us for the first time some insight into their view of the way things were.

We all know about the Kerouacs, the Ginsbergs, the Cassadys because they travelled and got into print, yet these figures come across all too often as selfish, arrogant and childish in the extreme. Instead it's the women who emerge as the unsung heroes, even if only by virtue of their toleration.

They seem to recognise a dubious male need to aspire to the heroic and put up with it in a way that has to be admired. With such themes in play, Johnson's most lethal weapon is irony and yet the book is much more than just a poke at some of the absurd pretensions of the Beat Generation.

Kerouac *was* a tragic figure, sensitive, confused, a mass of contradictions, his life on the road perhaps never much more than an attempt to get away from himself. Johnson presents him in all his colours: Jack the fallen angel, Jack the prophet to whom thousands turned, Jack the insatiable traveller, hopping freight trains, boarding Greyhound buses, pick-up trucks or steamers to Tangiers, personifying movement as the essence of existence.

Johnson's Kerouac rises above the hip fatalism of his generation, his despair is no ego-trip, no calculated stance. He journeys but is not in search of anything, he moves simply through a fear of stillness, a morbid awareness of its association with death. His writing reflected perhaps more powerfully than that of any of his contemporaries the spiritual desolation of America and yet he was never a nihilist out to destroy.

He recognised in himself and his generation a deep need for affirmation and, beneath the squalid reality his words invariably depict, that plea cries out as passionately today as it did almost 30 years ago.

VIV FONGENIE

Icon cant con can't con me, says DON WATSON of a new Brian Jones biography

SQUEEZING BLOOD OUT OF A STONE

Illustration Malcolm Harrison

DEATH OF A ROLLING STONE
by Many Aftel (*Sidgwick & Jackson, £5.95*)

"OH NO," you may say, adopting a suitable period quote, "I've been through this movie before." The necrophiliac, obsequious myth-making that surrounds the corpses of dead rock stars is bad enough, but that particular sub-species of leech that produces awed biographies such as this warrants a section of the nausea spectrum to itself.

The problem with books like this is not so much the subject matter nor the ill concealed attempts to turn the star into the icon: what is genuinely grotesque about such books is their obsession with *the '60s.*

Yet there is nothing in *Death Of A Rolling Stone* that will be of any interest to anyone who lived through the period. This book is packaged as a message from a faded generation that says, *"We* had a lot more fun than *you* do now."

The intention is clearly to appeal to that appalling section of the My Generation who treat being born in the '60s as tantamount to turning up late at a screamer of a party, and spend their time in the moribund occupation of searching amongst the scattered bodies and piles of vomit for the last vestiges of the *good time* they're sure they've missed.

The reaction of anybody with a semblance of sanity on reading *Death Of A Rolling Stone* would surely be "So what?" It is atrociously written; and its innumerable and seemingly random snippets of quotes from so-called authoritative sources make it immensely dull.

The authoress Many Aftel is not a writer, either by nature or by profession. She actually makes her living as a psychotherapist, which explains a lot.

"Who was the private Brian Jones? Who was the person behind the world's fantasies? What was at the centre of this myth? How did he cope with so much so fast? What happens to those who live in the centre of a whirlwind? How real can they be, even to themselves? I needed to know the answers to these questions," she tells us in the Preface.

That, you might well say, is *her* problem.

DON WATSON

BRITS & BRATS

THE BRITISH INVASION
by Nicholas Schaffner (*McGraw-Hill, £9.95*)

NEW YORKER Schaffner and his team of Brit-smitten mates have pieced together what is, basically, an oversize fanzine comprising several hundred photographs and some quarter of a million words, most of them being in praise of US visa holders ranging from The Beatles and The Kinks through such relative young sprogs as Human League, XTC and Gang Of Four.

The hundred and odd biographical pieces that form the main body of the book range from the Tremlett style paste-up jobs through to well-considered vignettes — most of the latter emanating from the Remington of Parke Puterbaugh — but even if there are minor misgivings about the perfunctory way one or two of the contributors have carried out their alloted tasks in this area, there are some admirable compensations in the form of a complete listing of every British single to enter the US Top 20 during 1964-80; a day-to-day diary of events covering that same period; and a tally of every UK and US chart album and single logged by Schaffner's "big seven" — the Stones, The Beatles, The Who, The Kinks, Pink Floyd, T. Rex and David Bowie — along with those of his 'hot 100' other revered invaders.

As a pure and simple factwork, *The British Invasion* is an admirable proposition, even if we are treated to such revelations as "Birmingham is a depressed city in England's North", "Elkie Brooks is the sister of Billy K Kramer" and "Midge Ure was once a centrepiece of Silk".

But any publication which acknowledges the existence of the late-departed Monty Smith can't be all bad. Can it????

FRED DELLAR

SMALL PRINT

THE END OF MUSIC
(Autonomy Press, 50p)

***The End Of Music* is a rewrite of *Punk, Reggae: A Critique,* an anarchist view which first appeared in article form in 1978.**

In four chapters, 'The Revolution Of Everyday Alienation', 'White Dopes On Punk', 'Rebel Music And State Morality', and 'Music All Day Helps You Work And Play', the 40-page pamphlet carves its way through punk and reggae as *product;* concluding that "all rebellion expressed in terms of art, merely ends up as the new academy. Punk and Reggae are the latest recruits to enter the new academy".

As a piece of documentary writing, it is an insult. As an ideological waft, the view of punk as a market reaction to diminishing affluence; of reggae as Rastafarian chic sold as dread rebellion; of McLaren taking a "cheap holiday in other peoples misery"; and of *NME 's* Charles Shaar Murray as a Social Democrat, it is refreshing.

Virtually everything written about popular music centres on the 'end product' (records, shows, artists) and whether you agree with its analysis or not, *The End Of Music* is an attempt to demystify these by shifting the perspective towards the 'mode of production' (sales, promotion, image). However, it uses the style and language of a theoretical elite, and in the 'end', this emerges as its most significant statement.

(*The End Of Music* is printed by Autonomy Press and is available — price 50p — from BOX V2, 488 Great Western Road, Glasgow.)

BILLY MANN

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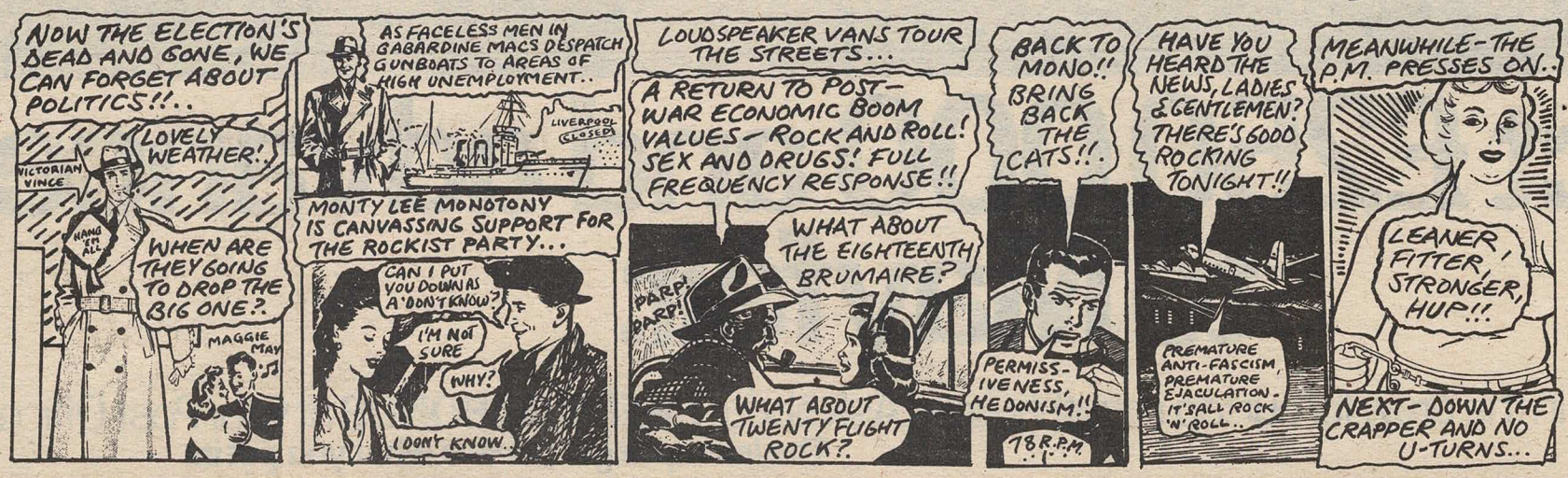
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LOVELY WEATHER!..
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HANG 'EM ALL
WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO DROP THE BIG ONE?.
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AS FACELESS MEN IN GABARDINE MACS DESPATCH GUNBOATS TO AREAS OF HIGH UNEMPLOYMENT..
LIVERPOOL CLOSED
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I'M NOT SURE
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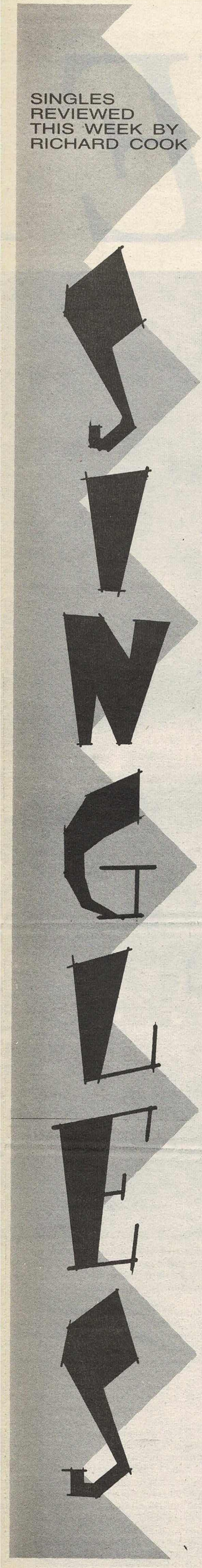
U.K. TOUR

JULY 3RD OXFORD APOLLO. 4TH BRISTOL HIPPODROME. 5TH MANCHESTER APOLLO.
6TH NEWCASTLE CITY HALL. 8TH EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE. 10TH BIRMINGHAM ODEON.
11TH, 12TH, 13TH LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON. 15TH LANCASTER UNIVERSITY.
16TH SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT. 17TH NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE.

ISLAND

SINGLES REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY RICHARD COOK



THE PALE YOUNG MEN — ONE

HOWARD DEVOTO: Rain Forest *(Virgin).* I have tended to take trouble over even the most impenetrable of Devoto's linguistic conundrums because, for a theoretician, he has an uncanny ear for a pop trick. Remember 'Give Me Everything', the most addictive and daring of art-house singles? And in 'The Correct Use Of Soap' he actually seemed to be turning over issues which were important, reasons why living and loving matter, with the hands of an evangelist and the laconic zeal of a private dick.

'Rainy Season' is a confident but unremarkable return. The sound is a lighter, wispier Magazine with a second-string Devoto punchline — *"I am on fire and it's the rainy season"* — although it nearly hallucinates into take-off in the middle when the music begins to mutate around the composer's strange cloud of voices. Then an impressionist's piano leads us away...it's not bad. The old wag seems to be back.

TWO

DAVID SYLVIAN AND RIUICHI SAKAMOTO: Forbidden Colours *(Virgin).* Oil on canvas? David Sylvian is more a watercolourist. Nothing in Japan's slick of tristful sonnets touched me until I heard the breathtaking 'Nightporter', an epic of elegant, shimmering composure that defined a loneliness almost unknown in white pop music. Where the glum young poets of melancholy whine tediously over their 'suffering', Sylvian's is a response to the aftermath of trauma: an acceptance of solitude and a meditation on its powers. His art allows the resilience of the intellect instead of idling in the usual shadowplay of misery. Depression? This is passion.

'Forbidden Colours', the first of three film themes this week, is from Nagisa Oshima's *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence.* Although the stately, poised orchestration is down to Sakamoto's music — stemmed a fraction away from ritual Eastern gestures — Sylvian's voice discovers a tenderness to overlay the approrpriately brusque and courtly theme. No matter how carefully stylised, Sylvian's work has a caress of faith about it that is hard to dispel.

THREE

MARSHALL CRENSHAW: Whenever You're On My Mind *(Warner Bros).* The best new songwriter in America hasn't been as well served by Steve Lillywhite as he might have been. 'Field Day' is an LP brimming with astute reflection on modern romance, thrilling ideas on timeless airwave pop, but the production butchery — crass drum sound and guitars and vocals bloodied by the board setting he must have used for U2's 'War' — is infuriating Crenshaw bottles it up and goes on 'Whenever You're On My Mind' to the limit of sealed-with-a-kiss yearning and a heart that's ready to burst — and, yes, the extraordinary rush of great American pop still fights through. I'd like to hear this yelping out of every radio and jukebox I run across for the next few weeks, which might conceivably be wishful thinking.

FOUR

STEVE WINWOOD: Your Silence Is Your Song *(Island).* Winwood is the man you glimpse at the other end of the park, tall and gaunt, wrapped in an overcoat no matter how warm the weather is. He seems perpetually boyish: he looks younger than ever on the sleeve of his single. Caught in a still space where grace and isolation intermingle with the strains of a forlornly romantic impulse, Steve Winwood is a veteran who refuses to recognise the erosions of time.

His singing outlines the profile of a man who stops to listen to the wind, who picks voices out of silence and hears his own heart beat louder than his footstep. He has the harrowing gift to conjure melodies of melting warmth from cold electronic keyboards and he sets that unblemished voice to keen against the falls of 'Your Silence Is Your Song'. Stainless but alive with a human touch, Winwood's music is rock pared back to a memory of forgotten loves, suddenly worthy of recall.

CAMP SOPHISTO: Obsession/Beginner's Guide *(Pure Freude, German import).* Europe is aflame to the skies in this bulletin from Peter Hein, former mainman in Fehlfarben and now apparently under the monicker of Janie J. Jones. His superbly argumentative vocals are angrily imprisoned by George Nicolaidis' electronics, a devil's mating of Blank's metropolis rhythms with the anarchic onslaught of Michel Waisvisz: they call them 'Songs In Praise Of The Revolution', and no other description will do justice to such celebratory violence. When the singer is tortured to the threshold of nightmare in 'Beginner's Guide' you can feel a doctrine of terror being forged from the guts of music itself.

MALCOLM McLAREN AND THE WORLD'S FAMOUS SUPREME TEAM SHOW: Double Dutch *(Charisma).* I am reminded of Phil Spector's tactic in recording 'River Deep Mountain High' — he kept Ike Turner out of the studio. Unfortunately, Trevor Horn was unable to similarly debar Malcolm McLaren from his own record. McLaren delivers a treatise on the import of 'Double Dutch' with a demeanour somewhere between an Open University lecturer and a lecherous MC, while his Show makes an enourmous amount of noise around a simple, virtually negligible dance figure.

I don't care if he did hire a lot of *real ethnic people* to play on his LP — this approach is about as truthfully pancultural as a Taiwan coracle. Probably about as seaworthy too.

THE RESIDENTS: Intermission *(London).* I asked Penn Jillette if he thought The Residents were sad people, and he said they did seem to incline towards that feeling. A sustained listening to their work (which seems to have driven Jillette insane) tends to evoke a similar sadness, not through any morose qualities in the music, but in the realisation that such a grand conception should have so completely failed. The game is up when you realise that the only Residents music you either like or respond to or learn from is that which is closest to other 'rock' music — the bits with tunes, pretty flourishes, sweet harmonies. The rest is so much anonymous sludge: often highly detailed and performed with rare concentration, but sludge nevertheless. It is the sound of radio static playing to a dead civilisation.

The Residents are post-everybody and the frightening lesson is that when we reach the other side there may be nothing there except....this.

DANCEFLOOR: BUILD-UP

OLIVER CHEATHAM: Get Down Saturday Night *(MCA 12").* A contemporary club masterpiece, dry as a vermouth, with the ingredients infectiously chilled and shaken around a tingling dance syncopation. A guitar line almost choked by its own wah-wah snickers and snakes over and around Mr Cheatham's paean to the liberating qualities of a night on or off the town — either way, it's Saturday, it's a day to break the sweat of your choice. Hard to refute. In between the beats is a physical application that permits seven and a half minutes to tick by without the excitement stalling for a moment

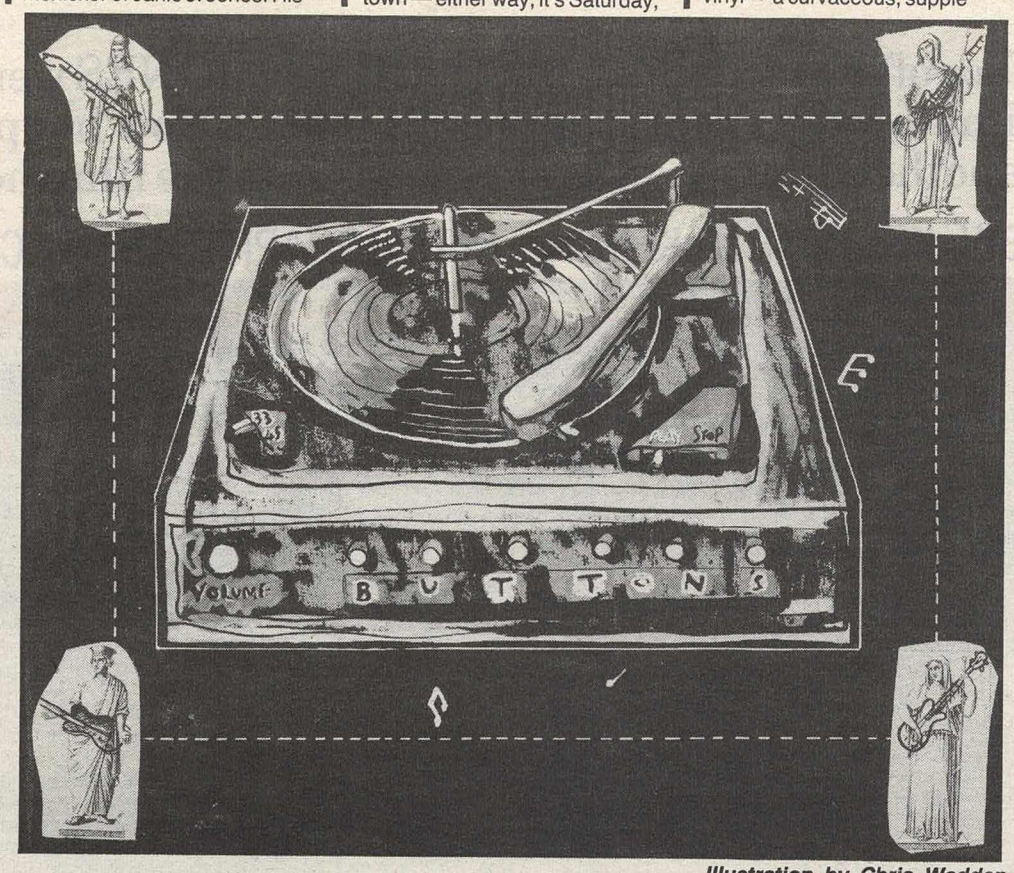


Illustration by Chris Wadden

FULL THROTTLE

DEVO: Theme From Doctor Detroit *(MCA).* After years of infiltration into the inner circle of American sympathies the unlikely fifth-columnists land a prestige fish — a film theme — and blueprint a European prototype over its bones. This is a mad dash through a disco previously renovated by Telex, Yello and Robert Gorl, a synthetic funhouse of polished steel and propellor fans. It's a dare-dance, typewritten to a crazy rhythm designed to snap unwary bodies. I always knew these misfits were dangerous.

CRESCENDO TO COOL-OUT

FINIS HENDERSON: Skip To My Lou *(Motown 12").*
MAZE: We Are One *(Capitol 12").* Henderson's record is another fresh surprise from a reawakening Motown, The production values play off crisp, percolating layers of interior activity against a skimming pop hook that has a playful sincerity about it — a girl from a fairytale being pursued by an ingenuous would-be Romeo. It's so light on its feet it almost floats away, but Henderson's spunky reading keeps it on course — something to play when its hot, bright, bedazzling.

Maze are an ideal way to wind down. Although Frankie Beverly hasn't the maverick virtuosity of a Prince or a Rick James he's an extremely deft organiser. Like the best Maurice White productions, 'We Are One' blends together diffident, disparate tracks — a cool vocal smooch, a restless hi-hat rustle, threads of blue-stained Hammond beside a very sweet guitar twang — and evolves seamlessly into an airy painkiller.

THE BEAT: Ackee 1-2-3 *(Go-Feet).* Not the most efficacious of sequels to their last success. When a group has to hack out a hits compilation to revive sales at a time when they should be at a career peak, you know they're down to their last dime of inspiration. The sole track from 'Special Beat Service' to gain inclusion on 'What Is Beat?' is reminiscent of nothing so much as one of Lord Kitchener's aged jolly-ups. I dare you to go into a record shop and ask for this 45 by its title.

PINSKI ZOO: Ojciec, Corka (To Mr P.O.) *(Dug-Out).* Nor do Pinski Zoo deal any favours to harassed record buyers. In fact this dreadful title conceals what is probably their most successful vinyl — a curvaceous, supple course across the improviser's knotted highway, Kopinski's tenor balefully forceful, the bass lines decelerating into the grave and a piano part that is oblique without being irrelevant. Interesting music, improbable single.

EDDIE AND SUNSHINE: Perfect Stranger *(Survival).*
KISSING THE PINK: Love Lasts Forever *(Magnet).*
WANG CHUNG: Don't Be My Enemy *(Geffen).*
THE PASSAGE: Sharp Tongue *(Cherry Red).*
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: Transfer Affection *(Jive).* It sounds like these people live in a world where, when it rains, it rains confetti. We can dispense with the lavender pisswater of 'Love Lasts Forever' and 'Transfer Affection' immediately. 'Don't Be My Enemy' — you make a poor case for yourselves, gentlemen — is all sorry, petulant noise that can't be bothered to make itself interesting, and 'Sharp Tongue' is the same only twice as dislikable, Dick Witts has an aesthetic of ugliness transparent enough to shrinkwrap tomatoes. As for the woosome duo they seem to have forsaken even the few merits of their earlier foxtrot mannerisms for a frigid synthpop shuffle of the kind provincial groups clone every week by the score.

Every day these people ask their mirrors why they aren't more successful. It appears that garbage sometimes finds its true vocation — in the can.

THE EMPIRE IN POOR SHAPE

THE BEE GEES: The Woman In You *(RSO).* Make that four film themes. A group who made an awful lot of money out of revising all Thom Bell's best licks return with what comes on as their smartest moment in years, the trailer for Travolta's soon-comeback *Staying Alive,* until you realise this is just the skull of 'Thriller' with all its sharpest teeth drawn and a familiar squeal jammed into its mouth. Turn over and find a remembrance of past glories with the original 'Stayin' Alive' — except it sounds feeble now. Put beside Cheatham or Henderson and it's clear that The Bee Gees still want to dump disco into a premature middle age.

MEN AT WORK: It's A Mistake *(Epic).* The stylistic goulash neatly summarises a valueless group. Pompous chicken-nick reggae clumps vacantly beside catchall anti-militarism and nothing but a dispensable episode of multinational AOR is the result. This oafish collective set up a witless double-bluff: conservative culture pirates slumming as good-bloke artisans, when all they are is....Men At Work!

KILLING JOKE: Let's All Go (To The Fire Dances) *(EG).* Old nihilists don't die, they just fade to grey. Or they become careerists. Killing Joke should properly have been consumed by the homicidally refined savagery of 'Follow The Leaders'; instead they've dragged out the gag for far too long. This record is a jest on their ancient wrath, revving up the obstreperous drum lines to cartoon levels and bleeding spurious 'pop' influences from all quarters. Even a tune is hiding in here somewhere.

LAUGHING CLOWNS: Everything That Flies *(Red Flame 12").* Ed Kuepper's reconciliation of grimy rock blurting and free jazz anxiety misfires with depressing regularity. 'Everything That Flies' is the pick of three tracks that obstinately refuse to come together — an interior fury of rock guitars wriggle in the claws of a horn section who use their chops to discontented but purposeless ends. Hard rock stunted, jazz disenfranchised: nil-nil on the scoreboard.

THE RAMONES: Time Has Come Today *(Sire).*
THE UNDERTONES: Teenage Kicks *(Ardeck).* Five years on, The Ramones make an Undertones record, the kind of roustabout that punk poppets used to thrive on. A handful of chords set up the selfish praxis of men bothered by holes in their sneakers — and why not? At least this sulky temper has more spirit to it than the neutral bellyaches of our contemporary agonists. The Ramones are determinedly out of date and healthily out of sorts. The Undertones, meanwhile, have their ecstasy of birth recalled in their first record, as charmingly precocious or brazenly obvious as you remember it.

JOHN FOXX: Endlessly *(Virgin/Metal Beat).*
PHILIP GLASS: Facades *(Epic).* Foxx's synthetic ghost stories have grown extremely unshocking since his entertaining solo debut. The four songs that make up the 'Endlessly' double-pack show a man who's nearly lost all his pop sense with the title tune mustering the only decent whirl on the haunted carousel, the artist's eyes widening as a spectre disappears into the crowd.

Otherwise a dull and fatally businesslike quartet. I imagine Foxx would be happier chasing the kind of systems crossover music that might BRACKET HIM WITH Philip Glass, whose 'Facades' is a slow and effectively meaningless excerpt from 'Glassworks'. You need a couple of hours to make friends with Glass, who has a finger on a spirit world of his own.

POISON GIRLS: One Good Reason (Illuminated).
NICO: Heroes *(Aura).* Alternative performers travelling in different directions and both ending up at point zero. 'One Good Reason' is an angry group in retreat and trying to come to embarrassd terms with pop music. Vi Subversa — who has the most unpleasant voice I've heard since Edwyn Collins first abused my ears — plunders a chorus that runs *"What's a song like this doing on the radio?"* — this takes tempting fate to the limit. Wayne County wrapped all this up with 'Trying To Get On The Radio'.

Even so, it scores over Nico's pernickety reorganisation of 'Heroes'. I presume the old vampire's group are the flushed young kids who support her dismal stage appearances, and the best that can be said for a mediocre retread is that they sometimes drown out the singing. Enough.

Goodnight boys and girls.

THE

Once the ace face of the modelling world, GRACE JONES went on to become the ultimate lady of cool as a recording star. Now her persona is to take on another dimension as she moves into the film industry.

INTERVIEW: KRISTINE McKENNA PHOTOGRAPHY: ANTON CORBIJN

THE VERY picture of animal grace, that's our Miss Jones.

An androgynous *Vogue* dream of amazonian proportion, she is the woman of the future, equipped with a strong, muscled body that gleams like a well-oiled machine.

Haughty, revelling in her splendid physique, she is unshakably confident and fearless to the point of cruelty. Her face a construction of striking angles and planes, mouth of fire-engine red gash framing gleaming white teeth, she is the quintessential *haute couture* mannequin, a Richard Lindner nightmare, a beauty so monumental and perfect she's nearly architectural.

Like Deborah Harry, Grace Jones was put on earth to have her photograph taken.

You'll never get Grace framed and hung on the wall though. She has an indomitable will, a restless mind and a creative drive that have never allowed her to settle for that. A multi-media entertainer of originality and impeccable style, Jones has made her presence known far beyond the high fashion world from whence she sprang.

Beginning with her debut LP in 1976, she's recorded six albums, two of which, 'Nightclubbing' and her current 'Living My Life', topped the charts around the world; she's knocked the socks off thousands with her brilliantly designed stage shows, and made a stunning feature-length video of her music, *One Man Show*.

Having conquered the pop world to her own satisfaction, Jones is scouting new game and her career is presently in a period of transition. Her contract with Island Records recently expired and she's in the midst of negotiating her next record deal. Jones expresses a great deal of affection and respect for Chris Blackwell, her producer and the man behind Island, so it's hard to imagine her leaving his label.

But then, who knows? Stranger things have happened in the wild and wacky world of pop.

JONES IS an hour and a half late for our scheduled interview at Island's New York City digs, and as anxious employees monitor the clock, office chat speculates on her whereabouts.

"She must've passed a shoe store," ventures one. "You know she won't get in a cab," adds another. "She *insists* that a car comes for her!"

Jones looks like royalty and she evidently behaves that way too. When she finally arrives, it's obvious that she wasn't lolling about her SoHo loft watching TV. This woman is groomed! A vision of colour and texture, purples, blues, silk, suede and leather, she looks simply amazing.

She grabs a Heineken and we settle down to discuss the state of her art, her past and future, and most particularly, sexual politics.

One of the most intriguing things about her is the way she toys with gender, manipulating it as if it were just another garment with which to cloak her wicked frame. As she is onstage, Jones is very direct in conversation and has forceful opinions which she tempers with a bawdy sense of humour.

Curiously, there's something distinctly wholesome about this sexual renegade — perhaps it's her healthy vitality and physical strength.

Jones is on the verge of launching her career in film and confesses that is her main preoccupation at the moment. She's turned down many film projects in the past because she didn't feel that the offered roles were right for her, nor had she sorted out exactly how she wanted to proceed with her film career. She's apparently come up with a few ideas because she begins work on her first film this July.

Mr DeMille, Miss Jones is ready for her close-up.

HAS THE sexual revolution that's supposedly taken place in recent years really changed male/female roles?

Definitely. Women are more like men and men are more like women now. Things are becoming more balanced and I think that's great. A lot of older men can't handle it though. Younger guys handle it better.

It seems to me that male/female roles haven't changed so much as courting rituals have been disposed of. The mating game seems rather confused and unstructured these days.

Some countries — Australia, for instance — still have those old roles and rituals, and it's *terrible!* It's like the old days when women and men were afraid of each other. Remember parties where boys would be on one side of the room and girls would be on the other? Of course you still see parties like that in the art world. Those people have some weird complexes.

Do men tend to find you interesting?

Yes, and that's fine with me because I get to eliminate a whole lot of bullshit immediately.

Do you fall in love easily?

No, but I like the feeling of being in love, and I've been in love more than once in my life, unlike some people who have one big love that they spend their life trying to get over and that leaves them unable to love. You love different people in different ways.

You have a child and yet you chose not to marry. Why?

I don't believe in marriage. To take these vows that were set up decades ago — it just doesn't work anymore. Most people don't think about what they're saying when they vow to cherish, love and obey. Marriage was designed to give males the advantage and it doesn't take into consideration your other moods, when you're feeling mean and not loving.

Your work is often described as having an undercurrent of sado-masochism. Is that something you intend for people to hear in your music?

What others call sado-masochism, I call a feeling of authority. Many people do see me as a kind of nurse or mother, telling them what to do in a very demanding way. That's up to them.

So, what's strength to you is sado-masochism to some?

Probably, yeah.

HOW WOULD you define glamour?

Glamour doesn't necessarily mean diamonds and furs. Glamour is style, and it doesn't really matter what you're wearing. A pair of jeans cut off mid-calve can be glamorous. It's how you put it together and your attitude. Glamour is mysterious and there aren't too many glamorous people around now. They've all died off!

People have been afraid to take chances for the past few years, but glamour is making a comeback. The music right now is bringing it back. People seem to accept new approaches to fashion when it comes out of the music scene, more than when it comes from designers and the high fashion world. Music people can change styles of dress much quicker than designers can, and I don't just mean clothes; I mean, a whole attitude about what you're wearing.

Groups like The B-52's went retro doing the whole '50s thing, but something that's more '80s will eventually come out of that. A lot of people have copied my look too. It's amazing how many people I see in London that look like me. Even girls! They do the haircut and dress boyishly.

Is the high fashion industry doing women a disservice in that it creates standards of perfection that are impossible to achieve in the real world and thus leave most women feeling inadequate?

People should use things from the high fashion world, not try to imitate what they see in magazines. That's not what high fashion is about. Most people are lazy and just want something they've seen in a magazine to be slapped onto them. But high fashion is about taking what's best in you and making the most of it. It's something you have to learn and most people look boring because they're lazy. It takes time and getting to know yourself, and being honest with yourself about your flaws.

Some people just don't have the eye, but they're too timid and insecure to ask for advice. They're afraid of criticism, but criticism can be invaluable!

Whose criticism do you trust more than your own instincts?

I think I'm smart enough to recognise good criticism when I hear it, and there are people who are close to me that I listen to. I will listen to Chris Blackwell as far as music goes. I've always had a close relationship with Richard Bernstein (who does the cover of Andy Warhol's *Interview*) and Jean Paul Goude (ex-boyfriend and artistic collaborator), both personally and artistically.

My present boyfriend, Hans Lundgren, also gives good advice. He has an artistic eye even though he's a professional athlete. He's a champion kick boxer and when I first met him he was my bodyguard. He's very intelligent and is getting a masters degree in chemical engineering.

What effect do you strive for when you dress yourself?

Macho, I suppose. I don't want to look frilly and, to me, macho means the opposite of frilly. Simple, stern lines, more masculine.

Where do you look for inspiration for your own personal style?

I mix everything up and have fun with clothes, whether I'm in a macho mood, or I want to feel like a little girl and wear a big wide skirt.

Have you always liked the way you look?

Yeah. When I was very little, maybe around 11, I started wondering whether my waist was small. I was more worried about what my body looked like than the clothes I wore. I used to hate my calves, but I learned that I could change the way I look with work and exercise.

Do you have to workout to maintain your body?

I workout, yes. I was an athlete before I was a performer, so that's always been part of my life. I used to high jump, run the 50 and 100 yard dash, and play football. I think genetically, too, I have a muscled body. I have a couple of brothers who look like they lift weights and they don't have to workout.

What does America's current obsession with physical fitness say about this culture?

I think it's a backlash from all the drugs of the '70s.

Is it shallow and narcissistic?

Hell no! Sure, it's got to be a bit narcissistic because you have to become obsessed with it in order to see it through and not quit. It's like becoming a drug addict. You become addicted to working out and don't feel good unless you do it. People put so much drugs and shit food into themselves, and a lot of the people from the late '60s who were doing all that stuff have reached the age where they either get their bodies together or they're gonna die soon.

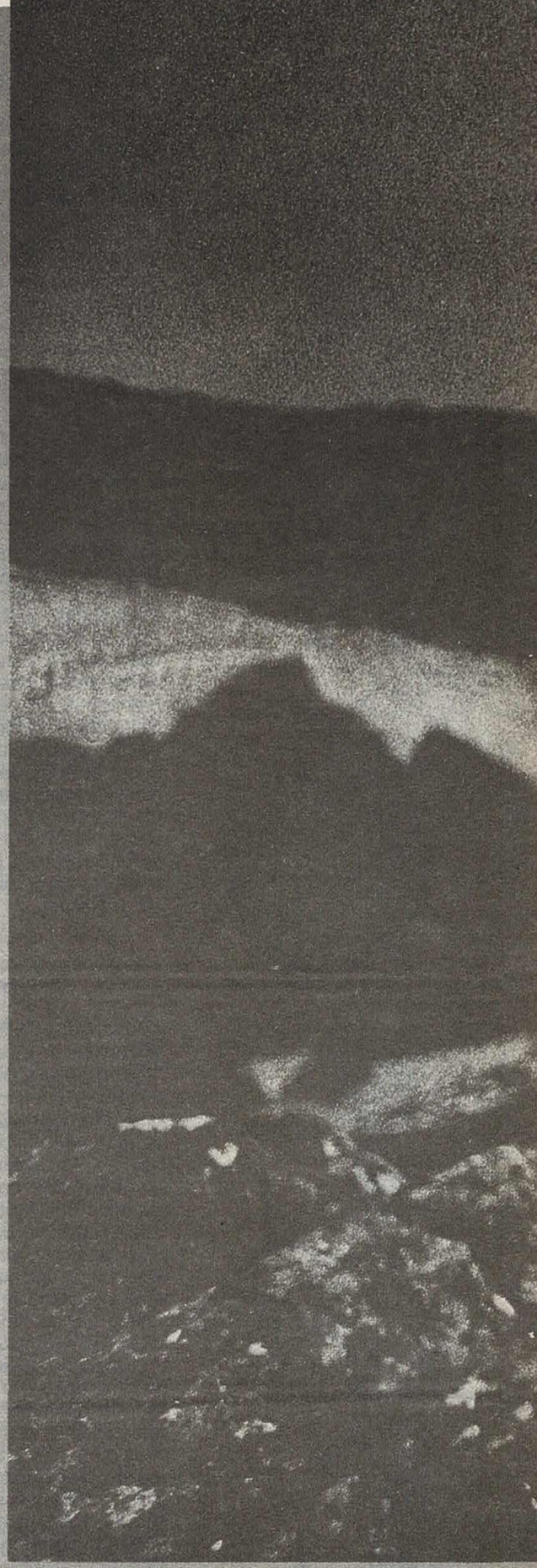
What are the disadvantages of being beautiful?

The work it takes to stay that way! That's not really a disadvantage, but you do worry about lines in your face and whether your skin is good. You worry about losing it.

WHERE DID you grow up and what sort of upbringing did you have?

I grew up in Jamaica, then Syracuse New York. I left home when I was 17. My father is a minister and my uncle in Jamaica is a bishop and has a church, so I had a strict religious upbringing. And of course, I rebelled against all that. I was determined to try everything I'd ever dreamed of, and that's what I've done.

Do you think that your strong personality is a result of the fact that you had a somewhat repressive upbringing?



ICE LADY

Hmmmm, perhaps. Within that repressive world there were some very strong characters and the people with authority over me were extremely interesting. I'm a lot like my grandfather, who was not at all religious, but was political. I have a lot of his blood in my veins.

Did you have formal musical training as a child?

I have studied piano when I was growing up, so I know how to read music. I still play a bit and when I write music I do it at the piano, but I don't use those little notes when I write because it's just too much. It's much easier to use one of those little tape recorders and record the chords on the piano.

What was the first record you can remember buying?

'Trains And Boats And Planes' by Dionne Warwick.

How did your modelling career begin?

I thought I was going to be a Spanish teacher up until I was 16. I was always very quick at picking up languages, so that's what I was into. Then I took this acting class in school and my teacher was such an incredible artist that I sort of changed my direction in life.

So when I was 17 I went to New York to pursue an acting career and I began modelling. I wasn't at all successful though, because I was too strong and independent. I was already determined to look the way I wanted to look, and I wanted to cut my hair. I wanted to look different because I was used to looking different. Because of my religious background I'd always been encouraged to look different.

When your father and uncle are bishops you are pressured, as members of their family to set an example. I don't often go to church now, and it's not something I'm going to cram down my son's throat the way it was pushed down mine, but it does have its advantages. Religion is very musical now, especially in America. It's not so heavy and serious and it's a lot more fun. The church where my son goes has a band and he can use his hands and play drums and it's very exciting.

JEAN PAUL Goude is often credited with having played a large role in 'designing' your career. How large a role has he, in fact, played?

(Bristling) My career was designed way before I met Jean Paul. When I met him I'd already made three records and the direction was already set. The androgynous look was already established. He was inspired by me and used me as a vehicle to make his career grow, and mine grew along with his. There was a time when Jean Paul was just sitting at his desk doing drawings and illustrations, and I thought he would make a great director, so I pushed him to direct.

You know, my work is very important to me and it hurts me when credit for my career is given to people other than me. The press, particularly in London, sometimes depict me as a puppet being manipulated by others, and I find that very hard to take. No one has ever told me, wear this, do that, and I've always maintained complete control of my career. I'm not saying I've done it all myself, because I've always collaborated with other artists, but my personality has always come through in my work.

Do you have structured work habits?

No, I hate structure! Whenever I find things becoming structured I throw it all away. A few of my records were made in a structured environment, but that was only because at that time those decisions were out of my control.

Do you thrive on chaos?

I hate chaos and make it a point to clean that out of my life as well. I go through three year cycles at the end of which I sweep everything out of my life and start over. My love life seems to have a certain cycle too, and I hope it's not gonna keep on that way. I go through periods where everything seems to come at me at once, and I'm in one of those periods right now.

HOW DO you feel about yourself as a vocalist? Do you like your singing voice?

Now I do. I didn't use to know my voice very well, and studying voice helped a lot. It gives you more co-ordination and it strengthens your voice, so physically you can do a lot more. It gives you more control and you learn how to channel your emotions into your voice. When I first started singing I hadn't had any training and I was told to sing in keys that I wasn't comfortable with.

What do you look for in a song?

I look for songs that are very visual and rhythmic, songs that make statement, and songs that are unpredictable — you know, the break

CONTINUES PAGE 38

LPs

LONG PLAYERS

PETE SHELLEY
XL 1 *(Genetic)*

FIRST, THE bad news. If you don't have a Sinclair ZX Spectrum 48k Home Computer, the last track on Pete Shelley's new album will be merely white noise.

Now for the good news. 'XL 1''s remaining ten tracks add up to the best sustained LP Shelley has made since the Buzzcocks' 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen' five years ago. Not that the metaphysical midget has struck out experimentally; far from it. He's simply fired the old preoccupations with fresh attack and intelligence and come up with his smartest synthesis of Thwarted Romance and Pop-Art Technocracy so far.

Shelly's worn the latter tag since he traded in his Gibson Marauder for the hardware at Genetic Studios, and the former he's always had, due not least to the coincidence of his name.

Each side opens with a single. 'Telephone Operator' purges Pete's bitterness in an outpouring of twisted menace over an implacable 'Homosapien'-style electro-disco workout. More familiar territory is revisited in the latest 45, 'Millions Of People (No One Like You)'. It's his most uplifting, exciting bid for chart glory since '78's 'Ever Fallen In Love'. A song of belting intensity frames his voice's impassioned drive, which gear-changes up to an emotional pitch he's only rarely achieved before.

From a scream to a whisper, we find 'Twilight', a wistful reverie that stays just this side of aching beauty without tipping into mush. The yearning simplicity of the lyric and the melody's elegaic delicacy will bring a pang to the hardest heart.

'You And I' finds Pete in Noel Cowardly mood, wooing his intended with the effortless sprinkling of blasé conceits such as *"Finder keepers so they say/What I grasp at only fades away"* over a cocktail shuffle.

'If You Ask me (I Won't Say No)' waits to be popped the question, and having mooted the start of an affair, Pete delineates its inevitable consequences in 'What Was Heaven?'. Reminiscent of The Police's 'The Bed's Too Big Without You', it broods obsessively on loneliness and loss. The bass-line (Barry Adamson?) and middle-distance string synth are strokes of genius.

The final shot is 'XL 1' itself. An exhilarating, circular riff propels this exultant multi-layered put-down with flying colours to the album's close.

Long-time collaborator Martin Rushent's production is as copper-bottomed and chrome-plated as ever, though Shelley should admit a little lightness and air into his sound. But as it stands 'XL 1' gloriously exceeded my expectations. You gotta make way for the Homo Superior!

Mat Snow

Cramp and bone man: Ian Wright

BONEYARD BOOGIES

THE CRAMPS
Off The Bone *(Illegal Records)*

CARAAASH! IF there's one band designed to shift my loveable verbosity in favour of a selection from the X. Moorian side of the wide spectrum of rock writing, it's either The Cramps, The New York Dolls or The Ramones. Taraaaaash! — don't you love it when it's treated right.

What we have here is not so much an LP, more a selection of undead greats dredged from the vaults of The Cramps past, from the early imports to the devastation of the lurid classics of later days. Music to be listened to standing up, or hanging from the ceiling. Either way, there's a desperate power here that's unmatched by the vast majority of the modern bone rattlers.

Somehow The Cramps run a clammy hand down the spine and all analysis is cast to the evil wind and even the highest-minded are joining in the stomp.

So what is it, this desperate unsophistication, this contrived dumbness that can break the intellectual defences and strike the same sticky spot as the crummy delights of an 'Evil Dead'?

The answer lies in The Cramps deep understanding of two remarkably close genres, 'rock & roll' and 'trash'. Like The Gun Club when they still had some genuine guts, The Cramps dredge up rock and roll's still festering corpses. The attraction is in their own indecision: should they treasure the fragile remnants or trample them? Should they elevate the bones to the status of grisly icons or fashion weapons to bludgeon the puritan renegades?

As for trash — America's always been good at pumping it out, little wonder that her most wayward children should want to fling it back in her face.

"Do you understand/I'm the garbage man," Lux interior wails. The important thing though is that it's *he* who understands. Simply embodying trash is of no value whatsoever. You either use it as a basis for an insurrectionary rise into culture (see The Birthday Party) or take it to the lowest extreme where it finds its own aesthetic.

It's down in those self-defining depths that you'll find The Cramps, in the company of the Dolls and The Ramones, where lines like *"Guess I'm gonna have to tell 'em/ That I've got no cerebellum"* vie with *"I'm the human fly/I've got 96 tears and 96 eyes"* and where the shimmering guitar from the intro of 'Goo Goo Muck' is eternal.

Oh yes, the music. Amongst others on this collection, you'll find 'Human Fly', 'Domino', a version of 'Surfin' Bird' which makes The Ramones look tame, 'Garbage Man', 'Drug Train', 'Goo Goo Muck'...excuse me, I can't stand it any longer. WOOOORAGHHHH! Da Dum Da Dum Dum Dum Dum De Dum De Dum Dum.

Don Watson

BEATS: DEAD AND BERETED

RICKIE LEE JONES
Girl At Her Volcano *(Warner Bros)*

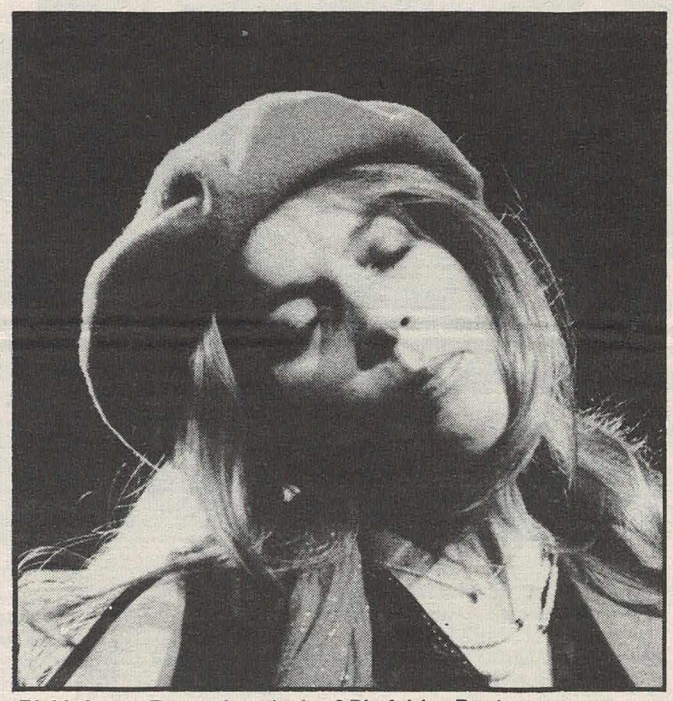
RICKIE LEE Jones with her third long-playing record does something I have never come across before; instead of the usual slick simpleton press release there is a long address to the critic, "The Old 'Art Meets Commerce'", by the singer herself.

It is a curious document, composed of appeals to the critic's vanity ("Remember we are in a creative business. It is your business to be creative."), attempts at playing the frontier-pushing pioneer ("When Lenny Waronker, Bob Regehr and I first discussed the possibility of releasing a recording of live material, it seemed to us a mediocre idea to simply release another "live" LP."), attempts to make a gimmick look like gut reflex ("Since this record consists of ballads, old songs, why not release it in the old jazz format; a 10"?" "I have worked very hard on this album so that it's not merely a jazz novelty item. I think the 10" has great potential."), a pinch of purity ("And, with a 12" it would be all too easy to charge 12" prices, and we cannot allow that."), a bit of wide-eyed reaching out to touch the cold heart of the critic ("I am not doing this to be a pain. I think it can work.") and a final flinging to the wind of all explanation, a last ditch yell of exasperation at the critic's surly refusal to understand ("Besides, considering the shape everyone says the record business is in, what have you got to lose?").

If you are fool enough to buy this record — literally the worst record I ever remember hearing in all my 50 years in the be-bop business — you won't get this artists-only address, so perhaps you think it is an affectation for me to mention it. But I quote it because it defines the essential Rickie Lee Jones in a way that an observer could never do; a tremendous desire to communicate, a terrible lack of ability to do so, adding up to an aura of terrific condescension.

This record is condescending to Lieber and Stoller, Rodgers and Hart, Tamla Motown, drunks, blacks, old jazzers, people who were American teenagers in the '50s — it is condescending because so little discipline and energy have gone into what presents itself as a commercial product, it is the aural equivalent of a home movie and it is the height of conceit and condescension to take your home movies to the marketplace and attempt to sell them to people who inevitably have at least as many memories, regrets and mysteries as you.

The Voice: amazingly lazy and dis-lo-cate-ed, like Joni Mitchell after several family-sized bottles of Liquifruita. Lickle girl gushing rubbing up against a world-weary sneering smile; if Baby Jane Hudson (*not* Holzer) and Dean Martin had had a baby, she would be Rickie Lee Jones. Most people sing with more pizzazz and projection in the bath than Miss Jones can manage on a stage. I was a few bars into the first track when I almost broke an ankle rushing to shut the window; the thought of the neighbours thinking that I listened to this kind of thing *for fun* was immeasurably embarrassing.



Rickie Lee — Beat or just dozing? Pic Adrian Boot

The Songs: there are some songs — mostly Motown — that are just so infinitely good that every last awful crooner thinks *"I'll* sound good if I sing that!" Three such songs are here — 'My Funny Valentine' (previously molested by Elvis Costello), 'Walk Away Renee' (Alvin Stardust ditto) and 'Under The Boardwalk' (likewise Tom Tom Club). It makes one feel quite murderous to hear Jones mumble the opening lines of 'My Funny Valentine' and hear the stupid American audience whoop "Whoah! Yeah! Awright!" as though she was about to moan her way into 'Me And Bobbie McGee' or some similar slop standards: somewhere Rodgers and Hart are turning in their baby grand.

Contrary to popular opinion, some things are sacred — history and perfection, for example, and when the two combine as in the case of the three above songs modern mortals should steer clear and avoid embarrassment.

'Lush Life' is an appropriate choice, since Jones sings everything as if she was looking at it through bottom-of-the-glass tinted glasses, 'So Long' and 'Hey Bub' are tailor-made for such a strikingly untalented *chanteuse*, while 'Rainbow Sleeves' is probably someone's name — it is common knowledge that Rainbow Sleeves was as popular a Christian name as Wayne or Tracey in Haight-Ashbury around 1966 — and could only have been written by Tom Waits, being the kind of miserable dirge only conceivable to someone who is accustomed to greeting each new day on his knees in bathrooms vowing "Never again."

And so we reach the heart of the matter, the Attitude, which must surely hold the key to the reasons people buy Rickie Lee Jones records. With her terminal mumbling, her love of berets and cars and the *idea* of jazz, what with the terrible premeditated spontanaeity which makes her records the landmarks in audible garbage they are — yes, I see that Rickie Lee is a Beat!

The Beats were the first youth cult — they predate rock and roll, the fossils — and they combined the worst of all underworlds yet to come; the slovenliness and mock innocence of the hippies, the mawkish camaraderie of the skinheads, the big baby brattiness of the punks, the narcissism and clumsiness of the fopsops. Slovenliness, mock innocence, mawkishness, brattiness, narcissism and clumsiness — no one can say that Rickie Lee is not an admirably representative ambassador.

"I am not doing this to be a pain" — and I'm not doing this to be an ogre, Miss Jones. But fee-fi-fo-fum — I smell the blood of a Dharma bum.

Julie Burchill

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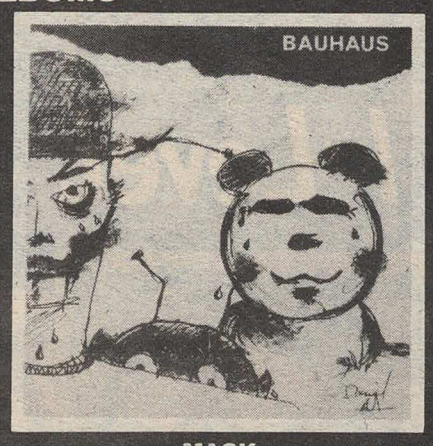

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16th Southampton, Gaumont	5th London, H'smith Palais
18th Derby, Assembly Hall	
19th Hanley, Victoria Hall	
20th Sheffield, Top Rank	
21st Leicester, De Montford Hall	
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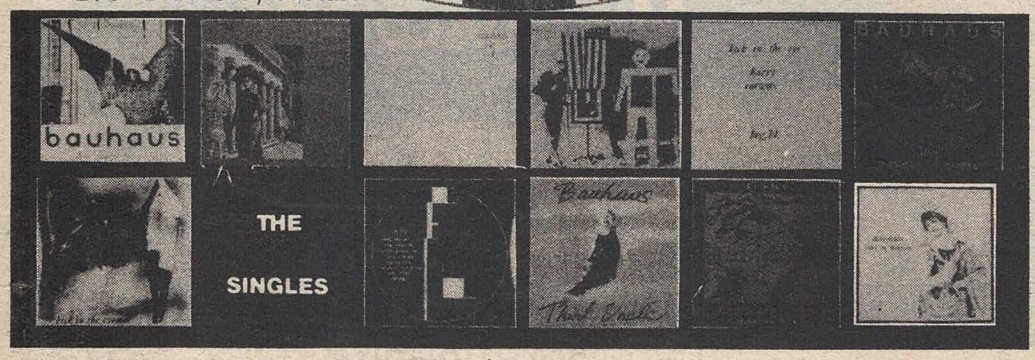

SERGEANT MINOR

Pic: Anton Corbijn

WILL SERGEANT

Themes For GRIND *(Ninety Two Satisfied Customers)*

THE IMPETUOUS need some pop musicians feel to diversify rarely amounts to any more than their undoing. What makes Will Sergeant, the Bunnymen's intelligently dramatic guitarist, think a record of his electric ambient music will stimulate us or inform us more variously about his ideas and expressive powers than the Echo records?

'Themes For GRIND' suggests his home-made music is best kept for his own four walls. There are ten fillets of amiable instrumentalism composed for films yet to be made by the celluloid Bunnyman Bill Butt: the clue to their content comes in the cover photos, a matt grey bridge in front of Victorian brickwork, a railway line with a hint of distant green — industrial relics, abandoned to a peaceful desolation. Sergeant's music curls around these familiar images in a soulless embrace.

Shy of making it a 'guitarist's record', he fashions his guitars to sound like zithers or blank slabs of fuzz and covers them with synthesisers and drum beats that resemble the thump of obsolete reactors, left to a useless perpetual motion. People have deserted these landscapes. There is no symmetry or code for Sergeant's themes. They start and stop arbitrarily, and as soon as a fresh one commences the memory of the last is instantly dispelled. At the end you remember nothing.

Eno's 'Music For Films' initiated this tangent to pop and to date nobody has approached that record's mysterious compromise of glacial abstraction and warm rapture. Eno drew all his themes very short, crystals chipped from larger rocks: strung together they glittered like a jagged necklace. Sergeant's ideas have no such good judgement. There are a few pretty flourishes soon besmirched by idle ugliness, and each is dragged out. Nothing flashes or flickers in this music — it is torpidly slow where Eno was compellingly motionless.

Anyone expecting a development of the dark adventures of 'Porcupine' should be deterred. 'Themes For GRIND' is a concealed, deadpan series of accompaniments to nothing, at present. And its own life has difficulty in clouding a mirror.

Richard Cook

LEO KOTTKE

Time Step *(Chrysalis)*

LEO'S RECORDS are like a draught of cool mint tea after rock's gallon of gripewater. They bundle together melancholy, broken little songs that soothe a troubled head without drowning it. He would rather play than sing — his virtuoso technique has a backwoodsman's pride in it — although he's been persuaded that his manly voice adroitly cushions the acoustic strings.

From time to time Kottke gets tugged a little closer to the mainstream, and 'Time Step' is one of those occasions. T-Bone Burnett produces him with a crunchy aggression that displeasingly emphasises the drummer's part, and Emmylou Harris and Albert Lee chip in somewhere. Leo rolls on regardless, picks a little harder to compensate and shines up a few new relics — 'I'll Break Out Again Tonight' and 'Here Comes That Rainbow Again' are discoveries from a rusty country museum.

As long as he still writes tunes called 'The Bungle Party' and the splendid 'Mr Fonebone' I guess Leo will be OK. He turns 'Memories Are Made Of This' into a preposterous bicycle trot that suddenly blossoms into a thing of evanescent beauty. Because he hears tunes differently. Someone I'll always be pleased to pass the time of day with.

Richard Cook

Annette goes off the rails? Pic: Peter Anderson

SKY'S

ANNETTE PEACOCK

Been In The Streets Too Long *(Ironic)*

ANNETTE PEACOCK could hardly be accused of spreading herself too thin.

The brilliant 'Sky-skating', one of my three favourite albums of last year, was her first since '79's 'The Perfect Release'. That her new LP, 'Been In The Streets Too Long', should follow its predecessor within ten months indicates no mad rush of blood to Annette's head. Most of the songs here were recorded in her fallow period in the mid-'70s, but have never before been released. This album not only fills in a few gaps, but exemplifies the continuity in Annette's style.

For all the innovations with which she's credited, her muse has remained in the formative late '60s. Cop this: *"I appreciate/Day-drifting/And blissing-out about you/I like to anticipate/Hanging-out in your/Arms, and with your*

Mid-American graffiti writer Marshall Crenshaw. Pic: Gary Green.

REMEMBERING TO FORGET

MARSHALL CRENSHAW
Field Day *(Warner Brothers)*

EVERY SO often a new practitioner of Amnesia Pop comes along; a man with a guitar and a few friends whose music holds no memory of the dreams and failures and crises and bitterness that rock has gone through in the past three decades, a man who just goes to it fresh.

He sings songs about a) sad love and b) happy love. He is always American. He is definitely a Byrd-watcher. He can be Dwight Twilley or Greg Kihn and only good for a moment — 'I'm On Fire', 'Madison Avenue Man' — or he can be like the king of them all, Tom Petty, who may look like Princess Anne after a particularly vicious bout of anorexia but is the most consistently excellent writer of cheap potent music around.

I thought that Marshall Crenshaw's moment was 'Cynical Girl': 1983 and rock music is pushing 30 if it's a day. Millions of people have grown up with pop music as much an integral part of their childhood as Andy Pandy, Valerie Singleton or ZIPPY! When I was young, watching Beatles films on TV was just as much a part of Christmas as presents, gluttony and anticlimax.

And when the beat's in your blood — Britons never never never shall be square — it is the easiest thing in the world to see through records that are faking it. There must have been dozens of hits this year that were transparently cobbled together from ancient bridges which should have been burnt years ago, used hooklines, second hand riffs — The Human League, The Belle Stars, Duran Duran — almost everybody who is nobody has treated originality like a social disease. 1983 — year of the Great Plagiarism.

It is patently obvious from the best that is around — Yazoo (late of this parish), the Boy Himself, Mr Scott-Heron — that the great songs have not all been written. But I would concur that most of the great ideas have already been conceived. But not all of them: *"The same old sounds, the same old sights/The same old Friday and Saturday nights/ We're out all night, we must have fun/It's hard you know but it must be done/I'm gonna be relieved when I can finally stop/And do the Monday Morning Rock."* An inverted Eddie Cochran, sick and tired of the bare feet slapping on the floor, pining for the working week when he can finally cease from the mental strife of having a hedonistic high time. It is swathed in a tune you could be forgiven for believing only ever existed in the Wurlitzer of Nik Cohn's mind. It is 'Monday Morning Rock' by Marshall Crenshaw — of course, it is a joy forever and of course you should hear it.

Crenshaw has been compared to the dear departed Buddy Holly but then anyone with four eyes and a plectrum is. Like Tom Petty, Mr Crenshaw has the not unappealing habit of registering emotional depth by singing as if his jaws are wired together. Only two of the songs out of ten, 'Hold On' and 'What Time Is It', made me consider kicking the Dansette, which has to be some kind of record.

See the four-eyed handsome man scowl without shame from the sleeve in the shadow of the American flag — forgive. Hear his pretty songs — forget. Tense and nervous and you can't relax? You need Amnesia Pop.

Julie Burchill

GEORGE BENSON
In Your Eyes *(Warner Bros)*

EARL KLUGH
Low Ride *(Capitol)*

THESE TWO albums presented something of a challenge. Not because their lyrics, music or production contain anything beyond anyone's sensibilities — they are, as you would expect, subservience itself — but simply because I was unable to tell them apart.

The essence of what *does* set them apart can be seen clearly in that much maligned barometer of the LA musician's bank account, the album cover. Benson is so rich, relaxed and self-assured that he can appear bearing no other status symbols than a nasty looking suit and shirt (probably handmade) and a wristwatch that obviously cost a king's ransom. Klugh, though, still has to pose against a sports car to prove he's finally made it.

As far as the music goes, Earl Klugh would plainly like to be George Benson when he grows up, and is doing his best to reach that plateau of complete bland-out simplicity. Pity, because — again like Benson — he once cut some solid stuff.

Benson, with his facility for boring listeners now fully deveoped, is confident enough to allow producers Kashif and Arif Mardin to try and inject some feeling into his work, secure in the knowledge that with a flick of the wrist he can bring it back to the level of the lowest common denominator.

Two to avoid. Benson is beyond all hope, and I fear the lure of a conspicuous wristwatch, plastic complexion and private island is proving too much for Klugh. Global success should really carry some sort of health warning.

Lloyd Bradley

THE LIMIT

***thoughts/I like to make love/Now, all the time, anytime/I'm so spaced..."* (No Winning, No Losing'). The Age of Aquarius had been over for ages when those lines were penned, and they ring even more horribly today. But...**

But, it's the way she sings 'em. Apart from Dusty Springfield, I can think of no more sensually thrilling white female voice. Those cool, intimate but bell-like tones caress the ears and send shivers of electric pleasure down the spine. She teases the words into shapes and sonorities that convey far more meaning and impact than the lyric-sheet's fey ruminations.

As on the 'Sky-skating' LP, the dominant and sometimes only accompanying instrument is Annette's piano. She hardly swerves from a late-night mood of shimmering *tristesse;* 'Been In The Streets Too Long' resonates most strongly in the wee small hours. Saxophonist Evan Parker improvises a subdued arabesque on 'Safe Inside The Fantasy', and Dave Terry plays guitar on 'No Winning, No Losing' with a reverbed lyrical drive that predates Vini Reilly. Sol Nastasi's electronic percussion heartbeat and clatter plays off Annette's synths, piano and treated vocals on the eerie, ethereal and disconcerting beauty of '1/2 Broken', perhaps the LP's best track.

Otherwise, the sidemens' efforts are either nondescript or just plain obtrusive, as on the instrumental version of 'So Hard, It Hurts', an improvisational thrash boasting the talents of, amongst others, Bill Bruford and Chris Spedding. Through the racket you can still discern Annette's wistful piano rambling on as if blissfully unaware of all the funny business.

'Been In The Streets Too Long' is patchily wonderful, but first-time listeners should be directed to 'Sky-skating' or the hard-to-get (but well worth the effort) 'I'm The One'. A treat is in store.

Mat Snow

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JAZZ

ROLLIN' WITH THE THREE Rs

HERE ARE two old masters in precocious fettle on Giovanni Bonandrini's associated labels. First, **Sam Rivers** puts his massive saxophone ensemble Winds Of Manhattan through the contours of six typically angular Riversongs on 'Colours' (Black Saint import).

There are ten players besides Sam, all saxes doubling clarinets, flutes etc, and every solo improvisation has been edited out: so what remains is an eddyng, continually shifting drama of staged sound. Free or composed, insolubly dense or harmoniously collected, the themes have his trademark of high-velocity change and a piercingly logical resolution. Loose ends are rigorously banished. It makes up a buxom, heavyweight record that hides moments of beauty amidst necessary rhetoric — not unrewarding but a mite overbearing with so much detail. Although Rivers the composer is on his mettle this milieu sounds dyspeptic, even a trifle vulgar.

No hint of stodge with **Max Roach.** 'In The Light' (Soul Note import) is an on-the-toes session by his current quartet — someone should bring this group over at once, for this is a personalised post-bop outfit of riveting devotion to the call. Odean Pope's tenor and Cecil Bridgewater's trumpet personify the strengths of the new young players: they never sleep on their gifts. They *use* all the energy and skill they have to slap their own imaginations around. Hear the two ballad features, Dameron's 'If You Could See Me Now' and Monk's 'Ruby My Dear', and taste a succulent, wholemeat lyricism.

The rest is consistently inventive slugging, the blood count somewhere near maximum. 'Straight No Chaser' is a bruiser, a transformation of a Monk workhorse that Bridgewater bubbles in like a champion; 'Good Bait' is clenched bebop gristle that the leader's drums twist and wrench for every particle of swing. Roach is as superb as ever. He seems to reinvent drumming that electric jazz almost submerged and takes pride in a 4/4 beat that most would sleepwalk.

Two reissued tenors similarly keyed up. 'Daddy Plays The Horn' (Affinity) is **Dexter Gordon**'s comeback session for Bethlehem in 1955. Cut in LA, at the height of the white West Coast supremacy, this is fascinating, confrontational stuff, a man at loggerheads with trends and inactivity still emerging triumphant. Parker's 'Confirmation' is taken at a swagger that Gordon would patent in years to come, and it introduces Bird's wired-up spark to a different tension that Kenny Drew's piano elegantly ducks under. 'Darn That Dream' and 'Autumn In New York' are bluff, rakish ballads — you can hear the whalebone crack under the petticoats.

Sonny Rollins is caught at a barnstorming peak on the 1958 'Trio/Brass' (Verve). One side pits the 28-year-old tenorman against terse, gripping big band arrangements by Ernie Wilkins — the ensemble strikes with the immediacy of a bulletin on 'Who Cares?' and the humid 'Grand Street', spurring the great man into his best form. But Rollins has them all by the collar. Listen how the mood of 'Grand Street' is set entirely by the laconic mood of his first solo, and the way the tenor's frosty exclamations chop 'Far Out East' into compelling slabs of dialogue.

The other half is tenor-bass-drums, a favourite configuration, with four sentimental tunes probed and picked clean of handkerchief tenderness. Rollins' tone is so iron-strong it withers all trace of the trembling valentine in 'If You Were The Only Girl In The World'. He plays 'Body And Soul' completely solo, takes the melody comparatively straight at first with the expressive biff waiting in the wings...tension. A master in session.

To the present with **Gil Evans.** 'The British Orchestra' (Mole) is a souvenir of his recent visit and records the Bradford concert by the aggregation made up for him. It's good to have his interesting 'London' on vinyl, and the astringent reworking of 'Friday The 13th' sounds well, otherwise the shortcomings of a colourless band show through a misty mix. An unswinging rhythm section and Ray Russell's tediously overexposed guitar cut into Evans' inspirations, and the powerful contributions of John Surman and Chris Hunter are diffused. The best recent Evans is the beautiful Antilles album 'Priestess' and we must await more from that source.

Richard Cook

Sonny Rollins reigns. Pic Anna Tully

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NATIONAL EXPRESS
A to B, trouble-free.

The Eddie and Sunshine shower. Pic Peter Anderson

SOLAR POWER

EDDIE AND SUNSHINE

Perfect Strangers (Survival)

THE SOUND of footsteps . . . the bass-line of a Eurodisc hit . . . the fragile love and affection of two perfect strangers . . . these foolish things remind Eddie of Sunshine.

And she thinks, "Oh, will you never set me free?", but recalls the forgotten conversation of a railway station encounter . . . the lifeguards coming home, coming home in pairs . . . the start of something super-chic.

They say they're too close to keep close company, but don't you believe it, pop children. Eddie and Sunshine are the last romantic couple. Trapped in a vision of Europe that would be clichéd if they didn't invest it with their own personalities, they make records that tell beautiful stories.

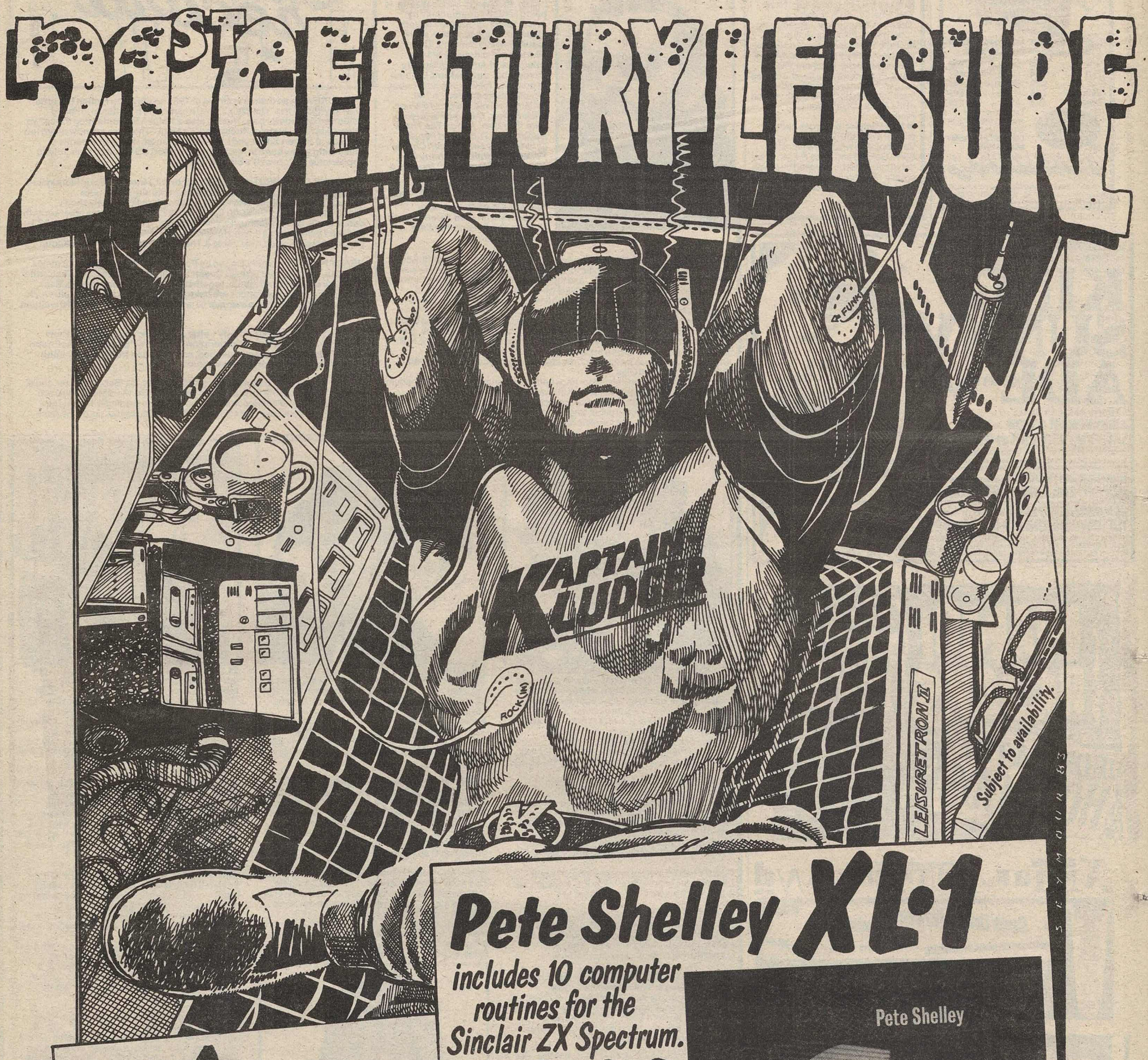
And of course you've heard all these stories before. You've heard Bryan Ferry hint at them: they've been whispered from station to station; but of all the bars in all the cities in the world, Eddie and Sunshine had to pick this one. And if you think you've heard the Blitz kids try and talk like Sunshine and Eddie, then you've thought wrong. Bad make-up and blank stares were neither New nor Romantic, perfect accompaniment though they may have been for some people with very careless memories.

Eddie and Sunshine use synthesisers and drum-machines and simple pop melody to write pop songs that have the faint hint of the familiar, but add so many of their own touches that the Pop Doctor must shake his wizened head and call them original.

I remember hearing David Jensen getting rather worried on *Roundtable* once about the fact that, well, we'd run out of *Choons* one day; don't worry, Kid, everyone has to re-assemble songs to write new ones these days, but the best assemblers put them together well enough still. Eddie and Sunshine may know where they heard these songs before but you, me and all the little spider-crabs don't.

Quirky without being jerky, in love and lovable; Eddie and Sunshine — far beyond the pale horizon.

David Quantick



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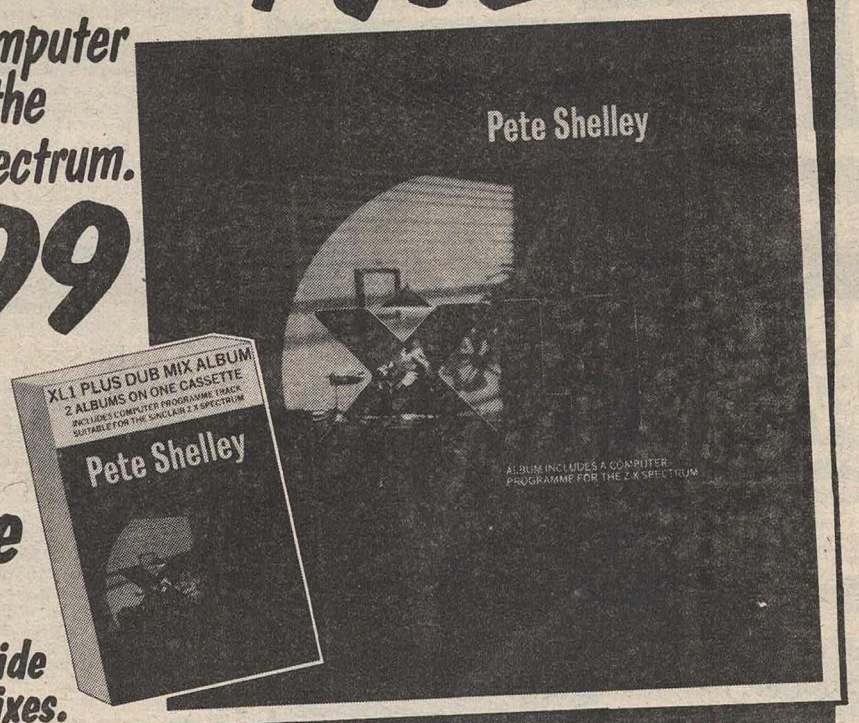
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● **Lonnie Liston Smith's** New single is 'Never Too Late'/'Divine Light', released this week in both 7" and 12" forms by PRT on the licensed New York label Dr. Jazz. His album 'Dreams Of Tomorrow', already a big import seller, follows on July 8.

● Rialto Records have signed Essex four-piece **Grey Parade**, and release their debut single 'Exteriors' this week. Produced by the band, it comes in 12-inch form only, and the other tracks are 'Interiors' and a dub version of the A-side. Distribution is by Pinnacle.

● Nick Plytas re-ermerges as the pivot of a new trio named **Via Vagabond**, in which he's joined by Steve Golding and Rose Sadler. Their debut single will be released by Albion on July 15 in ten-inch form only, produced by Robin Scott and titled 'Hip Today'.

NME 'SAVOY' TAPE NOW ON VINYL

JOHNNY OTIS

'STOMPIN AT THE SAVOY'*, the highly successful *NME* cassette, is being issued commercially by Arista Records on July 1 in both album and tape format — as the result of heavy demand. The 20-track set is drawn from the catalogue of America's famous Savoy label, and features the best of post-war R&B, roots jazz, bebop, big-city blues and rock'n'roll. Artists involved are *Errol Garner, Little Esther, H-Bomb Ferguson, Sam 'The Man' Taylor, The Three Barons, Joe Turner, Art Pepper Quartet, Tiny Grimes with Charlie Parker, Mel Walker, Johnny Otis, Gatemouth Moore, Fats Navarro & Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis, Babs Gonzales, Eddie Jerfferson, Charlie Parker & Miles Davis, Slim Gaillard & Bam Brown, Miss Rhapsody with Sam Stewart, Helen Humes, The Ravens* and *Sam Price & King Curtis.

● **Tranzista** — the Cambridgeshire four-piece who recently signed with Atlantic Records — have their debut single for the label issued this week. It is 'Heaven With Her'/'Dangerous Thoughts', and there's also a 12-inch format with an extra track called 'Roll On Friday'. All the titles were written by lead guitarist and vocalist Gary Butcher, who's joined in the line-up by Andy Northfield (piano and synthesisers) Jerry Allpress (drums) and Jim Simpson (bass).

● Recommended Records release an EP by **The Lowest Note On The Organ**, a group featuring The Honeymoon Killers and ex-members of The Work, with their name as the title. From the same source comes the third album by **Z.N.R.** titled 'Les Flots Bleus', plus a separate six-track EP called 'Les Petites Chansons'. And there's a live album by improvising duo **Lol Coxhill & Fred Frith** titles 'The Paris Gigs'.

● The most in-demand dancefloor track from the recently released debut album by **The Mary Jane Girls** is rushed out this week as a single — it's 'All Night Long', initially in 12-inch, with the seven-inch following tomorrow (Friday). It's on the Motown label, as is the debut single from new signing **Finis Henderson**, titled 'Skip To My Lou' (not the oldie of the same name).

record NEWS

THE CURE release their first single of 1983 on July 1 on Fiction Records (via Polydor) — it is 'The Walk'/'The Dream', and it comes in a limited edition colour poster bag. There's also a 12-inch EP containing those two titles, plus 'The Upstairs Room' and 'La Ment'. The Cure are now down to a nucleus of Robert Smith and Laurence Tolhurst, who are currently rehearsing a new band in readiness for a short US tour and their July 30 appearance in Cornwall's Elephant Fayre.

SEX GANG CHILDREN release their second 12-inch single on Illuminated Records, featuring an extended version of the stage favourite 'Sebastiane', plus three previously unissued tracks — 'Salvation', 'Mongolia' and 'Who On Earth Can That Be?'. From the same label come the debut single by Dormannu, 'Powdered Love'/'Until The Fear' (7" and 12") — and the 12-inch single 'Living Inside Me'/'A-O No Bungalow' by Data, the group who supported Kid Creole & The Coconuts on their first UK tour.

HEAVY PETTIN', recently signed by Polydor and widely tipped for major success, have teamed up with Queen's Brian May — who is producing the Glasgow band's debut album, together with his German sidekick Mack. Several festival appearances are being negotiated for the band, plus a UK and European tour in late summer to coincide with the release of the album and single.

MURRAY HEAD returns on July 1 after a two-year absence with a new single, his first for Virgin, 'Corporation Corridors'/'Shades Of The Prison House'. Both tracks are self-penned, and are taken from his upcoming album 'Shade', due out later next month.

● **King Sporty** — who wrote the current Bob Marley hit 'Buffalo Soldier' and is leader of the group The Ex Tras — has his own single 'Meet Me At The Disco' released by Dancefloor Records. He also produced the single 'I Am In The Mood, I Want Your Love Right Now' for **Charles Rousseau**, out on the same label.

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MUSICAL YOUTH have their new MCA single 'Tell Me Why' issued on July — it was produced by Peter Collins, who's been responsible for all their hits, and was originally recorded by John Holt. The B-side is a Youth original 'Reason', and the 12-inch format is an extended dubwise version. After appearances in Jamaica's Reggae Sunsplash and Switzerland's Montreux Festival, the group tour the Far East, returning home to complete their second album.

DIANA ROSS has her third Capitol album released at the beginning of next month, containing eight new songs and titled simply 'Ross'. One of the tracks 'Pieces Of Ice' is issued as a single next Monday (27), and it's coupled with 'Still In Love' from her 'Silk Electric' LP. Producer of the single A-side was Gary Katz, who worked with Steely Dan for many years.

RANDY NEWMAN has his new single 'I Love LA'/'Trouble In Paradise' issued by Warners on July 1, both culled from his current LP.

LILLIPUT are the Swiss all-girl band formerly known as Kleenex, and they have their first single of the year released by Rough Trade this weekend, 'You Did It'/'The Jatz'. They are currently recording their second album.

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH precede their UK visit with a new single 'War Games'/'Shadow Captain' issued by Atlantic on July 1. A 12-inch version follows a week later, on which the B-side is changed to 'Dark Star' — with a bonus of two of CSN's best-known songs, 'Teach Your Children' and 'Marrakesh Express'.

CABARET VOLTAIRE are the latest act to suffer from Virgin's distribution problems, and their previously reported new single — the first under Some Bizzare's deal with Virgin — is now set for July 1 release. The seven-inch is 'Just Fascination'/'Empty Walls', and the 12-inch is 'Crackdown' coupled with an extended version of 'Just Fascination'. Their new album will now follow on July 29.

THE RESIDENTS, the mysterious American group who open their brief British tour next week, have their classic LP 'The Residents Commercial Album' reactivated to coincide with their visit — and it comes at slightly below full price. It's on Pre Records, through Charisma.

JOHNNY MATHIS is the subject of the latest *Reader's Digest* compilation. It's a boxed set containing either four albums or three cassettes, comprising 64 classic Mathis tracks and providing over three hours playing time. Titled 'The Best Of Johnny Mathis', it's available at £12.95 only from The Reader's Digest Association, 7-10 Old Bailey, London EC99 1AA (state whether albums or cassettes required).

AMAZULU release their new single 'Smiley Styley' on July 1 on Towerbell Records, and it's coupled with a dub version of the same title. The 12-inch format features an extra track, the live favourite 'Brixton' — which is appropriate because, the day before the record comes out, they support David Bowie in his Brixton benefit at Hammersmith Odeon. The band will soon be setting out on a major UK tour, details to follow shortly.

THE MEMBERS have their new single 'Working Girl' issued by Albion this weekend — produced by Martin Rushent, it's a new recording of the song first issued by the same label 18 months ago. The flip side is 'The Family' and the extra track on the 12-incher is 'Arcade'. Their new album 'Going West' follows on July 22, with a cassette version which boasts six extra tracks.

GRAHAM PARKER breaks his 12-month silence this week with the release of a new RCA single, 'Life Gets Better'/'Anniversary', which previews his new album 'The Real Macaw' due out in the autumn. The 12-inch format contains a bonus track called '(Too Late) The Smart Bomb', which won't be on the LP. Playing with Parker are an array of star musicians, including guitarist Brinsley Schwarz and saxist Mel Collins.

ROBERT PLANT's new album, the follow-up to his 1982 solo debut 'Pictures At Eleven', is released in early July on his new label Es Paradis Records (distributed by Atlantic) — the eight-track set is titled 'The Principle Of Moments' and, besides his regular band, guest musicians include Phil Collins and ex-Jethro Tull member Barriemore Barlow. A single from the LP 'Big Log'/'Messin' With The Mekon' is issued on July 1, with an extra track on the 12-incher titled 'Stranger Here . . . Than Over There'.

BLUE ZOO, who made their chart debut a few months back with 'Cry Boy Cry', finally get around to releasing their first album — titled 'Two By Two', it's out this weekend on the Magnet label, and there's a new single scheduled for next month. They are currently in the studio recording new material, and will subsequently be touring Japan where they've scored their biggest successes, but there are no immediate plans for any British dates.

CHAS & DAVE's new single is, surprisingly, an instrumental — featuring the duo playing banjos. It's being issued by Towerbell this weekend, following viewer reaction when they performed it on their new ITV series. The titles are 'Beer Barrel Banjos (Roll Out The Barrel)' and 'Beer Belly Banjos', and it's on the team's own Rockney logo.

ARETHA FRANKLIN's new album 'Get It Right' is issued by Arista on July 1 (also in cassette form) — and the title track appears the same day as a 12-inch single, coupled with an instrumental version. The seven-inch single follows on July 22, with 'Giving In' as the B-side.

CHAS JANKEL returns this weekend with a new A&M single, his first since '109', coupling 'Without You' and 'Reve de Chevre'. There's also a 12-inch format ocntaining an extended version of the A-side, plus an extra track titled 'To Woo Lady King'.

THE BEAT have their follow-up to 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' issued by Arista this weekend, even though they've now left the label. It is 'Ackee 1 2 3', taken from their current album 'What It Beat, though originally featured on their 1982 LP 'Special Beat Service'. The B-side of the seven-inch is 'Monkey Murders' from the 'Wha'ppen?' album, while the 12-inch coupling is a US mix of 'I Confess'.

SPLIT ENZ have their single 'Six Months In A Leaky Boat' reissued by A&M this weekend in both 7" and 12" forms. Its original release coincided with the Falklands war and, for obvious reasons, it received little airplay at that time.

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH have a new single released by A&M Records this week, titled 'Live For Today' and coupled with 'Opening Nightmare'. There's also a 12-inch format, which contains a bonus track called 'Dreams And Desires'.

ONE THE JUGGLER, who recently toured with Eurythmics and Little Steven, have their second single issued by Regard Records next Monday (27) — 'Damage Is Done'/'Lovit Go'. The group will be going on the road next month, details to follow.

● Two releases this weekend on Flicknife Records are the debut album by German Band **39 Clocks** titled 'Blades In Your Masquerade', and the debut single from Glasgow band **The Last Rites** coupling 'We Don't Care' and 'Stepdown'. Distribution is by Pinnacle.

● **Tintin**, a due comprising Stephen Duffy and Stocker, have their second single issued by WEA this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats, titled 'Hold It'. Their first single 'Kiss Me' was a Top 20 dance chart hit in the States.

● The third single by **Anti Establishment** is released this week by Glass Records, coupling 'Anti Men' and 'Misunderstood'. It was produced by Rat Scabies of The Damned.

ALBUM REISSUES AT CUT PRICE

PHONOGRAM are reissuing a number of their back catalogue albums as mid-price cassettes, which should sell at around £2.99. They include 'Common One' and 'Into The Music' by Van Morrison; 'I Remember Yesterday' and 'Four Seasons Of Love' by *Donna Summer*; '10CC', 'Deceptive Bends', 'Bloody Tourists' and 'Sheet Music' by *10CC*; 'Never Say Die' and 'Heaven And Hell' by *Black Sabbath*; 'Johnny The Fox' and 'Bad Reputation' by *Thin Lizzy*; 'Hello' and 'Piledriver' by *Status Quo*; and 'Greatest Hits' by *Barry White*. Additionally, three *Rush* albums ('Rush', 'Fly By Night' and 'Caress Of Steel') and two by *Donna Summer* ('Love To Love You Baby' and 'A Love Trilogy') are reissued as mid-price conventional LPs.

MOTOWN release another five albums in their mid-price Superstars series. They are 'Greatest Hits' by *The Supremes* featuring *Mary Wilson*, 'Help Me Make It Through The Night' by *Gladys Knight & The Pips*, 'Baby It's Me' by *Diana Ross*, 'Forever Michael' by *Michael Jackson* (which includes his chart-topper 'One Day In Your Life') and 'Greatest Performances' by *Grover Washington Jr.*

● **The Luddites**, who describe themselves as a "post industrial separatists group", make their vinyl debut by way of a three-track EP called 'The Strength Of Your Cry'. It's issued this week on Xcentric Noise Records & Tapes, through Red Rhino and The Cartel.

● **One Way System** have chosen to revive the Slade rabble rouser 'Cum On Feel The Noize' for their latest single, out this week on Anagram Records. It's their first release since their debut album 'All Systems Go'.

● **Brotherhood Of Man** return this week with a new EMI single titled 'When The Kissing Stops'. It's a foretaste of their upcoming album 'Lightning Flash', due out on July 11.

Kid Creole, Winwood, Mode, Jarreau

BIG QUEUE FOR EXTRA HAMMERSMITH DATES

KID CREOLE & The Coconuts have added two more London shows to their upcoming UK tour, making six in a row at the Hammersmith Odeon. Their originally announced dates at that venue, September 19 to 22, have now sold out — so they will now also play there on September 23 and 24, and tickets for these extra concerts are on sale now priced £7, £6 and £5. The group will have a new album, as yet untitled, released by Island to coincide with the opening of the tour on August 24.

STEVE WINWOOD has added a third show at Hammersmith Odeon to his first solo tour — he now appears there on Wednesday, July 13, in addition to the two previous nights. Also, three further dates have been tacked on to the end of his itinerary — at Lancaster University (July 15), Southampton Gaumont (16) and Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (17). And his concert at Edinburgh Playhouse has been put back by 24 hours, from July 7 to 8. As a prelude to the tour, Winwood's new single 'Your Silence Is Your Song' is released by Island this week.

DEPECHE MODE are the third act to have slotted in an additional show at Hammersmith Odeon, due to exceptionally heavy demand. In their case, it will be their third night at that theatre, and the extra date is October 8.

AL JARREAU completes the Hammersmith additions, by playing a last-minute fourth concert there this Saturday (25), and tickets are currently available at £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50. His new single 'Trouble In Paradise' is released by WEA International this weekend, with 'Save Me' as the B-side, and an extra track called 'Never Giving Up' on the 12-inch format.

Haysi going live at last

HAYSI FANTAYZEE have decided to venture out onto the tour circuit for the first time. They acquired the taste for live work recently in a string of German clubs, followed by an appearance in a Dortmund festival where they sang to 12,000 people. With their latest single 'Sister Friction' newly released by RCA (and a picture disc version available from this week), their initial UK outing takes the form of a series of personal appearances when they'll be singing over backing tracks.

These PA's are at Liverpool State Rooms (tonight, Thursday), Wigan Pier (Friday), Derby Tiffany's (Saturday), Rotherham Tiffany's (June 27), Bournemouth The Academy (July 1) and Leeds Warehouse (2). But this is just the first step, and they are now planning much more live work in future — and with this in view, they are considering putting together a full band.

FINSBURY'S RAINBOW

RAINBOW have now finalised the London concert which will form part of their UK tour, announced last week. It's on Sunday, September 18, and — as forecast in our last issue — the venue is the Michael Sobell Sports Centre at Finsbury Park. Tickets are all at the one price of £5.50, and they are available now from the Hammersmith Odeon and Dominion Theatre (Tottenham-Court Rd) box-offices, also from usual ticket agencies where a booking fee will be charged.

Mail orders will also be accepted, though 30p booking fee should be added to the price of each ticket — write to Rainbow Concerts '83 (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW, enclosing SAE. Tickets for Whitley Bay Ice Rink (September 8) and Stafford Bingley Hall (11) are now also available by post — in these two cases priced £5.30 including booking fee. Rainbow's date at Edinburgh Playhouse has been put back from September 20 to 22.

RENAISSANCE will shortly be embarking on a two-week British tour, including a major London date on July 16 — full details to follow in a week or two. Object of the exercise is to aid promotion of their new album 'Timeline' on A&M Records.

ASWAD have been named as special guests in Yellowman's four-night season at London Edmonton Picketts Lock (July 6-9), which is already completely sold out. As a preview, they have a new single out this week 'Roots Rockin', coupled with a dub version, and available in both 7" and 12" forms — it's on their own Simba label, distributed by Jet Star.

MATT FRETTON continues to promote his debut Chrysalis single 'It's So High' with newly confirmed gigs at Birmingham Duma Express (tonight, Thursday), Sheffield University (Saturday), Coventry Warwick University (June 30), Manchester Hacienda (July 1) and as special guest to Icehouse at London Lyceum (7).

THE SMITHS, the fast-rising Manchester group currently promoting their Rough Trade single 'Hand In Glove', have further dates at London Brixton Ace with Sisters Of Mercy (June 29), Coventry Warwick University (30), Bournemouth Midnight Express (July 1), Manchester Hacienda (6) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (7).

THE NIGHTINGALES are to be special guests at the first night of a new Saturday evening club called The Living Room, to open in London shortly. The venue will feature a wide spectrum of new talent — pop and rock groups, comedians, poets, etc. Anyone interested in performing should send a tape and/or biography to Alan, Creation Artifact, c/o Rough Trade Records, 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W11 2EQ.

EXPOSURE continue their "Tempting Fate" tour and, between recording sessions for a new single, will be in action at Earl Soham Flying Stilton Club in Suffolk (tomorrow, Friday), Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple (Saturday), London Fulham Golden Lion (June 28), Tonypandy Royal Naval Club (July 2), Newbridge Memorial Hall (3), London Bond St. Embassy Club (18) and Brentwood Hermit Club (25).

THE EUROPEANS are playing a Tuesday-night residency throughout July at London Brixton The Fridge, and they are anxious to choose their own support acts from amongst up-and-coming bands. Those interested are invited to send tapes to Mark Thompson, 387 Chapter Road, Willesden, London N.W.2 (enclosing SAE), and a prompt reply is guaranteed.

NEWS tour

Cell falling apart again, Mambas set to strike

SOFT CELL are undertaking another of their occasional 'Falling Apart' mini-tours next month, this one comprising just three dates. They play Blackpool Pavilion Theatre (July 5), Glasgow Tiffany's (10) and Edinburgh Coasters (11).

Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual local outlets, priced £5, £4.50 and £4 (Blackpool) and £3.50 only (the two Scottish venues). The shows are presented by Some Bizzare in association with Final Solution. As usual, there are reduced price tickets for "Cell Mates".

Meanwhile, Marc & The Mambas have a new single out this weekend on Some Bizzare (through Phonogram), 'Black Heart'/'Your Aura'. Initial pressings of the seven-inch include a free-colour postcard — and the 12-incher features a remixed and extended A-side, plus an extra track titled 'Mamba'. Their album 'Torment And Toreros' follows in late July. The group can be seen live on Channel 4's *The Switch* tomorrow (Friday).

Manilow's mandate

NEWS COMMENT

AN OFFICIAL statement arrived in the post on Thursday of last week, dated eight days earlier, confirming Barry Manilow's open-air concert at Blenheim Palace.

So what's new?

NME exclusively revealed the news of the event last month, and it's been common knowledge in the music business for some time. So why the delay in announcing the show and booking details? "It's only just been confirmed", said Manilow's London mouthpiece.

Piffle.

The concert was signed, sealed and delivered two or three weeks beforehand, possibly longer, and tickets have long since been printed.

How come that, all around the country, various news-shoppers (they are the free advertising papers that pop through your letterbox every week) have been offering all-in coach-and-concert trips to Blenheim — in editions which were printed before Spring Bank Holiday?

And how were Arista able to make a guaranteed offer of tickets to all purchasers of Manilow's new single — an offer we learned about in a news release which reached us on May 25?

When the announcement was finally made, it was carefully timed to bypass the music papers, which had published the previous day. It didn't affect NME too much, because we had been monitoring the situation for weeks, and we were advised almost a fortnight ago that the announcement had been timed for last Wednesday — which is how we were able to confirm the show in our last issue.

But what's the reason for all this chicanery? Probably to gain maximum possible coverage in the national papers, coinciding with a full-page advert in London's The Standard *last Friday, which had been booked some time previously.*

The concert co-promoters and Manilow's UK spokesman are all embarassed by the manner in which it's been handled, but they've been acting under direct instructions from the States, which means the Manilow camp itself. So Manilow must take full responsibility for trying to ignore the music papers, which had been his bread and butter in earlier days.

Why? Maybe a touch of the big-time, but more likely a deep concern for massive publicity in the nationals (they'd be far more intrigued by Blenheim than the musicals) lest his image should slip. Wherever he appears in the States, his concerts are preceded by huge adverts in the papers — and perhaps he was a little worried in case those blue-rinsed matrons, who seem to comprise the bulk of his audiences, would fight shy of sitting on the palace grass.

● *As we've received numerous enquiries about Manilow, here are the booking details. Tickets are £15.50 by post from Barry Manilow Concert (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 464, London SE1 9SY. As there is a special souvenir ticket (again already reported by NME), the accompanying SAE should be a minimum 9" × 4" in size.*

THE 45's announce that they're splitting up at the end of next month. They've built up a strong following on the club circuit — after two years in Newcastle and three in London, averaging 250 gigs per year — but now they've decided to call it quits. Their final London dates are at Fulham Golden Lion (tomorrow, Friday), Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's (June 28), Fulham King's Head (July 1), Croydon Cartoon (7) and Putney Half Moon (8 and a special farewell party on July 29).

Ace is high with more full houses

BRIXTON BONANZA

BRIXTON, virtually bereft of live entertainment last year after the closure of the 5000-capacity Fair Deal, has suddenly emerged as the focal point of the South London music scene — with the imminent re-opening of that theatre as The Academy, occasional concerts at the Ritzy Cinema, and regular gigs at The Fridge and Old White Horse. And now the area's key venue, the Ace, is expanding its activities even more.

Starting this weekend at The Ace, there'll be a "Sunday Special" every week with the acclaimed sounds of Sir Coxsone in residency, joined by a guest sound system — plus various on-stage activities (fashion, dancing, etc.), with admission £1. And begining next Monday (27), there's a weekly "Punk-Rock-Reggae Party Mix" featuring a blend of complementary music styles — the opening night's line-up comprises Conflict, Strength, The Body Electric and King Tubby's Hi-Fi (admission £1.50).

Upcoming concert attractions at The Ace include The Sisters Of Mercy, supported by The Smiths and Flesh For Lulu, on June 29 (£2.50); a special one-off appearance by Winston Reedy on July 1 (£5 advance, £5.50 doors); and James Blood Ulmer on July 7.

● SHOCKABILLY — the outrageous American trio of Chadbourne, Kramer & Licht — fly in to appear at The Ace on July 5. Reviewing their debut album 'Earth vs. Shockabilly', *NME* said: "Chadbourne is one of the last unclaimed guitar heroes left on the planet" — though in contrast, our critic said of their '19th Nervous Breakdown' single: "Really shocking".

WINSTON REEDY

● THE FALL, currently concluding an extensive American tour, return to the UK to headline at The Ace on July 15 (supported by The Box) — and this is likely to be their only date until they set out on a lengthy British tour in November. The band are now back with their first label, Rough Trade, who this week relese the new Fall single 'The Man Whose Head Expanded'/'Ludd Gang'.

Numan: 14 more dates

ANOTHER 14 dates have now been added to Gary Numan's comeback tour, for which the first 21 shows were listed last week. Additions to the "Warriors" tour schedule are Dundee Caird Hall (September 23), Hull City Hall (28), Derby Assembly Rooms (October 1), Coventry Apollo (5), Oxford Apollo (9), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (11), Middlesbrough Town Hall (18), Wolverhampton Civic hall (21), Hanley Victoria Hall (23), Margate Winter Gardens (27), Southampton Gaumont (28), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (30), Ipswich Gaumont (31) and Guildford Civic Hall (November 4). Average ticket prices are £6, £5, £4.50 and £4.

Panic at Ally Pally!

RIP RIG & PANIC, John Cooper Clarke and The Flying Pickets are among many acts appearing in a one-day festival this Saturday (25) at Alexandra Palace in North London, which celebrates 100 years of Marxism. Among others taking part are Kabbala, Ekome, Frank Chickens, Benjamin Zephaniah, Little Brother and Boys Of The Lough. The event will also feature jazz bands, films, theatre, marquees, workshops and a children's area, plus various fringe attractions. We're told that Arthur Scargill has promised to attend, but Margaret Thatcher declined! It runs from 10am to 10pm, and the standard admission price is £4 — unwaged £2, under-14's £1 and under-fives free.

DAVID ESSEX, whose summer tour schedule was reported last week, will be appearing at Manchester Palace on August 7 and 8 — not Sheffield Palace, as originally announced. He is currently working on the concept album 'Mutiny On The Bounty' with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and, as soon as it's completed, returns to the studio to begin a new rock LP 'The Whisper' — which should be finished before the tour opens.

X MAL DEUTSCHLAND have added Norwich Gala Ballroom (June 27) to their UK tour, reported last week, but have cancelled Liverpool Venue Club (July 3). And GENE LOVES JEZEBEL, who'll be supporting them on most dates, also play a couple of gigs in their own right — at London City Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday) and Wakefield Hellfire Club (June 29).

EDDIE TENPOLE TUDOR & His Hayrick Band, who take their name from his current Stiff single 'The Hayrick Song' (now also availbale in 12-inch form), are playing a number of gigs on the London circuit. The first three confirmed are Islington Hope & Anchor (this Saturday), the Marquee Club (July 3) and Woolwich Tramshed (16), with more to follow.

THE REPUBLIC top the bill in a benefit concert at London Deptford Albany Empire on Wednesday, July 6, in aid of Amnesty International (Blackheath & Greenwich Group). Also appearing are Dave Bitelli's Onward Jazz and Indian guitarist Annancia da Silva.

A.P.B., the leading Scottish band, venture south of Hadrian's Wall to tour the Dingwalls network — visiting Sheffield (June 30), Bristol (July 1), London Camden (5), Hull (6) and Newcastle (7). Other English dates are being confirmed, meanwhile home gigs include Aberdeen Fusion (tonight, Thursday), Edinburgh Le Metro (Friday), Glasgow Maestros (Sunday) and Ayr Darlington Hotel (July 8).

LONDON's Holland Park Open-Air Theatre presents a Festival of Jazz with Morrissey Mullen (July 13), Monty Sunshine and Ken Colyer Bands (14), Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia (15) and the Chris Barber Band (16) — followed by a Festival of Folk with Fred Wedlock and Chris Newman (19), Brass Monkey and The Watersons (20), Dave Cousins and Brian Willoughby (21), Roaring Jelly and Proper Little Madams (22) and The Albion Band (23). The events are sponsored by the GLC, and admission to all shows is £2 (children and unwaged 50p).

BAD MANNERS are a late replacement for Mari Wilson & The Wilsations at London Camden Dingwalls this Saturday (25), as part of the venue's special week for the Capital Music Festival...and PATRIK FITZGERALD is back in action with two solo concerts in London's West End — at the Adams Arms in Conway Street on July 1 and 8.

POISON GIRLS, whose single 'One Good Reason' has just been issued by Illuminated Records, have added a couple of dates to their current *Cabaret Of Fools* tour — which also features Akimbo, Benjamin Zephaniah and Tony Allen. They are at Leamington Spa Royal Centre (June 28) and Leeds Fforde Green (July 1). And their Newcastle Dingwalls show has been switched from June 27 to 29.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS begin a new two-month club tour at London Fulham Greyhound on July 6, and other confirmed dates are Harrietsham Half Way House (July 9), Kingston Grey Horse (12), Cross Keys Institute (16), Newbridge Memorial Hall (17), London Lee Green Old Tigers Head (21 and August 25), Warrington Lion Hotel (July 23), Sunderland Mayfair (August 5) and Oxford Pennyfarthing (13).

GRACE

FROM PAGE 29

doesn't come where the break is expected.

How large a role have producers played in shaping the sound of your music?

Chris Blackwell played a very large role in bringing in the musicians that we've used. Those guys had never played together before my 'Warm Leatherette' record and that sound has been a great success. I knew what I wanted, that I liked reggae, and that there were certain sounds in that music that I wanted to use, and Chris helped me develop it. That's what's really great about Chris — you tell him what you want and he helps you achieve it, and then gives you the space to develop it even further.

Are there other producers you're interested in working with?

I'm considering a few producers for my next record — Nile Rodgers, Giorgio Moroder, Prince.

What are you currently listening to?

Edith Piaf, Prince, some classical stuff. Michael Jackson is one of my favourites. I'd love to do a record with him.

How do you see your own music evolving?

It's become a lot more personal. Chris is not the type of producer who wants to stifle you, so I've been able to develop as a writer and I write a lot more now. I enjoy writing and it comes easily to me. If it doesn't, then I don't do it because I don't have to do it. I write as a luxury, for fun. Sure I've had difficulty with a few songs, but that's alright. The final product is usually pretty strong.

What do you consider to be your best composition?

'Unlimited Capacity For Love'.

Your contract with Island Records recently expired and you're presently without a record deal. Do you feel anxious about that?

No. My career is established and I feel confident about it. I know what I want and the direction I want to go in, and I'm going to work with whoever can help me in that direction. I know it will be successful because I'm going to give it the same close attention I've given all my work. We're in the middle of negotiations and I'm sure we'll arrive at a contract settlement shortly because I'm not that difficult and what I want is very simple.

I plan to go into the studio this summer although if a film project came along that really excited me, the album would go on the back burner.

Who manages your career?

I do. I have a lawyer who does my contracts and I learn a lot from him, but I handle the negotiations because I have a better idea of what I'm worth, because I'm out there. You know, bureaucrats are completely separated from the people and he's always in his office. He says to me, Oh my God! I didn't realise people thought of you like that!

What do you consider to be your chief strength as an artist?

I have a very clear idea of what looks good and what looks bad. I'm also very open to experimentation. Artists are supposed to be insecure, but I'm not. I feel that if I'm enjoying what I'm doing it doesn't matter if I make a few mistakes. I'll learn from them.

What do you see as being your best work?

I've always felt that moving pictures is where I really belong so the video really wraps it all up for me.

Do you believe that video is important to music as everyone is claiming it is?

It is bringing a lot of excitement back to the music industry even though most videos are done very badly. I was even disappointed in David Bowie's video for 'Let's Dance'.

It's unfortunate that everyone is jumping on the bandwagon and making videos because everyone isn't photogenic, and that's part of the trouble with television. The minute you take a bunch of people who don't look good on film, you kill the mystery and the potential of the medium. People with no style or statement to make are going to have a difficult time making a strong rock video.

Video is a whole new area and artists should just be cutting loose with it, and not too many are. People tend to approach it very timidly and at this point they're mostly boring.

FEELING AT home in moving pictures as you do, why haven't you done any feature films?

That's what's happening now. I've turned down lots of parts because I wasn't sure exactly what I wanted to do in film. Do I want to do only big roles? Do I want cameo roles? I could've been in four films this year, including *Flashdance* and *Blade Runner*, but my instinct told me to turn them down. I smell it out and if it doesn't seem to fit like a glove then I turn it down.

I must say that at the moment I'm more excited about film than I am about recording, because film is a way of expanding. We can always do the act bigger and better, but I think I've really reached a peak. Visually no one in the music business can top me. What I do is unique. I'll always do music, but it's not as much of a challenge as working in a film.

I've accepted a part in a film for 20th Century Fox, and I'll be working on that in July. It's just a cameo role, but I don't feel like I have to do only major roles. I'm not on any heavy ego trip where I have to go out there like Bette Midler or Diana Ross did, because when you do that it's very hard to follow up.

Will the strong persona you have as a musician work against you as an actress? Will you have a hard time shaking that image?

People do seem to think that the image I've created for the music is really me.

Well, isn't your image fairly accurate?

It's a performance, an image, something I created. The masculine, androgynous quality is something that's inborn in me, but I've taken it — along with things from my upbringing, ways my step-grandfather used to treat me — and turned them into an act. People don't realise that.

I haven't decided whether I'll take that particular act, which I've got down to a T and develop it in film. That would be fairly easy to do and a lot of the parts I've turned down have been about that sort of authoritative attitude.

Do you ever feel trapped by that image?

Not at all. People expect me to do startling, glamorous, mysterious things and I feel great and very comfortable with that. So, in going into acting I'm not interested in proving that I can play the girl next door, because I wouldn't want a role like that.

Have there been roles in recent films that you would've liked to play?

Frances was a good role, and would've been good for me. The film had a lot of holes, but it was a good role and there aren't many good roles for women.

Any directors you'd particularly like to work with?

I like Ridley Scott and Warren Beatty as a director. And of course, Alfred Hitchcock is one of my favourites, but he was partial to blondes. He used them as victims. I think I'd have a hard time playing a victim.

Do you have aspirations towards writing your own film?

Definitely. I've got some very controversial ideas for some films I'd like to do. I've always had this kind of image that's allowed me to pass the colour barrier, and I have an idea for a film where I would play a white girl. I would be made up as a white girl — it would be similar to DeNiro gaining weight for *Raging Bull*. People have asked me why I'd want to play a white girl — I like the political implications of it.

HOW HAS success changed you?

It made me more organised and responsible and a lot wiser. I have a strong business side now and I'm not afraid to talk about money or play the little games that you have to play in business. I've learned to enjoy all that and have fun with it.

What's the most widely held misconception about success?

People think that when you're successful you don't have the same problems they have. But if something were to happen to me and I were to lose everything, I'd have to worry about whether or not I had a friend I could call on.

People think, gee, she's up there floating on a cloud without any problems. But, in fact, the more successful you become the more you have to worry about because your money has to go into more areas. I say money, because when people speak of success, they're really talking about money.

Do you believe in luck, or does a person make his own luck?

A person makes their own luck, and I've never waited around for luck to happen. If nothing's happening, I move on. But I also believe in destiny. What drives you to get in this particular spot at this particular time?

What's your idea of an important achievement?

Having my son was an important achievement.

What do you hope to be doing ten years from now?

Directing my own film projects, and I think there's a good chance that that's what I'll be doing. Once I become clear on a goal it's just a matter of time.

What one daily activity do you recommend for a full life?

(Laughing) Sex! I was going to say exercise, but sex *is* exercise.

WHAT'S BEEN your biggest disappointment in life?

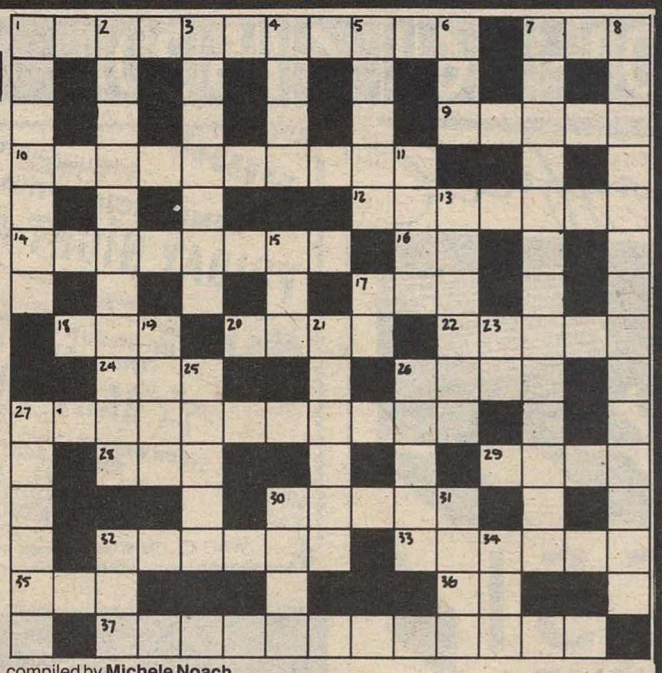
No big disappointments. I have on occassion bitched about how I would've had more opportunities had I been white, but I've never really believed that.

It seems that the race issue has never been the obstacle for you that it is for many black artists. Do you think the fact that you're exceptionally beautiful has enabled you to transcend the race issue?

I think it's my attitude more than my physical appearance. There are a lot of beautiful black girls who are victims of the race thing; *lots* of them. I think it has to do with my upbringing and the fact that I don't carry any chip on my shoulder.

People feel comfortable with me because I communicate with my soul rather than my colour.

NME XPRESS WORD



compiled by **Michele Noach**

CLUES DOWN

1. The newest political figure from the vaults of the BBC, or was it ITV? The worst possible taste. (7)
2. The Pale Man Then turns out to be Bowie, or was he hurt? (8,3)
3. See 1 Across.
4. The second Hun gets mad at the Nation. (4)
5. Where Lennon's big white home in the UK was. (5)
6. What one Bond movie was on. (1,1,1)
7. Film featuring Aretha Franklin, James Brown and John Belushi. (5,8)
8. Malcolm leaves a square impression on Eddy's war. (7,7)
11. An endless Garry, almost a big cat. (4)
13. The one song in Heaven is lucky for Lene. (6)
15. The Boy's club is very much theirs. (3)
17. Dig Wayne and Co lose the sporting half. (2)
19. As in of two cities. (4)
21. Freudian passageway for Hall, one of the three wise men. (6)
23. Where TG were most dead. (1,1)
25. Green fingers for Led. (5)
26. Sandy boys go surfing. (5)
27. + **33A.** Lou feeling the punishment of the pavement. (6,6)
30. The top of the British institutions is its nadir. (4)
31. Clash polarisation from Tolstoy's war. (4)
32. Keep taking the tablets Johnny, you might lose some weight. (1,1,1)
34. The Pretenders ask you to stop it, though well you might. (3)

CLUES ACROSS

1. + **3D.** The fuzz start analysing oxygen intake. (5,6,3,4)
7. 5p for Zimmerman. (3)
9. Somewhere in the small furnishings lie little blue men who have a song. One will do. (5)
10. Lodged somewhere in David's past is a song that goes on and on and on. (10)
12. Where Parker spent a night with Gillespie. (7)
14. Heads get grateful for their angel. (5,3)
16. Not all androids come from Klaus Kinski. (2)
17. Traffic before style. (3)
18. One overindulgent comedy series that misfired badly. (1,1,1)
20. The Furs make an entrance like a train. (4)
22. These new panties are made for Paula Yates. (5)
24. A swell reference for Wire. (3)
26. Can't get used to the best. (4)
27. Draw no smell from this hardly surprising label. (5,6)
28. Emmanuel's other name. Close. (3)
29. Crass had to do this to five thousand. A lot of luncheon vouchers. (4)
30. Fruity obsession from Cornwall. (5)
32. Spizz Oil substance, from peat perhaps. (6)
33. See 27 Down.
35. A company from the hemisphere. (1,1,1)
36. Inbetween Stations? (2)
37. What Gene, when not screaming, does. (5,7)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Comsat Angels, 7 Alice, 10 Night, 11 Tetsu, 12 (Tommy) Steele, 13 Suzi Quatro, 16 Croce, 17 RAK, 18 Ann, 19 Answer Me, 21 SOS, 22 Stop That (Train), 23 Lola, 25 + 39D Missing Words, 29 YMCA, 31 + 43D Street Life, 32 Nancy, 33 Enz, 34 Acid, 35 (Bill) Nelson, 40 Eddie, 42 + 45A + 37A A Fool To Cry, 44 + 47A Original Mirrors, 46 DAF.

DOWN: 1 Can't Stand Losing You, 2 Magazine, 3 + 7D Art Attacks, 4 As Tears Go By, 5 Guthrie, 6 Loud, 8 Icehouse, 9 Eyeless In Gaza, 14 Quads, 15 Treat Me Nice, 20 Rah Band, 24 Lora Logic, 26 Sky, 27 Ike, 28 Devo, 30 Michelle, 36 (Peter) Noone, 38 Yazoo, 41 Drum, 45 TR (Tom Robinson).

No1!

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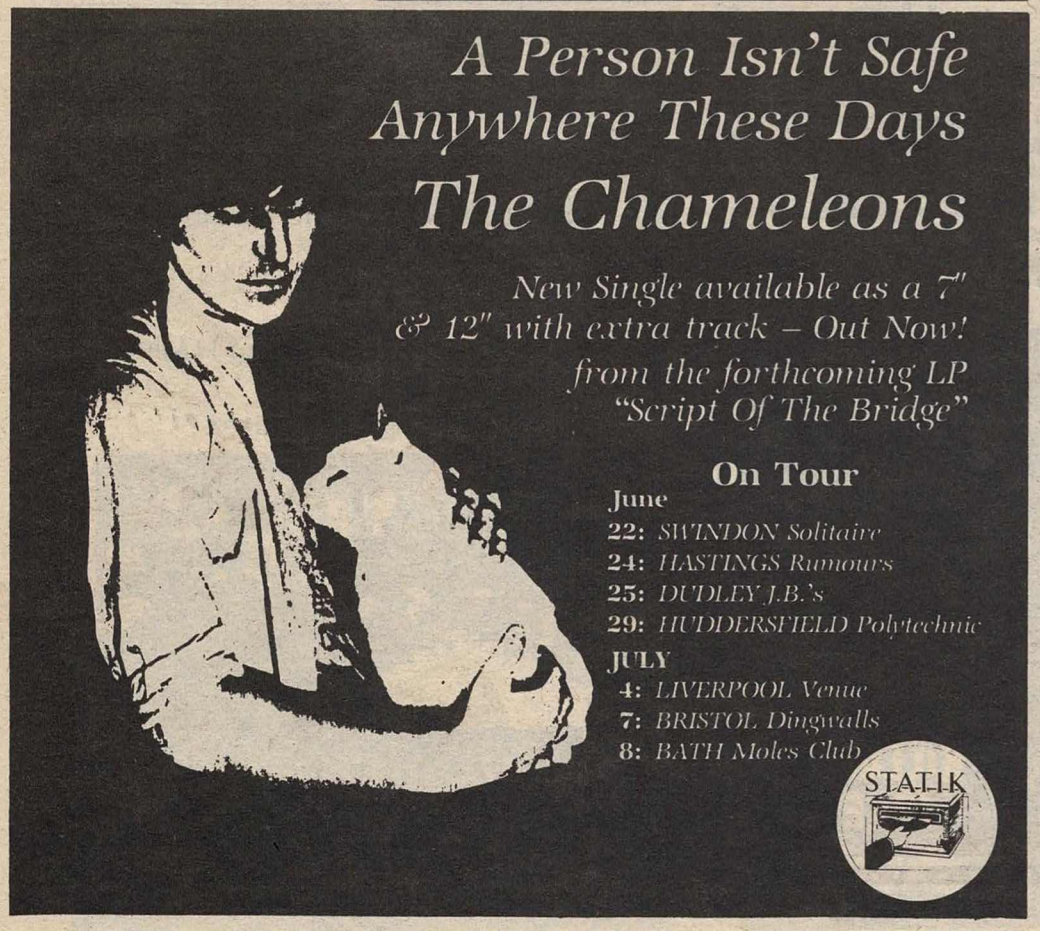

NEXT WEEK IN NME

SAFARI DOWN THE CHAMPS ELYSEE

If you watch the Tube marathon edition this Friday night you'll see a 20 minute film on African music in Paris presented and researched by our very own Vivien Goldman. Next week we proudly print her written version of the story — or, as they say, from The Tube to the Metro.

EDDIE & SUNSHINE

But if you can't get your own televised show, do as Eddie & Sunshine have and create an alternative channel in a London nightclub called, 'Living TV'. Don Watson holds his own chat show with this versatile team and discovers Life *is* a cabaret...

DEAD OR ALIVE

The very question: because after this acerbic interview with Pete Burns by David Dorrell, what price will be on the head of Liverpool's glam star? Burns bitches about his local contemporaries and explains why success won't make him a nicer guy.

***NME:* We Pose The Questions And Question The Posers**

LIVE ADS

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THUR 30
THE RESPOND POSSE. FEATURING...
THE QUESTIONS TRACIE
+ THE CRAZE + VAUGHAN TOULOUSE

COMING UP FRI + SAT 2
EAST SIDE TORPEDOES

TUES 5
A.P.B.

FRI 8
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WED 13
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FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Thursday 23rd June
SET THE TONE
Friday 24th June
SOUL APPRECIATION SOCIETY'S NORTHERN SOUL NIGHT
Open 9–3a.m.
Wednesday 29th June
A CERTAIN RATIO
+ Quando Quango
Thursday 30th June
THE ARTY PARTY
Members Free
Friday 1st July
MATT FRETTON
+ The Porch Party
Wednesday 6th July
THE SMITHS
Friday 8th July
CENTRAL LINE
Tuesday 12th July
DEFUNKT
Thursday 14th July
HOWARD DEVOTO
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TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

JUNE
23 Kajagoogoo
23 X-Mal Deutchland
24,25 Curtis Mayfield
25 Al Jarreau
25,26,27 Rod Stewart
27 Set The Tone
27 Big Country
27,28 King Sunny Ade
28 Residents
29 Warren Zevon
29 Sisters of Mercy
30 Mezzaforte

JULY
2 George Benson
2 Jaco Pastorius
2 Heatwave
3 Orange Juice
3 Hanoi Rocks
4,5 Bauhaus
7 Icehouse
7 X-Mal Deutchland
9 Peter Gabriel/ Thompson Twins/ Undertones
9 Dollar Band Quartet
10 James Blood Ulmer
10 The Damned
11,12,13 Stevie Winwood
11,12 Crosby Stills & Nash
12 Central Line
17 Tania + Maria
18 Echo & The Bunnymen
18 The Fall
20-22 Roy Ayers
22 Mike Oldfield
31 Killing Joke

AUGUST
4 Lords Of The New Church
20 Whitesnake
20 Whiteside/ Z.Z.Top/ Meatloaf/ Twisted Sister
26,28 Reading Rock Festival
27 Barry Manilow

SEPTEMBER
19 Rainbow
19-22 Kid Creole
26-29 Tom Jones

OCTOBER
6,7 Depeche Mode

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Thursday 23rd June
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Friday 24th June
CAROL GRIMES BAND
Saturday 25th June
GEORGE MELLY
Sunday 26th June
DIZ AND THE DOORMEN
Tribute To Doctor Longhair
Monday 27th June
GENO WASHINGTON plus **THE SOUL BAND**
Tuesday 28th June
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND
Wednesday 29th June
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Thursday 30th June
CHRIS BARBER'S JAZZ AND BLUES BAND
N.B. Change Of Date
MARIA MULDAUR BAND
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Original Tickets Still Valid

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Wednesday 29th June £3.00 Adv
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Wednesday 13th July £3.50 Adv
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
Wednesday 27th July £3.00 Adv
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Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office. Selectadisc Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords & Way Ahead Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Mirage, Leicester. The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

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FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE WAG
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GIVING YOU
"YOUR WEEKLY TREAT FOR THE EARS AND FEET"
EVERY BODY WELCOME
9pm - TIL - LATE
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Rod Stewart
1983 WORLD TOUR
LONDON EARLS COURT
Saturday 25th/Sunday 26th/ Monday 27th June.
Few returned tickets at £10 and £9 (subject to booking fee) from Keith Prowse shops, selected HMV shops and usual agents.

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Free entrance to anyone carrying a live triffid.
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Thursday 23rd June £1.00
BARNEY'S 50's DISCO
Friday 24th June £1.50
BOYS KEEP SWINGING/ VIRGIN DANCE
Saturday 25th June
Closed
Sunday 26th June £1.00
B'ZUKAS
+ Lucky Monkeys
Monday 27th June £1.00
BOYS OWN
+ Monomix
Tuesday 28th June 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Wednesday 29th June £1.00
A SCANNER DARKLY
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BASILS BALLS UP BAND
Thursday 23rd June £1.50
JOHNNY G
Friday 24th June £2.00
TONY MCPHEE BAND
Saturday 25th June £1.50
SAM MITCHELL BLUES BAND
Sunday 26th June £2.00
CAROL GRIMES BAND
Monday 27th June £1.00
SPACE SHOWCASE
Tuesday 28th June £1.00
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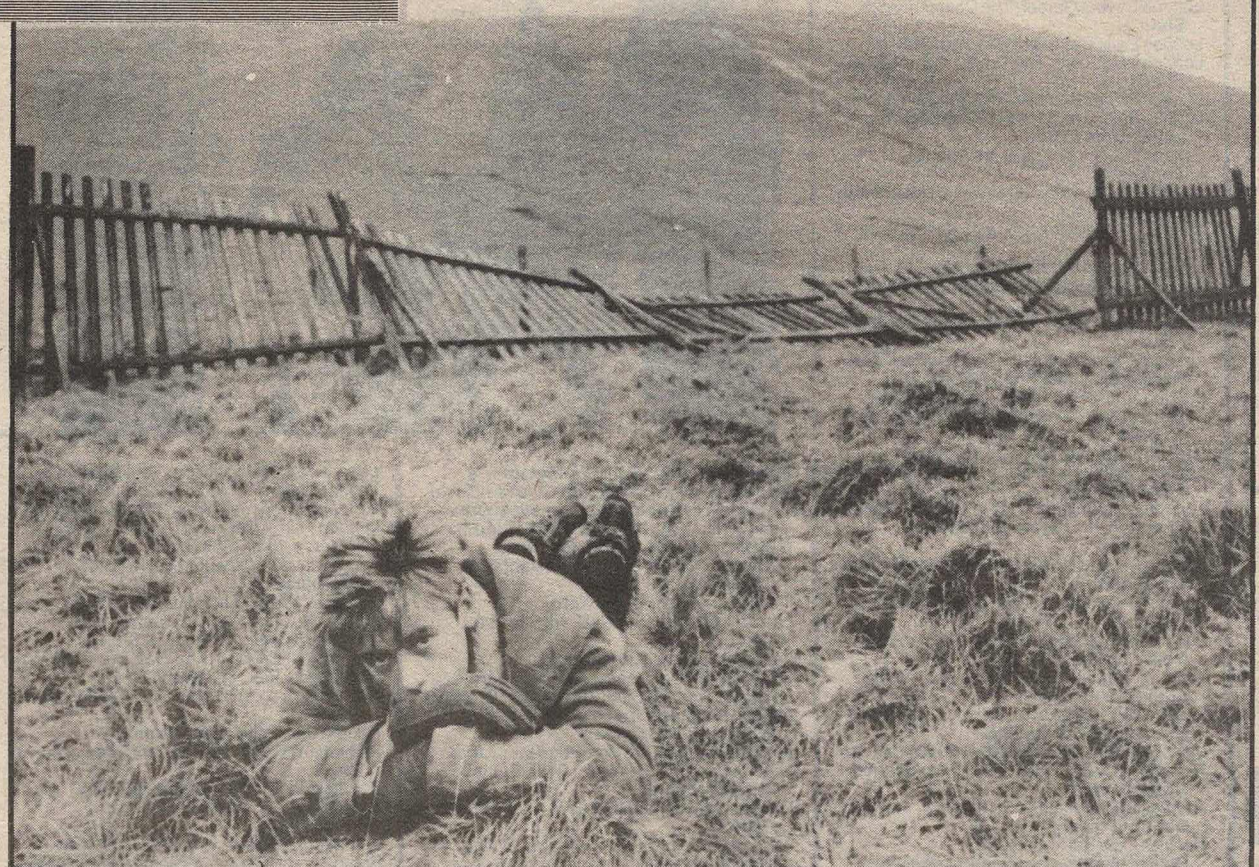
SOCIETY RECORDS

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 23rd

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **APB**
Aberdeen The Venue: **John Otway**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mermaid Hotel: **Poison Girls/Cabaret Of Fools**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Rod Stewart**
Birmingham Powerhouse: **Curtis Mayfield**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Mezzoforte**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Reactors**
Derby The Olde Avesbury: **Tundra**
Fetcham Riverside Club: **Physical Dignity/Exchange**
Glasgow The Venue (under-18s matinee): **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Vampire**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Falling Spikes**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Trouble At No. 12**
Ilford Cranbrook Arms: **Primitive Speech**
Leeds Charles Morris Hall; **The Higsons**
Liverpool (Crosby) The Blundellsands: **Passion Polka**
Liverpool the Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Seducer**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Iain Ballamy Quintet**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Prologue**
London Brixton The Ace: **X-Mal Deutschland/The Box**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Milkshakes/The Prisoners**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chilli Willi & The Red Hot Peppers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Menage A Trios**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Virgin Dance**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Lee Konitz & Trio (until Saturday)**
London Covent Garden The Piazza (outdoors): **Some Like It Hot/Amazing Mendezies/Controlled Attack**
London Crouch End King's Head (Culture Bunker): **Impact**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Outboys/Fall Out**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny G**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Al Jarreau**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Carrig**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Juice On The Loose**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Jungle at the Sunset Club: **A Bigger Splash/Tek Morek**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Fred Hunt & Guests**
London Marquee Club: **The Yardbirds**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Hank Wangford Band**
London N.W.2. Hogs Grunt: **Chicago Sunset**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Dirty Strangers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Gasper Lawal Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Fads Army Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Davern Trio with Johnny Parker**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The Eggsperts**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Combo Passe**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Max Collie Rhythm Aces (until Sunday)**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Yip Yip Coyote/Attila The Stockbroker/Wild Willy Beckett/Slade The Leveller/Jim Barclay**
London Tooting The Castle: **The Reptosexuals/Agent Orange**
London University: **Pookiesnackenburger**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Cherry Boys**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Ringing/The Violet Circuit/Rapid Eye Movement/Winter Trees**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Co. Stars**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Bauhaus**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Les Bolger Guitar Ensemble**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Set The Tone**
Nelson The Lord Nelson: **The Winter Quarters**
Newcastle City Hall: **Nick Heyward**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Twelve Inch**
Newcaste Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
New Malden Manor Park Pavilion: **The Recruits/Second Sight**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Vino's: **If All Else Fails**
Oxford Pennyfarthings: **Martial Law**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Roctopus**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Naked Lunch**
Reading University: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Selby Livingstones: **Contax**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Madison Blues Band**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Icicle Works**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & the Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Southampton Compton Arms: **I.Q.**
Southend Queens Hotel: **Hunters And Collectors**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Icon**
Watford Bailey's: **Juluka (until Saturday)**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Joker**
Wokingham Angie's: **Laverne Brown Band**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

Nick Heyward in no-man's land



TWO OF this week's new tours pose intriguing questions...How will NICK HEYWARD fare in his new role as solo star, now that he's broken loose from Haircut 100? Critics and public alike will be seeking the answer, when he opens his first solo tour at Newcastle (Thursday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday) and Liverpool (Tuesday)...And what do American mystery group THE RESIDENTS have to offer, apart from the gimmick of anonymity? Judging from their albums, audiences at Birmingham (Monday), London Hammersmith (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday) could well be in for a pleasant surprise.

KING SUNNY ADE and his cohorts have already been in evidence at last weekend's Glastonbury event, but now they hit the road for a series of orthodox dates, starting at Birmingham (Saturday), Hammersmith Odeon (Monday), and Hammersmith Palais (Tuesday)..ROD STEWART has also been in action over the past week and, when he completes his stint in Birmingham on Thursday, he travels down to London to play three nights at Earls Court from Saturday...Following him into Earls Court for their first British concerts in yonks are rock veterans SUPERTRAMP, who play the first of two nights there on Wednesday.

Back from his travels around Europe, and all set to wrap up his UK commitments, is DAVID BOWIE — and there's no doubt that he'll be dropping a goal and notching up a few conversions at Edinburgh's Murrayfield Stadium on Tuesday, when he's supported by THE THOMPSON TWINS and ICEHOUSE.

Now that the Capital Music Festival is in full swing, London Dingwalls makes its own contribution by staging a week of special attractions, beginning with a one-off reunion of CHILLI WILLI & The Red Hot Peppers (Thursday) — followed by WARREN ZEVON (Friday), BAD MANNERS (Saturday), JOHN COOPER CLARKE (Sunday), NICK LOWE & PAUL CARRACK (Monday), ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions (Tuesday) and AMAZULU (Wednesday).

By the way, Waren Zevon also headlines at Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, and is preceded there on Sunday by KAJAGOOGOO in a sort of afterthought to their recent tour...And not to be outdone by Dingwalls,the Marquee Club continues its star 25th birthday season with a three-night GIRLSCHOOL season, starting on Tuesday.

friday 24th

Alton College: **Shark Taboo**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Icicle Works**
Birmingham University: **Big Country/The Swinging Laurels/The Dancing Did**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **King Kurt**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Nick Lowe & Paul Carrack**
Calstock Memorial Hall: **The Works**
Carlisle Creeps Club: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Zodiacs**
Earl Soham (Suffolk) Flying Stilton Club: **Exposure**
Edinburgh Le Metro: **APB**
Feltham Football Club: **Riot Squad/The Fits/Social Disease**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The End/Freak Electric**
Glasgow Night Moves: **John Otway**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Tredegar**
Hastings Rumours Club: **The Chameleons**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hayfield (Peak District) Jazz Festival: **Midnight Follies Orchestra/Humphrey Lyttelton Band/Panama Jazz Band etc. (until Sunday)**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Mr. Rons**
Hull Dingwalls: **Red Guitars**
Hull Duke of Cumberland: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Hull University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Shake Appeal/Free State**
Leeds University: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Leeds Warehouse: **Tik & Tok**
Leicester Digby Hall: **The Higsons**
Leicester Maidstone Workshop: **Benjamin Zephaniah**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Big Chief**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Eyewitness**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Some Like It Hot/Amazing Mendiezes/Controlled Attack/The Creamies**
London Brixton The Ace: **Man/Here & Now**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Garage**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Warren Zevon**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **The Corvettes**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Alex Pascal's Calypso Evening**
London E.C.1 Empress of Russia: **Elton Dean & Friends**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gymslips/Playn Jayn**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Glass Ties**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park Threatre: **Riot Force/Hearts Agas/Re-Set/Square One**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Boys Keep Swinging/Virgin Dance**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Kenny Fender Band**
London Highgate The Gatehouse: **Proper Little Madams**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Jabba**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Curtis Mayfield**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Danny & The NoGoodniks**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **The Dix-Six Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Bobby Wellins & Peter Jacobsen**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Reactors**
London Marquee Club: **Straay**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **High Roller**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Earl's Band Wish**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ian Stewart Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: **Corrigan's Band of Hope**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Kinsey Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford The Swan: **The Exocettes**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Three Johns/The Nightingales/Surfing Dave/Eddie Chippington**
London Wood Green Brabant Centre: **The Republic**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Praxis/The Playn Jayn**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Twelfth Night**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jah Warrior**
Manchester Millstone Hotel: **The Shapes**
Manchester Morriseys: **Poison Girls/Cabaret Of Fools**
Manchester Thompsons Arms: **The Floating Adults/The Gay Animals/Buzz Club**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Eurythmics**
Newcastle City Hall: **Bauhaus**
Nottingham Folk Festival: **Ralph McTell/Hank Wangford Band/Roaring Jelly**
Nottingham University: **Fatal Charm/The Man Upstairs**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Love Attack**
Oxford New College: **Jo Boxers/Pookiesnackenburger**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Oxford Queens College: **George Melly & John Chilton's Feetwarmers**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Retford Porterhouse: **Hunters And Collectors**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Depth In Meters/March The Third**
Southend The Alex: **Seducer**
Swansea University: **Mezzoforte**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Slipstream**
Wavendon The Stables: **Tommy Whittle/Barbara Jay**

saturday 25th

Banbury Street Carnival and Spiceball Centre: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Bedford College: **Poison Girls/Cabaret Of Fools**
Birmingham Odeon: **King Sunny Ade**
Birmingham (Sutton) College Arms: **Nikki Sudden/The Rag Dolls**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **The Gymslips**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Witchfinder General/Marshall Howe**
Chesham The Unicorn (lunchtime): **Jiff Boy Jive**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Red & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Cobham Westminster Hospital Sports Ground: **The Swinging Laurels**
Colne Francs: **King Kurt**
Crewe North Staffs Polytechnic: **Still Life**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Short Stories**
Dartford The Orchard: **Grace Kennedy**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **John Otway/Twelfth Night**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Nick Heyward**
Exmouth Builders Arms: **Mustang**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Exposure**
Hastings Rumours Club: **The Majestics**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Danse Macabre**
Ipswich Manor Ballroom: **Living In Texas**
Keele University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Leatherhead Leisure Centre: **Push/Midnite**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Solstice**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Wild Willy Barrett**
Leeds University: **Motorhed/Anvil**
Leighton Buzzard Bossard Hall: **The Subhumans (afternoon)/Conflict (evening)**
Leysdown Stage Three: **Mezzoforte**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Loughborough Hotel: **Calling Hearts/Soul Assistance/Games To Avoid/Household Name etc.**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Design For Living/Seconds Of Pleasure**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bad Manners**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The London Electricity Board/994 Engineers etc.**
London Catford Green Man: **UK Subs**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Larry Miller**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Charing Cross Rd. Phoneix Theatre: **Jo Boxers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mirror Crack'd**
London Earls Court Stadium: **Rod Stewart**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **D'Rango Slang/Number**
London Fulham King's Head: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park Summer Theatre: **Steel N' Skin**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Carey Duncan/Pete Mason Band**
London Islington Highbury Fields (2/7.30p.m.): **Aldeoni & Amigos/Vamoose/Holloway Allstars/Bip/Orchestre Jazira**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Curtis Mayfield**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Bobby Wellins & Pete Jacobsen**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth/Long Tall Shorty**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Some Like It Hot//Amazing Mendiezes/Controlled Attack/The Creamies**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tommy Burton's Sporting House Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **George Melly & John Chilton's Feetwarmers**
London Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: **Wiltshire Reunion**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band (lunchtime)/Dick Charlesworth & New Era Band (evening)**
London Soho Piazza Express: **Bill Le Sage Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jeff Russell Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford The Swan: **Primitive Speech**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Chevalier Brothers/Jenny Lecoat/Los Me Sombreros/Terri Rogers/Mark Miwurdz**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Attila The Stockbroker/Pat Condell/Ference Aszmann/Sandy Gort**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Inheritance**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Spider/Spartan**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Oxford Jericho Tavern: **Love Attack**
Oxford Pennyfarhting: **Mendes Prey**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Private Enterprise**
Poole Arts Centre: **Eurythmics**
Reading Target Club: **English Rogues**
Retford Porterhouse: **Set The Tone**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Jah Warrior**
Southampton La Sainte Union College: **The Higsons**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **Gothique**
Whitley Bay Mingles: **Caffrey**
Winchester Weeke YMCA: **The Remarkable Family**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Splash**

sunday 26th

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Bauhaus**
Birmingham Odeon: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Colchester Embassy Suite: **Set The Tone**
Colne Francs: **Turbo**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Johnny Pinko (lunchtime)/The Drivers (evening)**
Dartford The Orchard: **Incantation**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Curtis Mayfield**
Glasgow Maestro's: **APB**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Wild Willy Barrett**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Phonographique: **U.V. Pop**
London Barbican Centre (lunchtime): **Jan Ponsford Quintet**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head; **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea Park (11 a.m.-6 p.m.): **Blackheart/Shade Too Far/ Richie T & The Midas Touch/The Answer/Classic Black etc.**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Major Wiley**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clarke**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Elderly Brothers (lunchtime)/The Living Daylights (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Eko Eko/Passion Blades**
London Earls Court Stadium: **Rod Stewart**
London Finchley Torrington: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hunters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Illusions/New Set Of Strings**
London Fulham King's Head: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Niama**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The B'Zukas/Lucky Monkeys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kajagoogoo/H_20**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Roy Harper/Eavesdropper**
London Kennington The Cricketers:

CONTINUED OVER

Marabimta (lunchtime)/Deva (evening)
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Pete Neighbour Band**
London Parsons Green Bubble Theatre: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Dynamite Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Hyett's Good Vibes Band (lunchtime)/Bob Taylor Band (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mike Carr**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Poison Girls/Benjamin Zephaniah/Akimbo/Tony Allen/The Bollock Brothers**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Jo & Fi Frazer**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Some Like It Hot/Amazing Mendiezes/Controlled Attack/The Creamies**
London W.1 Portman Hotel(lunchtime): **Dick Charlesworth's City Gents**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Nick Heyward**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Cherry Boys**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Mezzoforte**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Apollo**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Shake 424**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Steve Womack/Gentleman Solider**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Cripple Creek**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Laughter In The Garden**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Mary Wells**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Eurythmics**
St. David Druidstone Festival: **Man**
Wokingham Angie's: **Drew McCulloch (lunchtime)/ Juvessance (evening)**

monday 27th

Basildon Roundacre Centre: **English Rogues**
Birmingham Odeon: **Nick Heyward**
Birmingham The Grapes: **Clock-Limbo**
Birmingham Town Hall: **The Residents**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Pyramid/The Diggers**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Jasper Carrott (until Thursday)**
Chadwell Heth Regency Suite: **The Scene**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Last Gasp**
Derby Romeo & Juliet's: **Mezzoforte**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Bauhaus**
Harlow Benny's Nightclub: **The Chevalier Brothers**
Harow The Roxborough: **The Subhumans**
Hull Dingwalls: **Strikes Twice/Catch 22**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Morrisey, Mullen & Guests**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Richard Strange**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nick Lowe & Paul Carrack**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Set The Tone**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Swerve/The Ventilators**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Jazz Sluts**
London Earls Court Stadium: **Rod Stewart**
London Earls Court The Troubadour: **Culture Shock**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Menade A Trois**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Legendary Luton Kippers/Sines**
London Fulham King's Head: **Space Showcase**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Boys Own/Monomix**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **King Sunny Ade**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Big Country/Second Thoughts/the Lotus Eaters**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Combo Passe**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Mike Garrick & Guests (until Saturday)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Exocettes**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cayenne**
London Putney Half Moon: **Geno Washington & The Soul Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols & His Paramount Theatre Orchestra**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London W.1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **The Monochrome Set**
London W.1 (Brewer St.) Boulevard Theatre: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London W.1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **An Occasion**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newcastle Dingwalls; **Reality Control/Placebo**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **X Mal Deutschland/Gene Loves Jezebel**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Stepping Sideways**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **U.V. Pop/Dancehall Choir/Imaginary Friends**
Swindon Solitaire: **The Bollock Brothers**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Grumbleweeds (until Saturday)**

tuesday 28th

Ashford Wye College: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Birmingham the Swan: **Tony McPhee Band**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Muttleys**
Brighton Dome: **Curtis Mayfield**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Just Good Friends**

Doncaster Romeo & Juliet's: **Mezzoforte**
Edinburgh Murrayfield Sports Stadium: **David Bowie/The Thompson Twins/Icehouse**
Hanley The Wine: **Riot Squad/The Mau Mau's**
Hull Dingwalls: **Quelle Domage/Exit**
Leamington Royal Spa Centre: **Benjamin Zephaniah**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Polytechic (Beckett Park Site): **Le Lu-Lu's**
Leeds University: **The Nerve**
Liverpool Empre Theatre: **Nick Heyward**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: **Dancette**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Steve Waller Band**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **No Angry Man/The Rockers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Lynn Holland/Bobby Rosengarden Quartet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Exposure**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scarecrow/Room 13**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny Pinko**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Straw Dogs**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party with Shakey Vick Band/Out Of Shape Ensemble/Blue Midnight/Richard Bone etc.**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Residents**
London Hammersmith Palais: **King Sunny Ade**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **S.F.X**
London Marquee Club: **Girlschool**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sanity Clause**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cock Sparrer**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrisey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Buzz Green's Jump Jive Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Victoria The Venue: **Zaine Griff**
London W.1 (Jermyn St.) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Davey Graham**
Morecambe Pier: **The Membranes**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Reding University: **Aztec Camera**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **King Bees**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Battle Axe/Cairo**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **X Mal Deutschland**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Eurythmics**
Southend Westcliff Pavilion: **Big Country**

wednesday 29th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **Strawberry Tarts**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Bollock Brothers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **George Chisholm & Group**
Bradford Caesars: **Bauhaus**
Bradford Tickles: **Seven Antelopes To The Jade Kitchen/Stupefaction**
Brighton Art College Basement: **The Tempest**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Corby Beanfield Neighbourhood Centre: **Bridage Intrigue**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins Bromley Blues Band**
Harrogate Tunnel Club: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Hastings Downtown Saturdays: **Set The Tone**
Hull Dingwalls: **Aztec Camera**
Leeds Brannigans: **Omega Tribe/The Varukers/Skeptix**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Residents**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **John Williams Octet**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Martin Wheatley**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton The Ace: **Sisters Of Mercy**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Amazulu**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Ipso Facto/The Colours**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Lynn Holland**
London Earls Court Stadium: **Supertramp**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Snorkels**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The NRC Band/The Game**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Scanner Darkly/Barney Rubble Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Warren Zevon**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Phoenix**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Dave Hughes**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Steve Waller Band**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Crazeology**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Girlschool**
London N.1 Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Insight**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Lista Davis Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Trio with Jim Shepherd**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Neapolitans**
London Strand King's College: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Midnight Oil**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Wait**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Elton Dean & Friends**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Victor Brox**
Manchester The Gallery: **X Mal Deutschland**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Poison Girls/Cabaret Of Fools**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Total Strangers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Big Country**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Man Upstairs**
Oxford Apollo theatre: **Mezzoforte**
Plymouth Sound City: **The Works**
Sheffield Dingwalls; **Roy Harper**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Spot The Zebra**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swindon Solitaire: **The Bollock Brothers**

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
Waterloo St. City Centre, Newcastle Upon Tyne. Tel. 0632 324156
The Pithay, All Saints St. City Centre, Bristol. Tel. 0272 294312

NEWCASTLE

THUR 23	REGGAE NIGHT TWELVE INCH
FRI 24	JUNCO PARTNERS & CATCH 22
SAT 25	SATAN & TYSON DOG
WED 29	CABARET OF FOOLS POISON GIRLS BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH TONY ALLEN AKIMBO
THUR 30	REGGAE NIGHT SEE LOCAL ADS
FRI 1	AZTEC CAMERA
TUE 5	CHELSEA PAINTED FACES
WED 6	MEZZOFORTE TOKYO OLYMPICS

BRISTOL

THUR 23	MEZZOFORTE
FRI 24	NICK LOWE PAUL CARRACK STYLEE
SAT 25	WITCHFINDER GENERAL MARSHALL HOWE
WED 29	LONE RANGER
THUR 30	UMO VOGUE
TUE 5	XMAL DEUTSCHLAND

38 46 George St. Hull Tel. 0482 20048

HULL

THUR 23	NERVE BLOCKS
FRI 24	RED GUITARS
SAT 25 TUE 28	SEE LOCAL ADS
WED 29	AZTEC CAMERA
FRI 1	SISTERS OF MERCY
SAT 2	CABARET OF FOOLS POISON GIRLS BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH TONY ALLEN AKIMBO
FRI 8	DYNAMITE

Unit 3, Furnival House, Furnival St. Sheffield. Tel. 0742 21807

SHEFFIELD

THUR 23	MADISON BLUES BAND
FRI 24 SAT 25	SEE LOCAL ADS
MON 27	DACHAU CHOIR IMAGINARY FRIENDS U.V. POP
TUE 28	BATTLEAXE & CAIRO
WED 29	ROY HARPER
FRI 1	MAJOR ACCIDENT TOY DOLLS
MON 4	MARCH 3rd & HAZE
WED 6 FRI 8	G.B.H. THE NEGATIVES RHABSTALLION

EUROPEANS
THUR — JUNE 23rd LONDON, TRIFFIDS (Leicester Square)
FRI — JUNE 24th WOKINGHAM, ANGIES
MON — JUNE 27th BIRMINGHAM, FACES
THUR — JUNE 30th BIRMINGHAM, NEWHAM COLLEGE

LONDON FELTHAM FOOTBALL CLUB
Shakespeare Avenue
Friday June 24th
RIOT SQUAD
+ The Fits + Social Disease
Friday July 1st
ABRASIVE WHEELS
+ Crash
Feltham BR,
Hatton Cross Tube (Piccadilly Line)
Buses 90b, 285, 237, 116, 117.
01-751 2807 01-890 6979

CROC'S
19/23 HIGH STREET, RAYLEIGH, ESSEX
Thurs 23rd June
"NAKED LUNCH"
8—1.00am + D.J.
Thurs 30th June
"THE SINATRAS"
+ AGENT ORANGE
8—1.00am + D.J.
Sat 2nd July
"MICHAEL FAGIN & THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS"
8—1.00am + D.J.
Tel: RAYLEIGH 770003

Derek Block presents
JOBOXERS COMING ON
THE PHOENIX THEATRE
CHARING CROSS ROAD, WC2
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
Saturday 25th June 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.75
Available in advance from APOLLO VICTORIA Box Office (01 834 6177), London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Keith Prowse and usual agents, or by post from Phoenix Theatre

T.B.A. INTERNATIONAL + CHRYSALIS RECORDS PRESENT
ICEHOUSE
MAtt·FREttON
Babaluma
LYCEUM BALLROOM THE STRAND
THUR 7TH JULY
7.30
ALL TICKETS £4.00
CAPITAL MUSIC FESTIVAL '83 Five weeks of Live Music for London
FROM BOX OFFICE TEL: 01-836 3715 + USUAL AGENTS

Derek Block presents
HEAVEN
VILLIERS STREET, LONDON WC2
SET THE TONE
TIN TIN
ROBERT MARLOW
MONDAY 27th JUNE 9.30pm
TICKETS £3.00
Available in advance from London Theatre Bookings
Star green, Keith Prowse, Premier Box Office, and usual agents.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MARX WITH SPARX

A DAYLONG EXTRAVAGANZA OF POLITICS, CULTURE AND FUN. ***SATURDAY 25 JUNE, ALEXANDRA PALACE, LONDON N22, 10 am to 10 pm.***

Star attractions include: ***RIP, RIG and PANIC,*** *KABBALA, JOHN COOPER-CLARKE Benjamin Zephaniah, Flying Pickets, 7:84, Frank Chickens, Boys of the Lough, Dick Gaughan, Atomic Cafe.*

Tickets available from all Keith Prowse agencies — credit card bookings 01-836 2184. £4 adult, £1 children under 14. More details and tickets for the unwaged (£2), from Marx With Sparx, 16 St John Street, London EC1M 4AY. Telephone 01-251 4406

Organised by the Communist Party.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents

ORANGE JUICE

plus PAUL QUINN AND BOURGIE BOURGIE

+ *Screaming Nobodies*

SUNDAY 3rd JULY 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS £3.50

AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01-748 2812) KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS STAR GREEN & USUAL AGENTS

Harvey Goldsmith in Association with Capital Radio

CAPITAL MUSIC FESTIVAL '83

presents

A Celebration of the 10th Anniversary of 'Tubular Bells' with

Mike Oldfield

Wembley Arena

Fri 22nd July 8.00pm.

Tickets by post, £6.80 and £5.80 (including 30p booking fee) from Mike Oldfield Box Office, R.S. Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Cheques/PO's payable to Harvey Goldsmith Ents. Ltd. Enclose SAE.

Personal application to Wembley Box Office, Keith Prowse, Premier and LTB.

New Mike Oldfield album CRISES out on Virgin.

THE BEST OF NEW CABARET

RADICAL BINGO

21-26 JUNE

ICA

THE MALL SW1 930 3647

CALLER: SEETHING WELLS with THE CHEVALIER BROTHERS, LOS ME SOMBREROS, POISON GIRLS, BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH, THE THREE JOHNS, TOMMY TOILET HUMOUR, TONY ALLEN, LITTLE BROTHER, SURFING DAVE, 3 MUSTAPHAS 3, THE PEOPLE SHOW

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Friday 24th June **TIK AND TOK**	Friday 1st July **JALUKA**
Thursday 30th June **MIGHTY CLIFTON BROTHERS**	Monday 11th July **HOWARD DEVOTO**

LATE BAR 9-2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m-10.30p.m.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

OUTLAW PRESENTS

BIG COUNTRY

Second Thoughts

THE LOTUS EATERS

MONDAY 27th JUNE 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS 3.50 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

THE CASTLE CLUB

452 Finchley Road, London NW11

TEL: 01-455 3501

Thursday 23rd June — **KIP'S PARTY NIGHT** — Adm £1.00

Friday 24th June — **SAD LOVERS AND GIANTS** — Adm £1.50

Sunday 26th June — **THE BUFFALO POOL CONCERT** + Disco — Adm 50p

Tuesday 28th June — Total Trash Night with **THE CHILD'S HILL CHAINSAWS** — Adm £1.00

AD-LIB

Russell Gdns, Kensington, W14

20th CENTUARY FOX

and

PRIVATE PATIENTS

Friday 24th June Starts 8.00pm

Admission £1.50

EDDIE & SUNSHINE'S LIVING TV

+ 3 Mustaphas 3

+ "Celebrity Question Time"

Raymond's Review Bar, Boulevard Theatre, Brewer St, W1.

Tel: 437-2661 — June 27th — £2.50 — 8pm

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB

Tel 834 5882

Doors Open 8pm. Main Band on at 9.30pm.

Tickets only available from Virgin Megastore 14 Oxford St, W1 Tel: 631 1234

THIS WEEK

Wednesday 22nd June	MIDNIGHT OIL + Still Life	£3.20
Thursday 23rd June	'Liverpool's No. 1 Band'	£3.20
	THE CHERRY BOYS + Virgin Dance	
Friday 24th & Saturday 25th June	CLUB NIGHT	£3.00
Wednesday 29th June	MIDNIGHT OIL + Ground Zero	£3.20
	COMING SOON	
Monday 4th July	JALUKA	£4.00
Tuesday 5th July	JOHN CALE & HIS BAND + Viva Lula	£4.70
Wednesday 20th, Thursday 21st, & Friday 22nd July		£5.20
Thursday 28th July	ROY AYERS ZAINE GRIFF	£3.70

CLUB NIGHT EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY 9 till 3

HOPE & ANCHOR

PRESENT

23 Thur — **TURKEY BONE AND THE WILD DOGS** — £1.50

24 Fri — **LAVERNE BROWN** — £1.50

25 Sat — **TENPOLE TUDOR** — £2.00

28 Tues — **K.K. KHAN** — £1.50

29 Wed — **GUANA BATS** — £1.50

Why Not Drink In A Nuclear Free Zone?

UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON. TEL. 359 4510

The Rockgarden entertainment

Thu 23 Liverpool pop circa 1983

Virgin dance

Ringing guitar, an express beat, and vocals which occasionally develop a Ferry like vibrato, are deftly applied to a set of engaging pop tunes.

Wheel clamp protest meeting

A nite of Comedy

Fri Jun 24 After an immensely popular sell-out show on FRIDAY May 27, THE ROCK GARDEN becomes host again to a cabaret show, one which blends comedy with music.

EARLY SHOW • RONNIE GOLDEN • PAUL MARTIN • IAN SMITH • CHRIS THE PISS • NIGERIAN GRASS

LATE SHOW • RONNIE GOLDEN • PAUL MARTIN • ARNOLD BROWN • CHRIS THE PISS • FASCINATING AIDA

Two shows at 8pm & Midnight

Steaming soul/funk dance sounds from:

THE MirrorCrack'd

Sat Jun 25 Seven pieee with 'horns, facts and sex,' said Melody Maker. '...Might as they come...They're going to be huge.' Two sets at 10pm & 11.45pm

Sun Jun 26: Passion Blades + Eko-Eko

Mon Jun 27: Swerve + Ventilators

Tue Jun 28: No Angry Man + The Rockers

Own wave alchemists

IPSO FACTO

Wed Jun 29 Highly regarded act from Sheffield with indie single success. Choppy rhythmic set, sometimes developing the chilling power of Killing Joke.

Are you hot to trot?

the Bouncing CZECHS

Thu Jun 30 "Sparkling entertainment... the best in 50's kitsch." Sounds. "Funny, musical, toe-tapping, charismatic even..." The Times. "'40's swing, '50's ballads, doo-wop, Hawaiian, Latin, you name it...they were really very good." The Listener.

music venue:- IS OPEN 8-00P.M. till about 2-00A.M. MON. THRU. THURSDAY • 8-00P.M. till 3-00A.M. FRIDAY & SATURDAY AND 7-30P.M. till 12 MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY. SET TIMES ARE USUALLY 10P.M. & 11P.M. - WEEKENDS IT'S 30mins. LATER • IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO PHONE BEFORE SETTING OUT TO CONFIRM THE ABOVE INFO! THERE'S A BAR, COCKTAILS, RECORDS, VIDEOS AND DANCING YOU HAVE TO BE 18 OR OVER • **restaurant:-** OPENS 12-00 MIDDAY till 2-00A.M. MON to WEDNESDAY • TILL 3-30A.M. ON THURSDAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND UNTIL MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY **note:-** YOU GET UP TO **60% off** ADMISSION TO DOWN-STAIRS IF YOU EAT FIRST IN OUR RESTAURANT - WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING AND JAMES STs. OLD COVENT GARDEN. WC2.

01-240-3961

CHERRY HINTON HALL GROUNDS — WEEKEND OF 29-30-31 JULY 1983

CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL 17th

PROMOTED BY CAMBRIDGE CITY COUNCIL AMENITIES AND RECREATION COMMITTEE — SPONSORED BY JAMES PAINE BREWERY LTD, ROPER CATERING, GUINNESS, H P BULMER LTD

THE MARIA MULDAURE BAND	ROARING JELLY
THE STRAWBS	BRIAN PATTEN
STEPHANE GRAPPELLI	ROGER McGOUGH
JOHN FAHEY	COSMOTHEKA
THE FUREYS AND DAVEY ARTHUR	ERIC ANDERSEN
QUEEN IDA	THE OYSTER BAND
ALEXIS KORNER	THE DOONAN FAMILY
PETER ROWAN	CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE
FLACO JIMENEZ	SHEP WOOLLEY
TEX LOGAN	CARYL P. WEISS
JOHN HAMMOND	GILLIE McPHERSON
RICHARD DIGANCE	DAVE PEABODY
ALISTAIR ANDERSON (STEEL SKIES)	BOØ HALL
STEVE YOUNG	BOB GREENWOOD
FRED WEDLOCK	KEVIN SEISAY
	RONNIE & JOHNNY

(Subject to contracts and work permits)

TICKETS: Weekend £15: Saturday £8: Sunday £8 Camping 75p per person

Tickets are only available from the Cambridge City Box Office, Lion Yard, Cambridge. For Booking Form telephone Cambridge 358977 ext. 342.

Cheques made payable to Cambridge City Council

BARCLAYCARD VISA — Buy it with Access

TIN CAN CLUB — **SOUTH SIDE**

Bradford St, Digbeth, Birmingham

Saturday June 25th

Rare appearance of

TIN TIN

More info phone Complete Music Promotions Ltd 021-643 6958

U.L.U. Presents

ZERRA I + THE JAZZ BAND

Friday 1st July 7.30p.m.

Tickets £1.50

U.L.U. Malet St, WC1

THE CAVE

NEW MERLINS CAVE MAGERY STREET., LONDON WC1

Thursday 23rd June **FAST EDDIE** + Support	£1.00
Friday 24th June **TWELFTH NIGHT**	£1.50
Saturday 25th June **JUICE ON THE LOOSE**	£1.50
Sunday 26th June **DANCE HALL STYLE**	£1.00
Monday 27th June **THE STEP (Reunion)**	£1.00
Tuesday 28th June **ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS**	£1.00
Wednesday 29th June **MODERN JAZZ NIGHT**	£1.50
Thursday 30th June **DYNAMIC BAND** authentic Rock'n'Roll	£1.50

BLUES IN THE BOWL

A GLC Peace Picnic at the Palace

SATURDAY JULY 2nd

NOON TILL 8.00 pm

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT BOWL SE19

FEATURING

THE JAMES COTTON BAND only UK Appearance.	Special Guest **ALEXIS KORNER** with **MAIN SQUEEZE**	**THE WILKO JOHNSON BAND** FEATURING LEW LEWIS

PLUS A VERY SPECIAL GUEST

Plus support with Inflatables, Stalls and Kids events.

How to Get There: Crystal Palace Park: Buses: 2b, 3, 12, 12a, 63, 108b, 122, 137, 157, 227, 249. British Rail, Crystal Palace or Penge West. Free Car Parking - Sports Centre Entrance.

GLC Working for London and Peace

ADMISSION FREE

MARAND MUSIC PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

THE LEGENDARY

CURTIS MAYFIELD

IN CONCERT

+ special guests

THURS 23 JUNE at 8pm – 2am

BIRMINGHAM – THE POWERHOUSE

Hurst St., Tel. 021-643 4715

Tickets £3 from The Powerhouse, Inferno Records, Virgin Records & Summit

SUN 26 JUNE at 8pm

DUNSTABLE – QUEENSWAY HALL

Tel. 0582-603 326

Tickets £4 from Queensway Box Office, F. L. Moores, Dunstable & Leyton Buzzard, Record City, B & B, Honeyboys, Luton, Classical Rock, Harpenden Record Room & Zodiac, St. Albans

TUES 28 JUNE

BRIGHTON – DOME

New Road, Brighton. Tel. 0273-682127 Tickets £3, £4, £5 from Dome Box office

SILVER SCREEN

ZING!

The long goodbye.

...WENT THE STRINGS

One From The Heart

DIRECTOR: Francis Ford Coppola
STARRING: Frederic Forrest, Teri Garr, Natassia Kinski, Raul Julia
(Artificial Eye)

THE MISERLY reception granted to Francis Ford Coppola's astonishing romance proves the saddest of truths: people have forgotten how to enjoy themselves at the movies.

Rejected by American reviewers and audiences and shrugged off last year by the few European critics who'd seen it, *One From The Heart* had an advance rep that suggested a corpse in lurex, a glittering package on a mortuary slab.

The fact of its belated appearance — courtesy of distributors known primarily for European art-house pictures — is at least a welcome rebuttal of the ethos that would spend millions promoting *Octopussy* and let great films like *Honky Tonk Man* sink quietly into the dumper. *One From The Heart,* to wear mine on my sleeve at the outset, is a masterpiece.

Perhaps Coppola, a mogul in an age of accountancy sobriety, has, like Spielberg, been made an outcast by his contrary ambitions. It would have been a monumental task for anyone to crack — to create a weeping love story that both refashions and celebrates the very core of Hollywood romance — and when picked up by the most lavish and obliviously instinctual of directors, detractors can scent excess and indulgence without any prompting.

And Coppola encourages it with every detail: the impossible extravagance of Zoetrope Studios, ten and a half acres of Hollywood legend, was like a working Disneyworld for him. The curtains close on the film with "Filmed entirely on the stages of Zoetrope Studios" in proud cyrillics: it is a loving boast for this hymn to artifice.

But what a gorgeous, phantasmagorical film this artifice has nurtured! A love story quickened by pure virtuosity; a shattered amour enshrined in the filaments of a make-believe town, where every arcade secretes an unrequited lover, a passion untold but bursting to reveal itself. Out of the shadows of theLas Vegas that Dean Tavoularis built come Hank (Frederic Forrest) and Frannie (Teri Garr). It is their homely and tearful affair that Coppola has tried to make into the stuff of dreams.

Hank is irascible, boorish, running to an unsightly gut and a thinning scalp. Frannie is above dumb and below smart, a little less than graceful; her bloom is on the wane but she's beginning to be past caring. "You used to shave your legs, now you don't for weeks," complains Hank.

The drapes pull back on the anniversary of their first meeting — a repair shop joe and a travel office ticket girl — which also happens to be the Fourth of July. All of Las Vegas is prepared to lose its heart tonight, except Hank and Frannie's celebrations melt in the heat of their recurring quarrel and both disconsolately go searching for other partners.

The film follows this localised odyssey with the kind of cinematic flourishes that Coppola cannot resist. The two lonely flings are interwoven through montage and dissolve techniques that captivate the imagination as they trick the eyes. Reflections fade past and elude each other to the timing of magic.

There are fantastic images — Forrest's face lit by a lazy grin suddenly caught in the symmetry of a neon frame, or (in what will be a shot to enter into legend) a downcast Garr walking away down a glowing, mystical streetlot — and they seem to have been summoned from the inspiration of dreams. The lighting is such that *One From The Heart* looks like no other film, ever. When someone opens a back door, a peculiar orange light shines in. In a story of the night, everything appears physically luminous.

Both Forrest and Garr hit the heartstring notes of their parts with complete assurance: this is a blue collar soaper in its essential, and they have to understand and transcend an idiom which the slightest miscue would plunge into bathos or farce. When Frannie sighs that "There must be more to life than this", the oldest line in women's pictures sounds freshly written.

Harry Dean Stanton and Lainie Kazan play the respective best buddies, Raul Julia is a cross between Louis Jourdan and Desi Arnaz as Frannie's piano-playing ersatz beau. And Natassia Kinski is the circus girl who Hank nearly surrenders to, a silvery, irresistible performance. As she treads a tightrope against the backdrop of a shining Vegas night, a sparkler fizzing in each hand, Forrest looks on spellbound at those intent eyes and rosebud lips...perfect.

Style is everything here, from the roaring casinos and dancehalls in the hot glare of a million lightbulbs to the immaculately smokey and lived-in music of Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle to the sculpted skylines and a heaven strung with powdery clouds and stars. You never truly forget that it's all Hollywood hocus pocus, but it's like a secret that everyone is in on and meant to enjoy.

Coppola hasn't returned to the old studio romance, nor has he simply recharged its traditions: Gene Kelly may have been the informal supervisor of the dance sequences but there is only a passing resemblance to any MGM musical.

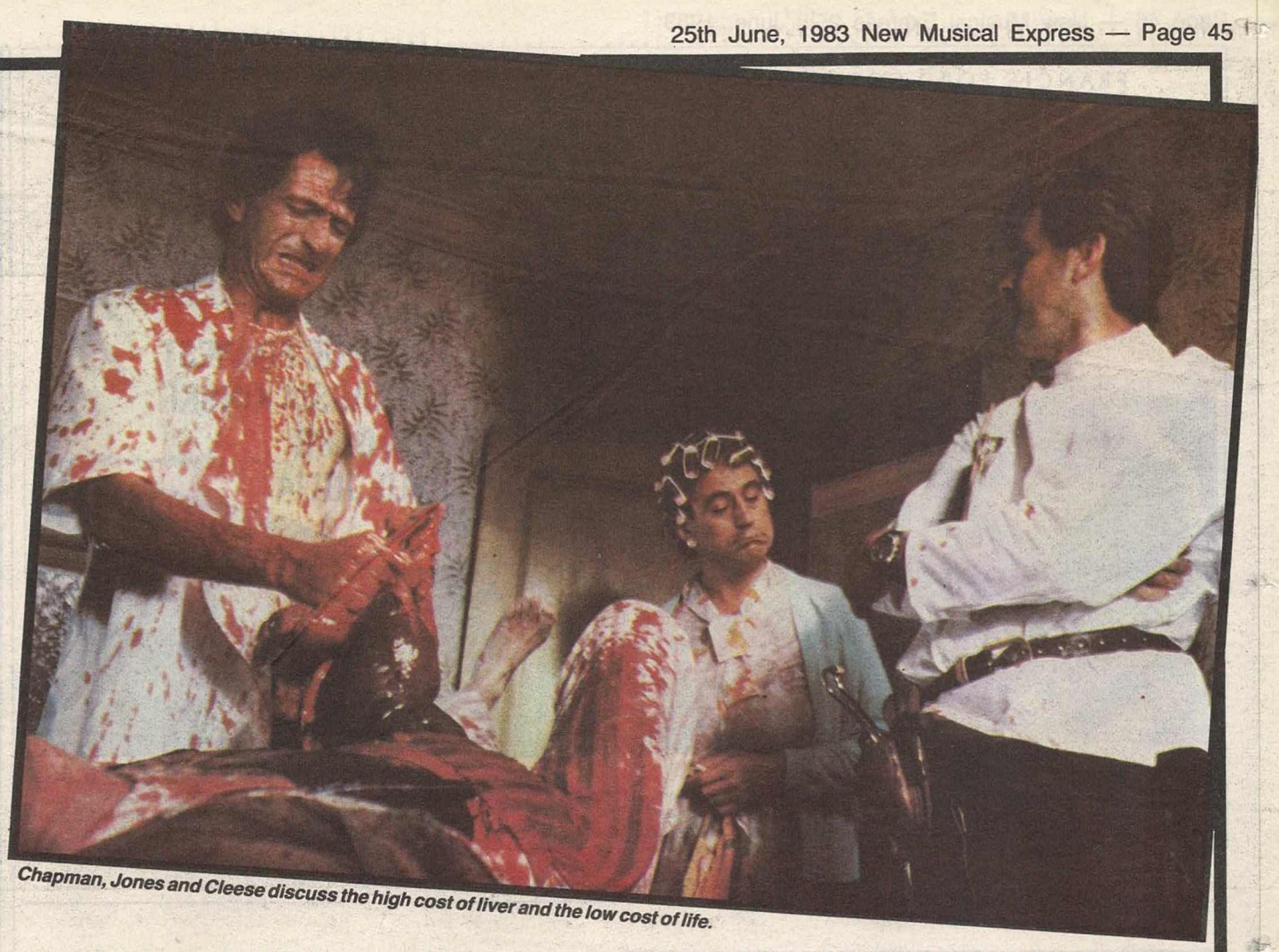
What the director has done is invent a fantasy on the mode: an unrepeatable one-off that pays tribute to a genre's glories while moving to its own idiosyncratic step. Hollow, maybe, and perhaps it does dissolve like a dream; but its *faith* in the movies is so tender it cannot be reproached for that. At the end all you want to do is watch it over again. It's a cold heart that doesn't love this one.

Richard Cook

Garr and car, both with the top down.

The Kinski Cocktail.

PYTHON'S LIFE OF MEANING



Chapman, Jones and Cleese discuss the high cost of liver and the low cost of life.

Monty Python's Meaning Of Life

DIRECTOR: Terry Jones
STARRING: Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, Michael Palin (UIP)

National Lampoon's Class Reunion

DIRECTOR: Michael Miller
STARRING: Gerrit Graham, Shelley Smith, Stephen Furst, Miriam Flynn, Fred McCarren, Marya Small (Rank).

OVER THE past decade and a half, the *National Lampoon* has exercised the kind of influence on American comedy that Monty Python has on British humour..

More an organisation than a troupe, *Lampoon* has served as a kind of comedy clearing-house for all manner of talent — Belushi and the *Saturday Night Live* team are probably the most well-known — whilst at the same time extending its own projects into every available medium.

Besides the *National Lampoon* magazine itself, a cynical, illiberal and polymorphously perverse blend of scatology and satire undertaken in the worst possible taste, there's been a satirical stage show which mercilessly pilloried the Woodstock generation *(Lemmings)*, a series of records including the soundtrack to 'Lemmings', 1975's 'Goodbye Pop' (a collection of spoofs providing complete justification for the necessity of punk) and 'That's Not Funny, That's Sick!', which is both extremely sick and extremely funny.

Then came the film and TV spinoffs — *Saturday Night Live,* Belushi and Aykroyd in *The Blues Brothers,* Bill Murray in *Stripes,* Chevy Chase in several movies which never got full release over here, and *Animal House,* which went on to become the most financially successful comedy film of all time.

Since then, things have gone as things will: the last few records have been below standard, but the magazine's still as funny as ever, and though many of the original stars have gone on to other things, two more *Lampoon* films have been made. Just opening in America is *NL's Vacation,* starring Chevy Chase, whilst Britain finally gets to see the follow-up to *Animal House, NL's Class Reunion.*

And it's crap. Even allowing for the fact that some of the jokes may have sunk without trace in its passage across the pond, *Class Reunion* is as meagrely endowed with laughter as any comedy I've seen these past few years.

It attempts to weld the *Halloween* shenanigans of modern horror flicks onto the kind of scabrous, gross nostalgia which made *Animal House* so successful, but collapses under the weight of a weak script and the absence of a charismatic character like Belushi to carry the film along.

That in itself mightn't be enough to kill the film, but writer John Hughes and director Michael Miller have attempted to faithfully duplicate the character types of the earlier movie, ending up with pale copies which shrivel to insignificance when compared with the originals. One should not invite the comparison between, say, John Belushi's slob and Stephen Furst's, unless one is sure that Furst's is better, or at least equally convincing. Bad taste is only funny when it's handled well.

Such problems of comparison don't arise with Monty Python, who've managed to sustain the impetus of a small, tightly-knit unit despite their frequent solo projects.

Bad taste is no problem, either: right from their earliest shows, Python have flirted with the concept, allying it to a grotesque, grisly medievalism for the *Holy Grail* film (remember the progressive amputations of the fearless Black Knight?), and causing an inordinate amount of outrage with the crucifixion scene from *Life Of Brian.*

As if stung by the humourless condemnation of such as Southwark and Muggeridge, Python delve deeper into all-out grossness with *The Meaning Of Life,* shattering boundaries of taste left, right and centre. The broad vein of excremental humour in *Holy Grail* and *Jabberwocky* has been widened to include gore (a liver-donor sketch attacked with splattery gusto) and, in the film's climactic, literally side-splitting restaurant sequence, vomit — lots of it — with sundry other bodily fluids dribbling out here and there throughout the film.

It's odd that the funniest Python film to date should mark a return to the sketch format of the TV series and *And Now For Something Completely Different,* after several forays into full-length storydom, but what's *really* new and unusual about *The Meaning Of Life* is the scything satiric edge given to nearly every sketch. It's almost as if the team, as they grow older, grow more intolerant of iniquities, lashing out in all directions and usually hitting their targets.

The most lavish of these satirical set-pieces (and the one which apparently went down best with the continental crowd at the Cannes Film Festival) occurs near the beginning of the film, a savage attack on Catholic attitudes to contraception done in the form of an *Oliver!* dance routine, replete with waifs aplenty and a troupe of high-stepping nuns and cardinals cavorting to the strains of 'Every Sperm Is Sacred' *("Every sperm is sacred/Every sperm is great/If a sperm gets wasted/It makes Our Lord irate").*

The Catholics aren't alone, though; the Prods get theirs too, and the military, and the medical profession, and public schools (a marvellous performance by John Cleese as a latter-day Mr Chips attempting to give a practical sex education lesson). Few fragments of the establishment remain unsullied in *The Meaning Of Life.*

It's an unusual role for Python to play, and the main reason they carry it off so well is that they still play it for laughs first and foremost. They're getting closer to *Lampoon's* traditional territory, and beating them hands down at their own game: another triumph for love and laughter over the lure of lucre.

That's about it, really. Apart from a passing mention for Eric Idle's Tootsie impersonation, and a more general comment on the sheer *beauty* of many of the scenes (especially Terry Gilliam's short *The Crimson Permanent Assurance,* which precedes the film proper), there's not much to say about the 1983 Python. It's disgusting, inspired, vicous, silly, and very, very funny.

So what did you expect?

Andy Gill

Terry Jones tries out the new high-vomit diet.

A few cans do the nun-nun (Eh? — Ed).

THE HOUSE THAT DIED OF HAM

House Of The Long Shadows

DIRECTOR: Pete Walker
STARRING: Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, John Carradine (Cannon)

WITH A creak like the squeal of a screw being drawn from a coffin lid, the front door slowly opens. Five aghast pairs of eyes turn their gaze towards the dark entrance. A huge cloaked shadow looms across the hall to the stairs. The figure's face is suddenly illuminated in the gleam of a lightning fork, and Vincent Price says — in a voice to frost over a solarium — *"I have returned..."*

Splendid! But alas this prime cut of ham isn't consistently cured over the whole of *House Of The Long Shadows,* a distinctively average spooker that's deliberately but desperately old-fashioned amidst the orgiastic if bankrupt shockers of our time. Director Peter Walker has parcelled up the most lamentable of cut-rate horror scenarios into something his four old retainers of the crypt have a fair deal of fun with, although even as a spoof it lacks panache.

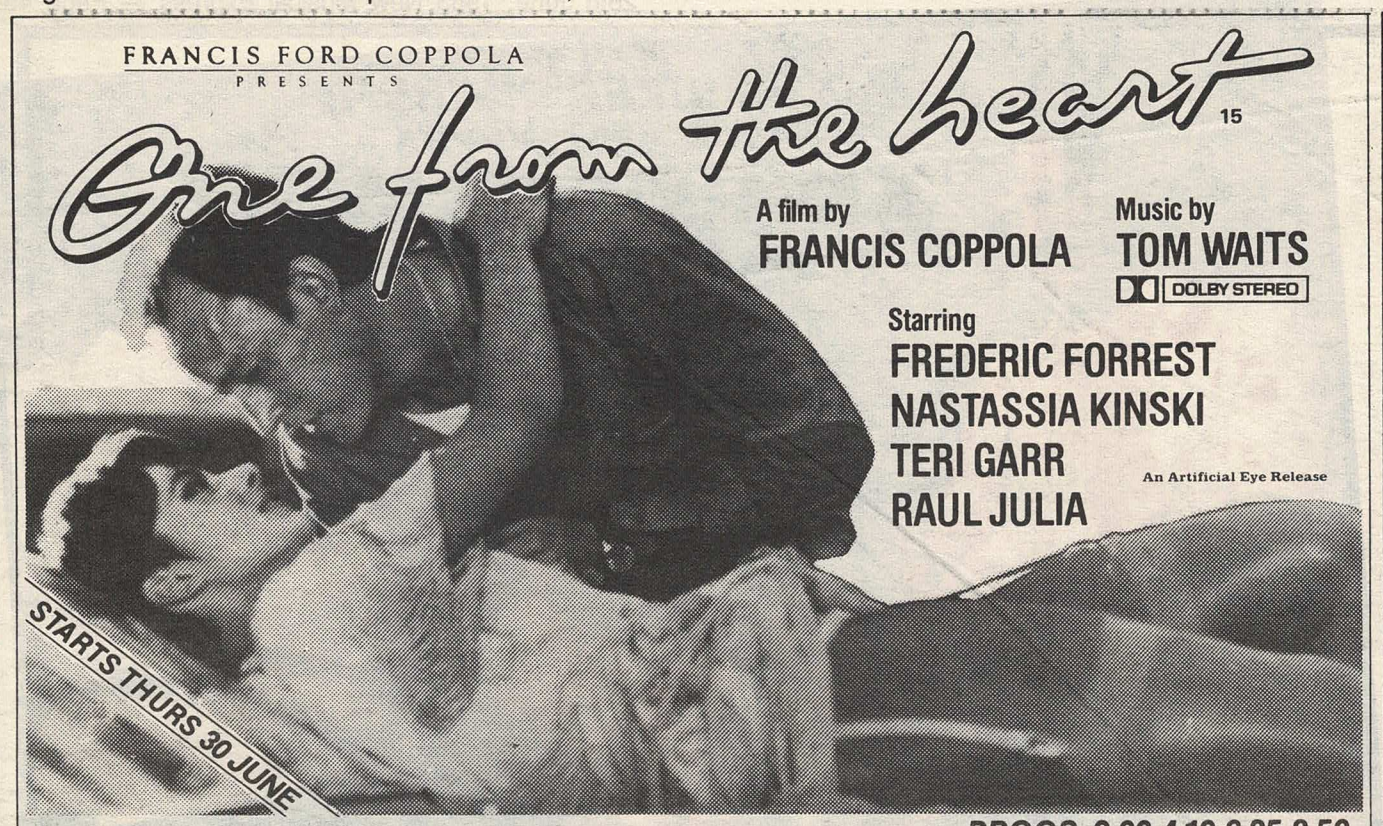
Desi Arnaz Jr appears as an instantly dislikable writing wizard who goes to the isolated Baldpate manor ("It be cursed, that place!") to knock up a book in 24 hours as a bet. Some hack! Little does he know, however, that the grisly Grisbane family are reuniting there to unloose their crazed brother Roderick, locked in the attic for 40 years for what he did.

It's a pity that Walker doesn't drop the gravity and go all out for the kind of irreverent dash that Roger Corman so brilliantly spattered over *The Raven.* All the same, the big guys lap it up: Price and Cushing ladle on the penny dreadful histrionics in gigantic dollops as the two brothers wracked by their consciences, while Chris Lee still has the most commanding screen presence of all of them. Maybe it is cardboard demonology — he still gives it the *Ten Commandments* voice.

Until the absurd plot twists at the close, in fact, it's rather enjoyable — apart from Arnaz and his gratuitous skirt interest, Julie Peasgood. They aren't even funny. Otherwise, well, *hehehehheheheh...*

Richard Cook

The ghouls that time forgot, L-R: Cushing, Price, Lee and Carradine.



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ROOT OF ALL EVIL

L'Argent

DIRECTOR: Robert Bresson
STARRING: Christian Patey, Caroline Lang, Michael Briguuet
(Artificial Eye)

IT DEPENDS on your sympathies. Robert Bresson is either exquisitely slow or tediously soporific.

Bresson films are like mystery tours of societies at the point of no return to redemption. His characters are dupes and dreamers who sleepwalk through their time: sometimes there is a spiritual salvation at hand *(Pickpocket, Une Femme Douce),* sometimes a killing alienation *(The Devil, Probably).*

***L'Argent* follows the latter course with inflinching candour. The director has adapted Tolstoy's *The False Note* to depict the crushing weight of "the genius of evil".**

A young messenger is tricked into accepting forged currency. From the passing of these counterfeit notes he spins on a destructive course that is utterly inexorable — from robbery to prison to vagrancy to multiple murder. From a single act of deceit comes wrongdoing on a terrible scale. Typically, Bresson films it with the icy patience of detachment.

This is a drama of delusive power. Bresson's players are not recognised (or recognisable) actors. He choses them for faces, hands, voices — they are often striking only in their plainness, yet they rivet an attentive gaze.

It's a film of great stealth: as with *Pickpocket,* everyday acts are made mystical by the delicacy of touching, the intensity of human contact. When a soup ladle clatters across a prison canteen floor it seems like an act of appalling violence. And when genuine violence erupts all we are shown is diluted blood i na washbasin as the celebrant washes his hands.

This is nothing to do with Godard's "grandeur of the ordinary". Bresson is looking for essences and is disenchanted with any painterly quality cinema may have. *L'Argent* is not a film of much visual beauty, frequently shabby in appearance and framed in an almost offhand manner. But is it rigorously unified in a way that few films are. Sound and vision are bound as closely as cinema allows, each sense balanced and distilled.

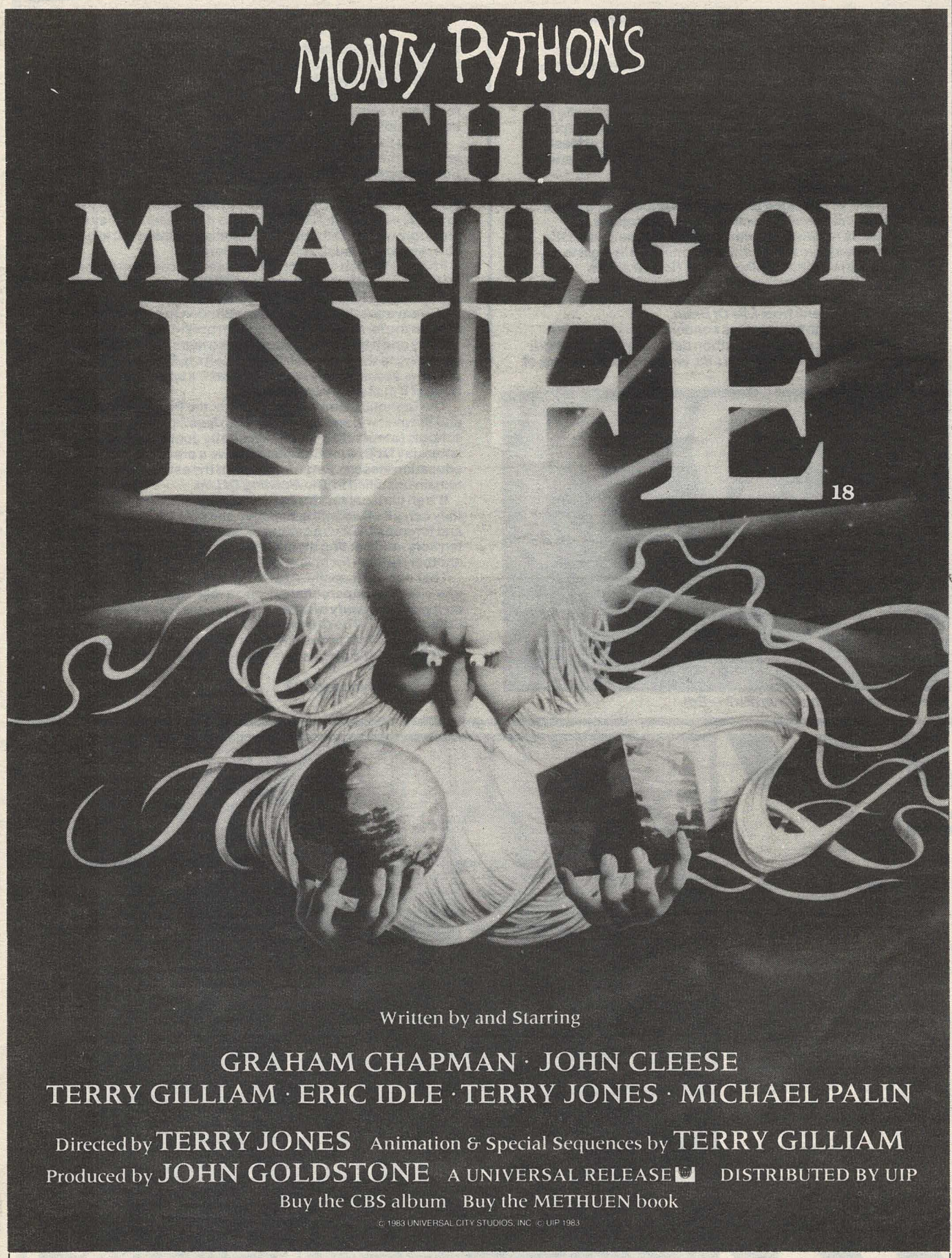
The democracy of *Passion* is sublimated here to a quiet and contemplative vision of the strength of evil and its capacity to destroy anything it lives in. Yvon, the devil's dupe in *L'Argent,* is eventually blunted to a senseless puppet by the routine cruelty of the world around him.

It's a grim lesson, made more so by its calmness. The old woman Yvon takes refuge with at the climax looks after an uncaring family like an ancestral slave; yet there is no pathos in Bresson's insight, only a suggestion that you look on the ambiguous implications of what happens to her and her fugitive with compassion.

L'Argent* seems much longer than its 85 minutes because so much happens — *sotto voce.

And money, like evil, is everywhere.

Richard Cook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ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JUNE 23

Car 54 Where Are You? Latest of the camp cult revivals features two cornball cops Toody and Muldoon, tonight shirking duty so as not to spend their day off in court. **(C4)**

Top Of The Pops. Presented by Peter Powell and Simon Bates. **(BBC1)**

Mardi Gras. With Zachary Richard, French American accordionist, at Louisiana Spring Carnival **(C4)**

Soap. As if the real thing needs parodying...**(C4)**

Britain In The '30s. With Brideshead consciousness paramount among last year's *nouveau riche* popists (ABC, Paul Haig etc), tonight's celebration of the country house should provide invaluable source for their next promos. **(BBC2)**

The Bad Sister (Directed by Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen). An Emma Tennant thriller about two sisters and murdered father deconstructed and dispatched on video by a pair of British independent filmmakers brought in from the cold by ....**(C4)**

Lou Grant (Thames).

The Thursday Alternative (C4).

What The Papers Say (C4). A choice of opinion re journalism: The journalists come out as good guys as ever in *Lou*, no doubt as scum when the public takes a closer look at impartiality in *Alternative* and somewhere in between when *The Guardian*'s Melanie Phillips gets a chance to mock her rivals in the last.

FRIDAY JUNE 24

Switch. Probably with the following five-hour *Tube* in mind, *Switch* producers have compiled on paper what looks like their best ever: Curtis Mayfield getting nostalgic on 'Superfly', 'Move On Up' and 'Freddy's Dead'; Marc And The Mambas doing 'Black Heart' and The Walker Brothers' 'In My Room'; Fun Boy Three predicting 'The End'; not to mention on film and video Culture Club, ABC, Malcolm McLaren and Gladys Knight. Beat that guys! **(C4)**

Midsummer Night's Tube. The idea of rock marathons is not new. The interminable *Rock Palast* from Germany is a regular on the European broadcasting circuit and *MTV* goes on forever in America. But in context of stuffy British programming, breaking conventional time limits is something of a coup. Whether it is actually a good idea is another matter. Here, *The Tube*'s open mind probably works against it, for one cannot imagine Culture Club fans (tune in 8.30 approx., clones) wanting to see Robert Plant live round midnight, or indeed, the new-look Black Sabbath opening the show at 7pm. Whatever, it has been sensibly programmed so as to get heavier as the night wears on: The Tubes precede Plant at 11.15, before that comes David Bowie doing his 100th exclusive interview of '83 at 10.30 — a retrospective is promised; and at 8.55 Duran Duran are allowed another chance to show off their extensive wealth and ridiculous taste, this time in a French chateau. Somewhere in between come Dame Edna Everage, U2 in concert in Colorado, King Sunny Ade bringing Africa to *The Tube* and Vivien Goldman reporting on pan-African clubs in Paris. Me, I'll probably tune in 'round one to catch a frazzled Jools and Paula's tired and emotional goodnight. **(C4)**

That Man From Rio (Philippe De Broca 1964). Continuing their campaign to turn the British public off European cinema, the BBC have imported a speedy jetset spoof featuring Jean-Paul Belmondo and Francoise Dorleac daftly dubbed into American. **(BBC1)**

SATURDAY JUNE 25

Get Set. How come professed babysnatchers Heaven *"I was 37 you were"* 17 have been invited onto kiddie Breakfast TV? **(BBC1)**

The Magnificent Seven Ride! (George McCowan 1972). For the third time, but with none of the

King Sunny Ade **(The Tube)**

Like father, unlike son: domestic trouble, Hong Kong style.

Father And Son

DIRECTOR: Allen Fong
STARRING: Shek Lui, Lee Yu-Tin, Chan Sun (ICA/BFI)

EASTERN CINEMA seems in the main to have forfeited the potentlal charm of tastes of different cultures for the commercial viability of trashy thrillers.

That Allen Fong's debut feature has taken two years to reach British audiences is an accurate reflection of the Hong Kong trade's distrust in any film that probes beyond the confines of their adopted horizons — *Father And Son* is such a departure from their conventional subject matter that it was received with hostility my many Hong Kong critics.

But its appeal lies as much in its avoidance of Alternative Cinema traps as in its lack of concession to mass Western taste. The dour symbolism and smug self consciousness that engrain many ambitious films are conspicuous only by their absence.

In essence autobiographical, the story is primarily concerned with the relationship between an old man and his only son. The father, victim of a class struggle based on professional education, is anxious for his son, Ka-Hing, to fulfill the academic goals he himself was denied, but the boy's interest lies solely in the cinema and he constantly dashes his father's ambitions.

Via flashbacks, the film traces the path from Ka-Hing's childhood days and the constant storms following failures at school, to his departure for college in America. Despite violent clashes ranging from the old man's frustrated frenzies to Ka-Hing's fantasy of his father in front of a firing squad, the story maintains the close link between them in small moving gestures without wading into sentimentality. The balance too is upkept, with neither set of values being negated for the sake of an easy right/wrong combat.

Apart from the main focal point, other touches slip through without screaming their message and uprooting the almost poetic simplicity: wistful hints of archaic traditions such as the sacrifices of the daughters (one in marriage, the other in a job) to pay for Ka-Hing's education, and the close companionship between Ka-Hing and his schoolfriend, are two notable examples.

Warm and sensitive, the overall mood is of a poignancy that is rarely achieved nowadays.

Leyla Sanai

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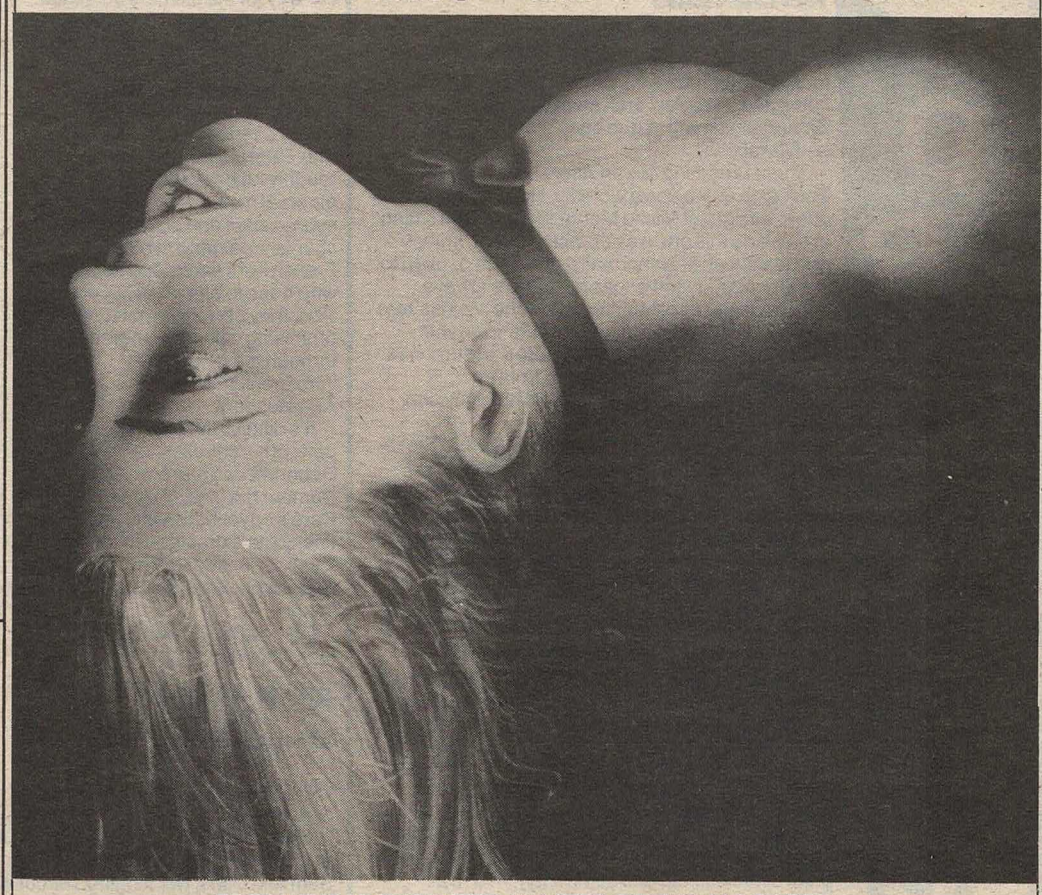

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***Harry Langdon and Al Jolson* (Hallelujah I'm A Bum)**

originals. Crazy baldhead Lee Van Cleef has been drafted in from spaghetti Westerns to head up the outlaws. Stephanie Powers also runs. **(BBC1)**

Pop Quiz. Ends its run with Gary Glitter, Bruce Foxton and Dig Wayne pitting half wits against Kim Wilde, Francis Rossi and Jeffrey Daniels **(BBC1)**

The Farewell (Tuija-Maija Niskanen 1981). Thirty years in the struggle of one woman to cut family ties and carve out a career for herself. Made in Finland. **(BBC2)**

Dracula disinterred in 1979 with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, Donald Pleasance and Kate Nelligan. **(LWT)**

Naked City. Titled this week *The Fingers Of Henri Tourelle.* **(C4)**

SUNDAY JUNE 26

Hallelujah I'm A Bum (Lewis Milestone 1933). Title and probably find of the week. A musical pitched somewhere between *Threepenny Opera* and Busby Berkeley, it stars Al Jolson as leader of a ratpack of Central Park bums, who saves the potential suicide he then falls in love with. The dialogue rhymes, the songs — by Rodgers and Hart — got rhythm and Jolson drips enough bathos to float a thousand depression dramas. **(C4)**

Cromwell (Ken Hughes 1970). Alec Guinness loses his head. Richard Harris keeps his. There, now I've given the end away. **(BBC1)**

A Streetcar Named Desire (Elia Kazan 1951). Brando brilliant bursting out of Stanley Kowalski's stained vests and all over the steamily recreated New Orleans hovels of Tennessee Williams' play. Vivien Leigh less good but fluttery enough as the southern belle Blanche Dubois tormented by his smouldering presence and animal manners. Remember the Napoleonic Code? If not, tune in. **(BBC2)**

MONDAY JUNE 27

Vietnam. *The end of the tunnel.* All over bar the fall of Saigon. **(C4)**

The Killers (Don Siegel 1964). Excellent remake of a remarkable original, starring Lee Marvin as a hitman whose conscience and curiosity are pricked by the surprise acquiescence of victim John Cassavetes. Ronald Reagan in his last fictional role as a rat before he decided to take up the part fulltime. **(BBC1)**

Hill Street Blues (Thames). Best and funniest cop show this side of *Barney Miller* and one that launched a slew of incomprehensible multiple thread plot shows depicting institutions under pressure, such as the hospital series, *St. Elsewhere* **(C4)**

TUESDAY JUNE 28

The Dick Van Dyke Show. With Mary Tyler Moore as well. **(C4)**

Griffin And Phoenix (Darryl Duke 1976). Starring the ever great Peter Falk and Hollywood's idea of a modern woman Jill Clayburgh as a pair of incurably sick lovers. You might recall that Duke once directed the excellent *Payday* and hasn't been seen much

The Teahouse Of The August Moon (Daniel Mann 1956). Brando crouched over grinning like a jackanape and talking in a ludicrous Japanese accent isn't the only funny thing about this peculiar comedy, which takes a rare if soft dig at American cultural imperialism in occupied Japan. **(BBC2)**

WEDNESDAY JUNE 29

The Black Adder. Continuing Rowan Atkinson's smartassed revision of Shakespeare **(BBC1)**

Chris Bohn

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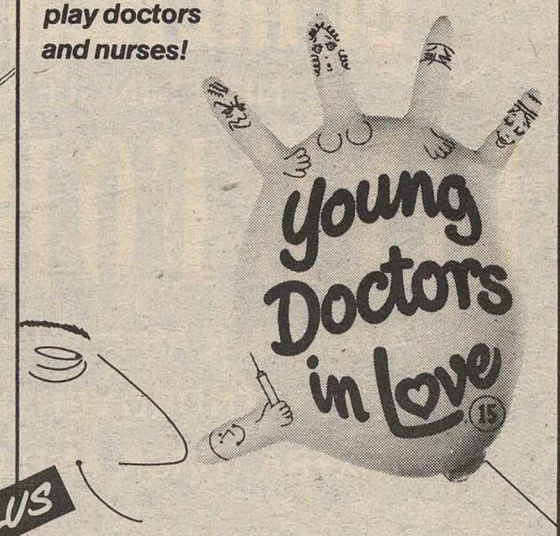

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HARRY DEAN STANTON · PATRICK MACNEE · DABNEY COLEMAN
ORIGINAL MUSIC BY MAURICE JARRE · EXECUTIVE PRODUCER GARRY MARSHALL
WRITTEN BY MICHAEL ELIAS & RICH EUSTIS
PRODUCED BY JERRY BRUCKHEIMER · DIRECTED BY GARRY MARSHALL
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DRASTIC

ALTERATIONS
London Almeida Theatre

NOW, WHAT's going on here? Tables full of musical toys, motley keyboards, the sound of flutes and bazoukis, arch spoken words, speedo Satie waltzing with a dub bass drubbing...it must be Alterations.

There is nothing like an Alterations concert. Their gigs arrive unexpectedly, like a snowstorm in June: with guest Misha Mengelberg tonight sitting in on piano this one was as inconsistent, bumpy and testing as they 'normally' are. They're used to small sectarian audiences but there's always enough of the uncommitted to rub the atmosphere a little the wrong way. A space semi-filled with brimming ideas, erratically explored and cracked asunder; combinations permed from an overflowing choice of instruments as fancy and personal logic selected.

Alterations are improvising musicians — Steve Beresford, Peter Cusack, Terry Day and David Toop — and they make up things all the time; but here they had some notions prepared. Assisted by the admirably wilful and devious Mengelberg a few themes rambled through the session, each seeming to be no more profound than a Chad Valley xylophone tune. Steve even sang about being dressed up with a broken heart (to polite applause). David burrowed into the noise.

Naturally, there were quietly hilarious passages to savour, some seance music to tap glasses by, a little light chaos to wince to. I thought the best moment was when Peter looked across, amazed, at Misha's choice of action. They were a little more restrained than I remembered from last time but the point of it all lodged home with the same force.

Alterations debunk pop (with pop instruments and near-tunes) and jazz (with improvisations jilted of their sense and sensitivity), whirl it all around and send you home with something. Even if it's only a head full of uncoupled and distraught ideas. Think of it! Live music drains and deprives you: this group *gives you something*. There is nothing like...

Richard Cook

23 SKIDOO
TEST DEPARTMENT
THE TOTAL INSTITUTION
Sheffield Leadmill

OSTENSIBLY A multi-media co-operative designed to swamp the airwaves with the sound and vision of Sheffield 1983, Manifesto are fast becoming our friendly neighbourhood Fetish neophytes: taking the familiar paranoia of composite love songs and discotheques to an obsessive deviationist extreme. And to pave the way for the ultimate accolade — a feature spot on Riverside, no less — our local co-op went out of their way to present a whole weekend of novelty turns and avant garde garden events.

The Leadmill's fairly empty for The Total Institution and that's roughly how they sound: all ethereal melodies and a muted syncopation and disembodied chants. Featuring two saxes, a French horn and a lead vocalist who'd like to be the Ari Slit of the '80s, they perform embryonic but promising cultural somersaults through the melancholy introspection of The Slits and New Age steppers.

It's difficult to imagine the perfect introduction for Test Department's hammer and clamour but local film-maker Pete Care's voyeuristic video scanners (including extracts from 'Johnny Yes No') looked to fit their claustrophobic arsenal pretty snugly.

Using gas cylinders, water tanks, springs, corrugated iron sheets, hammers and crowbars and a bass drum and backing tapes of demented classical choirs, they forge a disciplined set of music, brutal in its touch and expressively aggressive. It's a music that chokes between natural and structured noise, violently forthright and crude and sometimes just plain daft. And from somewhere in the darker recesses of The Department, a dance skeleton leaps out and scares you to death.

But if Test Dept. stand a reasonable chance of journeying nowhere stranger than up their own art-holes, 23 Skidoo are already so far up they're scared to look back. Five of them turned up but only three managed to reach the stage...and, believe me, no adjectives of complacency that I could summon forth would do them true justice.

Obsessiveness was always the Fetish key to salvation, but yesterday's industrial mysticism now stinks of crude ostentation and facile cliché. Beside Test Department's purgative hell, Skidoo were just so much senseless reiteration, ragged percussive non-entities. They should take a good look round, they're the only rats left. DVA, ACR, Cabaret Voltaire...they've all had the same sense to jump ship but Skidoo are still here, in sunk in arrogance and indulging in disengagingly trite, gentle and totally superfluous frolics in front of Bruce Lee films and narcissistic self-projections.

When the final culling comes lads don't say OUCH!

Amrik Rai

Pic Andrew Catlin

23 Skidoo — the only rats left?

HEY ELASTICA!
Manchester Hacienda

WHEN AN overtly rhythm-based group faces a rather empty dancefloor, the feeling on both sides can't be very inspiring.

Hey Elastica, however, weren't put off in the slightest. Visually, their enthusiasm was casually rather than consciously communicated — Sam and Giles, two singing, percussive-girls, bumping around stage left, while lead singer Ray McVicar repeatedly rammed his mouth into the microphone without it ever making his singing any clearer.

And the beat got faster.

Hey Elastica took "up tempo" to its logical conclusion. Musically they forced ideas out of winding, spiralling funk rhythms with alarming and gleeful regularity. Their commitment to rhythm was reminiscent of the Pop Group in its early days, but their singing, which combined sharp, female-shouted chants and fuzzy male lyrics, became increasingly powerful — and important — with each song, and by the time 'Barbarella' came around, the voice-riffs were more cogent, clarified and significant than those from the guitars.

Hey Elastica steered clear of the obscure and the pure, and made an uplifting dance noise as a result. 'Perfect Couple' and 'Heart Out' brought the most out of the jerky twosome on the left, and after the latter song, a twisting, soulful delight, they began to flag a little.

But by that time Hey Elastica had put the only spark into what was generally a gloomy election night. As the polling results had been going up on the Hacienda's glowering video screens, Hey Elastica had snapped back forcefully at depression.

Bob Dickenson

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EDDY GRANT

Nottingham Royal Concert Hall

EXILARATION!

I'VE BEEN searching round in my mind for ways to explain how overwhelmingly strange and indefinable an Eddy Grant concert is. But I won't do it in terms of the bitter arguments about whether or not Eddy was right to go and live in Barbados. (Did he betray the people who made him a 'Star' by leaving them? Does his move amount to playing into the hands of those who think that being British means being white?) No, those old wounds are scabbed over by the strangeness of the presence of the man.

But the fact remains that Eddy is twice exiled. (The first time as a Black in Britain because the mainstream culture made him so, and the second time as an English Rasta in Barbados.) And exiles see the taken-for-granted assumptions in a culture that are normally hidden by their very everydayness. Eddy Grant's status as exile has given him space to climb out of many of the oh-so-tiresome and patronising premises with which our entertainment industry is shot through.

Herein lies the key to his strangeness. He doesn't fit in any musical category: be it reggae, rock or funk. Neither does he skimp on honesty for cheesy-grin entertainment industry smarmy imitation apoliticalness. Eddy Grant doesn't forget that the utopian exhilarations of love can be released to inform politics. Think of 'Electric Avenue' and think of the lyrics, they're about Brixton, and they're full of love and respect for the people who live there. His live performances contain those same qualities.

Love, for Eddy Grant, automatically speaks of the ending of oppression. Be it through the effortlessly beautiful and powerful guitar solo he does in 'Too Young To Fall', where the music speaks the people's dignity, or in the indestructible survivor qualities celebrated in 'Hello Africa' when he adds the verse 'Nottingham Is Africa'.

Classically simple, but not a *cliché*. The Exile's vision strikes again: the Outsider can see beyond the immediate, and so offer hope to those who are on their benders anywhere in the world.

But even Nottingham isn't all plain sailing for the likes of Eddy. He does love to flirt, (and so do the women in the audience he flirts with), but — dear me — such behaviour isn't part of the legitimate side of the stiff-upper lip, anti-emotional, authoritarian repertoire of acceptable 'British' masculinity, is it? So the wonderful Eddy Grant shows off his winning grin, beefy body and dancin', struttin' style, and the thick-eared macho wits behind me get jealous and start to yell "Hey, blue-eyed blond boy". (There's such originality in these taunts.)

But Eddy's heard it all before: he's an Exile and so beyond them. Defiant, proud and unperturbed, he launches into the funky honeycombed 'I Don't Wanna Dance'. The man is both, and at once, menace and softie. Hence the strangeness of his presence.

Seeing Eddy Grant perform is a sparkingly, spiky, indescribably precious treasure. His music is trauma, delight, escape, growth, joy and provocation. And then it struck me that perhaps trying to define Eddy Grant is the core of his indefinability...

Amanda Root

The wonderful Eddy Grant shows off his winning grin, beefy body and dancin', struttin' style. Pics Andrew Catlin

MOLISSA FENLEY

London Riverside Studios

WHITE WASH TORNADO

ONE WONDERS if the stuff we export to New York gets half the hype that precedes every 'new art' act we get here. In the case of (diminutive) New Dance personality Melissa Fenley ("the white tornado", "the human cannonball"), the press packet containing 25 separately ecstatic cuttings rather worked against the success of her new solo piece 'Eureka'.

Both the enclosed press prose and the previews based on it led one to believe this dancer for whom weights and sprints have replaced the barre (and who spent part of her early life in Africa) was some sort of radically Soho-style Isadora.

One expected a modern melder of 'African rhythms and California fitness' who moved at the speed of light, welding an astonishing animal technique to the new sounds of avant-Manhattan. (Fenley has choreographed 'Eureka' to a score called 'Voyager' she commissioned from Peter Gordon).

Well, neither Fenley or the score turned out to be *quite* so wildly original. The evening's activity (about an hour and a quarter in all) was divided into three sections. Section One, 'Will Powers', involved a lot of sculpting of the air with the arms and upper torso displaying Fenley's particularly developed back and shoulder muscles during a basically lyrical pattern of movement which evolved into fuller, more sinuous body movements — then shorter, more jazz-oriented dynamics.

Section Two ('Second Sight') featured slower, more compressed energies extended in a loose, two-piece trouser suit. Section Three — 'Racial Memory' — was performed in a box-like shirt over black tights and contained the most exuberant, high-speed sets we were to witness all evening.

For all the blab, the cumulative effect — interspersed with genuine glimpses of a breathtakingly visceral sensuality, usually caught over the shoulder — was one of total concentration sliding into total abstraction.

This was the work of a body well-centered physically but very much on a drift away from non-formal ie. non-*cerebral* integrations with sound and rhythm. The deliberated blah-ness of Gordon's tape-loops may have contributed to this; Fenley has switched collaborations to one with composer Anthony Davis for the Brooklyn Academy's 'The Next Wave' series.

Till then, I tend to suggest bopping on your own (with or without weights) to Sunny Ade, Irene Cara or Michael Jackson.

Cynthia Rose

Molissa strikes again Pic Jack Mitchell

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Music to be carried around, music to be digitally unravelled, music to be magnetised on little strips of rust, music to drown the sound of big ends going — new and upcoming gadgetry from Aiwa, Crown, JVC and Philips assessed by TONY BACON.

BY TONY BACON

Illustration by Catherine Denvir.

Autobias

Hi-fi cassette machines continue to adorn themselves with all manner of shiny indicators, blaring LEDs and buttons galore. The thing I've found most useful on my now rather ancient-looking Teac machine (a hopeless four years old) is its ingenious ability to set the exact bias for any tape type I care to record with. No three-position switch for me — I just press a button, a little knob revolves, and I have optimum bias level, getting the best possible results from whatever tape I happen to be using.

I'm surprised that more makers haven't cottoned on to this actually *useful* gadget, but I'm pleased to see a fair few of the new cassette machines in the JVC and Aiwa ranges featuring what they variously call BEST (Bias, Equalization, Sensitivity of Tape — JVC) and DATA (Digital Automatic Tape Adaption — Aiwa). These labels seem to fall easily into the TABS area (Terrible Attempts at Blinding with Science).

Anyway, Aiwa's top two new decks, the ADF990 and ADF770, feature their DATA system, and JVC's top-of-the line DDV9 has their BEST set-up. Aiwa also have the advantage of Dolby's relatively new HX-Pro system — in addition to B and C noise reduction — incorporated into the 990 and 770 (and it's on their new ADF660). HX-Pro is said to improve high frequency response to such a degree that Aiwa proudly claim "metal-like performance . . . with Dolby HX-Pro, even when recording with normal tapes". I'll let you know.

JVC's other innovation on its range of new cassette decks is "flip-reverse" — an auto-reverse system that, remarkably, flips the record/playback head completely through 180 degrees on changeover. They reckon this gives correct "azimuth" — that's the angular relationship of tape and head — as opposed to the errors often encountered with other auto-reverse systems. It's also allowed them to auto-reverse with a three-head machine — a first, apparently.

Prices: Aiwa 990 £349; 770 £280; 660 £230 (available now); JVC DDV9 £499; DDV7 £299; KDV44 £219; KDV35 £189; and KDV33 £149 (on sale September).

Automobile

A couple of items to interest those seeking in-car entertainment of the audio kind: Philips have finally got round to an auto-reverse car unit (cassette and radio) which they've imaginatively called the AC610. This'll cost you around £125.

And JVC have decided to start selling in-car paraphernalia too, which will be hitting the shops in July. To start they're offering two units, the up-market 71 (three-band, digital display, six presets each band, metal capability, Dolby-B, scan facility, and auto-reverse) priced at £225, and the middle-ground 51 (three-band, three FM/two MW/one LW presets, metal capability, Dolby-B, and auto-reverse) at £165. JVC also debut with a graphic equaliser and a range of speakers.

Predictably, some Compact Disc hardware purveyors have been hinting that CD in-car players will become available relatively soon, possibly by the end of the year.

Autohernia

Systems which makers loosely dub "portable" are in fact getting heavier and more gadget-laden — some, indeed, are hardly portable at all.

Weighing in at a hefty 16½kgs, for example, is JVC's new top-line DC-7, a so-called "Portable Stereo Disc Centre" and as thorough a package as you might conceivably wish for. A drawer whirs out to collect your records and plays them with a linear tracking arm — the drawer itself is barely large enough to take a 12-inch. Above it are ranged an automatic-record/playback cassette machine with Dolby-B and a timer to help taping programmes from the four-band stereo tuner. The amp feeds about 15 watts a channel to the two-way speakers, and the whole thing will cost you about £300.

A cheaper and rather more literally portable new object from Philips is their D8438 "Compact Compo" (not a welly in sight) which features a four-band tuner, metal compatible cassette deck, removable speakers, and a good price tag of about £100.

Philips go to the top end too with the D8734 carry-around system, which it says is the first portable to have a twin cassette deck, allowing tape copying and "continuous" play by running from the end of one tape to the beginning of the next. Even the House of Lords has noted that these double-deckers are an open incitement to break copyright laws — hardware makers don't seem to care at all.

The 8734 also has a four-band tuner, 10 watts per channel amp, 17cm detachable speakers, and is priced at about £230.

Personal

Tiny personal stereos continue to beckon those with spare brass, ever since Sony set the tapes rolling with their Walkman a few years ago. Many makers are now selling units with a cassette-shaped radio tuner section that slots into the cassette housing just like an ordinary cassette, the necessary connections being made by tags at the back of the radio module. Hey Presto! The airwaves are yours.

Philips' D6638 Skyliner personal, however, adds the stereo FM radio section to the main unit itself, on which the tape section includes auto-stop, metal capability, and two headphone sockets. Price is around £50, due in the shops about now.

A very cheap couple of new personals come from Crown, under the aegis of Heron Electronics Ltd. Their cassette-only personal is the CH10, with basic facilities (including auto-stop and battery-condition LED) and a price of about £20, while an FM-equipped version goes for another ten quid on top.

JVC have taken a slightly different line with their new 22K personal, which they've managed to call a "component headphone stereo system". Yup — even personals can now be bought bit by bit. The base unit is the CQ22K, a self-contained personal cassette machine with headphones. It has auto-reverse, Dolby-B, and metal capability, though still no proper tone control. The FQ22K FM/AM stereo tuner can either be added on to the CQ cassette personal, joined to the AQ22K mini-amplifier, or these two bits — the FQ and the AQ — can be clipped either side of the system headphones. It really does seem to cover most combinations — would you need them all, though? Prices are £80 for the CQ, £25 for the FQ, and £16.50 for the AQ.

Soon, natch, we're promised Compact Disc personal stereos, just as soon as the disc makers can get down to, say, a two-inch disc. Just think, digital ears . . .

Digital

Speaking of Compact Disc, Philips have just announced their third CD player called the CD300 which joins their 500 quid models, the CD100 small-ish version, and the CD200 top-loader I reviewed here a few months back. The CD300 is a drawer-loader — in other words a little shelf leaps out for you to bung your shiny digital thing on, just like the Sony player. The 300 is £530 — still plenty of money, though Philips will have further machines for release in the autumn, one of which will feature an elapsed-time read-out and quicker access to individual tracks.

JVC have apparently got a CD player called the XLVI that they might just be persuaded to sell you for £549, but they don't seem at all keen to make any fuss about it. Maybe they're sulking 'cos they didn't invent the CD system — but still wouldn't mind a slice of the market.

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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

Do you remember, long ago, Kathaleen? . . . sounds around downtown relinquish Tony Tuff hot stepper 'Come Fe Mash It', Freddie McGregor continuing crowd gathering with 'Jumping Jack', revival of Alton's 'Mad Mad', Prince Lincoln's 'I Man Feel It' and Trevor Walters' 'You Make Me Feel', plus of course D Brown's seemingly perennial 'Promised Land', his 'Hold On To What You Got', his 'Have You Ever', some Wailing Souls for 'Sugar Plum Plum' and 'Sweetie Come Brush Me': in tune to Unity Hi-Fi along with the man like Trevor Ranking, U Brown, Raymond Napthali, TJ and Jackal . . . **when your lover whispered low** . . . encouraging reception too for John Holt's most powerful *tour de force* in a long time 'Police In Helicopter' now released on Greensleeves disco and c/w 'Youths Pon The Corner' (GRED 120), the latter side featuring harmonies from Al Campbell and Tony Tuff . . . **'shall I stay or shall I go, Kathaleen?'** . . . also new on the Shepherds Bush matrix is the debut album from currently discussed young toaster Josey Wales, 'The Outlaw' (GREL 55), which includes his previous single 'Let Go Mi Hand' on the gate man theme . . . **and you answered proudly, 'Go!** . . . issued in the UK for the first time on his own Mobiliser label is Tapper Zukie's 'Earth Running' LP. Previously available as a JA pre some few years ago, the set observes themes on 'The General', 'Semsiellia', rides Ras Allah's 'Gold Diver' for 'War Is Over', turns in an exemplary 'Raggamuffin' alongside Horace Andy (!), also the curious extended 'Freak' . . . **and join King James and strike a blow** . . . dub disco new on Solomonic couples 'Collie Man — Version' and 'Trouble On The Road — Version' (BWD 017) . . . **for the Green!'** . . . and a pair of discomixes issued on the Coptic Lion imprint: Mike Brooks, 'Come Sister Come' c/w 'Grooving' and Johnny Levi, 'Tenement Yard' c/w 'Livety (Version)' . . .

***Mavrone*, your hair is white as snow, Kathaleen** . . . on Friday you are invited to a show and dance in aid of the Ethiopian children to be held at the Africa Centre, Old Covent Garden, 38 King Street, London WC — 7pm to 3am — with live onstage Surfis Band and Shade Too Far. Sounds by Atlantic and Young Lion. Tickets: 01 228 6693 . . . **your heart is sad and full of woe** . . . and at the Centre the following afternoon 2.30 to 5pm is discussion on the topic can African women breach the political barriers on the continent? with speakers from North-East and Southern Africa . . . **do you repent you made him go, Kathaleen?** . . . also on Saturday afternoon at Alexandra Palace, London, N22 is an extravaganza of politics, culture and fun featuring cabaret, music, theatre, dancing, bar, giant videos, book fair, acrobats, chess, creche, International and Trade Union cities, fireworks, exotic food, funfair, sports under the banner Marx with Sparx. Organised by the Communist party on the economist's centenary . . **and quick you answer proudly, 'No!** . . . and on Saturday night at the Oasis, Roseberry Place, Dalston, E8 live onstage Trevor Walters. Billed as Britain's number one lovers rock singer, TW is onstage at 12.30 at an event which lasts from 10pm till 4am . . . **for better die with Sarsfield so** . . . leading up to Carnival Sunday at the end of August, the London Brotherhood of Steel squad will be at the Tabernacle, Powis Square, W11 every Sunday at 4-10pm. This Sunday London All-Stars steelband. Drinks and rotis on sale. Fee: £1 . . . **than live a slave without a blow** . . . from this Sunday and every Sunday at Brixton's Ace Sir Coxsone in residency with this week guest support Righteous Intersound. Doors open 6pm. Tickets: £1 . . . **for the Green!'** . . . finally, juju, highlife, fuji, meringa, kwela, apala and afrobeat on sale at Stern's African Record Centre, 116 Whitfield Street, London, W1 . . . **One Love** . . .

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GASBAG

THE MASSES

I am now enlightened. The letter in *NME* (11th June) by Jim, the world's new Marx, provoked my brain cells no end. Finally I understand. Many of the working class kids I mix with at school, sixth form, are intelligent yet they are still fervent Conservatives. I have often wondered why such intelligent beings could be so ignorant and develop such tastes. Now I realise why. Intelligence is not (necessarily) conducive to awareness. Ignorance and intelligence are clearly possible. I disagree with Jim about the masses being unintelligent, they are merely bastards. (Ignorant).
I—bin—Zaidoon.
Glad we've got that sorted out. Now let's get on with the important stuff. — AG.

AN AMAZINGLY POINTLESS THING TO DO IF YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME ON YOUR HANDS

Has anyone been able to work out how New Order represent numbers? By comparing the covers of 'Power Corruption And Lies' and the 'Blue Monday' 12 inch, it seems that digits 1-9 are the same as the letters A-I. Surely this causes confusion between the numbers 10 to 19 and letters J-S as well as between 20 to 26 and T-Z?
I should also like to know the significance of the ten colours inside the alphabet and the origin of the code. Can anyone help me?
Gurch, Middlesex.
There's a seeker born every minute. — AG.

FRAUDIAN ANALYSIS

I think I am a very silly person.A recent dream of mine featured a New Order album FAC96 that included a fan club address, an informative eight-page pull-out, sleeve notes and even coloured pictures showing the boys (and Gillian) smiling. I must be a very silly person to dream things like that as Albrecht doesn't smile.
Norman Tebbit the Fate Painter, Manchester.
That's funny — I dreamt the other night that New Order made a record I liked. Funny old world, the land of nod, eh? — AG.

OBITUARY

Isn't it about bloody time that someone exclaimed severe shock, dismay and even fear at the Undertones split!
Doesn't it honestly make you question people's musical values when such absolutely awful crap as Kajagoogoo, Fame and Ultravox chart?
The Undertones had so many good tunes, and they were played with such a lack of pretence, that their failure to be recognised as the saviours of pop makes me bitter.
Their split is the tragic culmination of being unprepared to change their 'image' to cater for today's fashion-conscious (rather than music-minded) punter. I'd like to thank the Undertones for the great records and great gigs. They will always be special to me.
A Rocking Humdinger, Bristol.

PLACID LIBERAL

Once upon a time red and blue were just *nice* colours. Even as a bebe I don't think I was ever kissed by a politician, but I've grown to regard that particular breed of unhumanity with mistrust and the wariest of withering eyeballs.
Distressing it is, then, to have to wade through the electoral mire of the gutterpress only to meet even more desperate speeches and exhortations in the glitter-press columns and neat little letratone squares that make up what is ostensibly, by the title at least, a music paper.
We all know the Tories are bloodsuckers and that Norman Tebbit eats babies and we don't need Julie Burchill or Graham Lock to tell us how dangerous they are. Most of all I don't want to be *told* to vote Labour (or anyone) or to 'Give Britain back to the British'. (And anyway, that suggests a vote for the National Front — who? — rather than labouring Labour.)
If I did want to be told how to think rather than be left to make up my own mind I'd read one of the party newspapers. The last few weeks I've bought the *NME* only to find that is exactly what I was doing (reading a party newspaper, my son). I've always been aware of the *NME*'s left of centre stance — it's so obvious I wish you'd just fall over — but I'm only here for the *Gig Guide* anyway.
The music journalists on your staff may be a destructively bitchy bunch but that is par for the course. They get frequently charged with bookishness. I respect rather than despise people who are good with words though often as not they waver between shady prose and pedantry and can't get to the point.
To *the point* — music journalists are meant to know about music so I am willing to bend an ear when they talk music — but *I don't care* what their political opinions are and I don't want to be sandpapered on the nose by them.
Like *The Sun*, the *NME* stinks of *bias.* Who cares where it leans, bias spells boring in my dictionary and when the letters page leaps about shouting 'placid liberals' at its victims (a loaded insult in *Gasbag* vocabulary, obviously), it even leaps ahead a few pages to spell *insufferable.*
Ilya Curry-Aching, The mensch from oncle.
Of course we're biased: biased *against* Thatcher, *The Sun*, Arsenal, and lots more besides. It's when we consider what we're biased *for* that the sparks start to fly. And if *The Sun* can cover pop music, why shouldn't we cover politics? — AG.

NO CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION

I would challenge Andy Gill's contention that "*The Draughtsman's Contract* weaves a web of intrigue around the patriarchal basis of real estate, thereby, making an implicit criticism of the landed gentry and their pals" as an incomplete and oblique view of the film. *The Draughtsman's Contract* deals with the nature of peoples' perception of "truth" and "reality" and the way in which any interruption of that perception has to be purged in order that their insulated (and insular) lives may continue. In this respect it is an implicit criticism of the inherent conservatism (with a capital or small "c") and jingoism of the country as a whole.
Can I now have a job reviewing movies for you?
Joe Dwyer, London EC1.
You're entitled to your opinion, Joe. Unfortunately, your opinion does not entitle you to a job. — AG.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR SPONSOR

Being referred to as *NME*'s top hack must be similar to being name the world's tallest midget. Incidentally, how tall *is* Adrian Thrills?
John Connolly, New Barnet.
Is that with or without his six-inch platform heels? — AG.

RIPPING YARN

I've just bought the new Talking Heads album which for all its "Direct Metal Mastering" doesn't sound much better/different from your average album.
What sets it apart is the sticker which tells of the very wonderful mastering, that has in the process of removal from the cover produced a big hole.
£4.50 of dole money is a fair bit to spend. A shrinkwrap with the stickers on the outside isn't.
Andrew Scott, Ashtead, Surrey.

NO JOKE!

If Ronald Reagan was still alive today he would vote for Thatcher.
Jove, I-Bin-Zaidoom.

MANIFEST DESTINY

"Labour Party MPs of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your deposits!"
K. Marx.

NAG A RAM (ANAG.)

So, Andy Gill wants anagrams of Southern Death Cult — how about 'Thatcher's nude lout'. I think this is significant.
Richard Scott, Leeds (ish).
What Norman Tebbit gets up to in his spare time is his own business. — AG.

Illustration: Peter Muller.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

So it's finally come to this — "assassination, a dubious last resort".
We all knew, didn't we, that Thatcher would win the election by a streak; the question we must now ask is "Why?".
The answer lies in Graham Lock's 'Signs Of Hope', I'm afraid. Instead of putting forward a coherent set of *moderate* alternative policies to the Tories' blueprint for division and desolation, the Labour Party, or at least a certain section of it, insisted on identifying itself with a number of ideas (which may or may not have found their way into the party's manifesto — I don't know, I've not read it) essentially at odds with the opinions and (not to be underestimated) the feelings of most people, eg. the abolition of the House Of Lords, withdrawal from the EEC and , to top it all, "unilateral disarmament".
To put it another way, the Labour Party isolated a goodly number of its traditional supporters — working people and the unemployed, a great many of whom must surely have defected to other parties or simply not bothered to vote at all. (For my part, I did eventually vote but the spirit was definitely weak.)
There comes a time in politics where, if you really want to *win*, you have to shelve, or even sacrifice altogether, some of your most cherished ideals.
Hugh Berry, London E14.
I'm afraid you're quite correct. The Labour Party must now decide whether it wants to regain its past role as a "broad based party of the workers" — in which case it must broaden its policies and approach to appeal to those working class elements alienated over the past few years — or if it wants to remain a highly principled party of opposition. Power makes no concessions to principles, and principles without the power to implement them are pretty useless poses. — AG.

SON OF PUNDIT

Unfortunately, for every Julie Burchill column slamming the Tories there's a hundred *Sun* editorials.
However, I suspect from some of Julie's caustic comments that in her left wing extremism she's just the other side of the coin to Margaret Thatcher. She suggests Labour should "make a grab for the law and order vote..." and says she supports the re-introduction of the death penalty. It would be interesting to know Julie's view on abortion, homosexuality and immigration. I suspect they'd be equally intolerant.
Her husbands' proudly displaying their son on the *singles* page only confirms the couple's bourgeois pretensions.
Kerouac fan, Torquay.
Come the revolution, of course, childbirth will be illegal, or *mini-persona non grata* as the Latins used to say. — AG.

THE MEDIUM IS THE GARBAGE

To all the people who think there were no riots in the UK in 1982 here are the facts. In July, Myrtle Gardens, Toxteth was set alight and youths attacked policemen, but *News At Ten* was more interested in where our darling Queen Elizabeth II was spending her vacation.
Also in July '82 the riot police were called in to Sir Thomas White Gardens, Everton, but no one knows because 1984 is here and the papers were ordered not to report it in case of copy cat riots.
Remember, what you see on TV is not the whole truth, Michael Foot is not a doddering old fool, he is actually very clever. It is horrific the way the nation is persuaded by the media's coverage of anything. There will be more riots this year because things are getting worse but no one will know and therefore no one will care. My city is falling apart, my life is falling apart. Oh well, at least Liverpool will win the Championship. From a scouser who is tough enough to cry.
Gary, Liverpool.

LITTLE GREEN MEN

Have you gone and done it again? I mean of course your "Vox Pop" which said that Boy George would support the Ecology Party. Along with the article two weeks ago 'Life In A Thatchist State" by Andrew Tyler, which also implied that the Greens offered the best choice for the people, this must have surely been the real reason why Labour lost. It's your damn fault. None of this stuff about poor leaders and our policy being too left-wing can be blamed, that must be attached to dear old *NME.*
Timothy Mickleburgh, Warwickshire.
Okay, we admit it. It's all our fault. Next time around you can make your own bloody minds up. — AG.

GRAND PRIX!

I buy the *NME* every week and have noticed over the past two years that you never have any photos or features on Grand Prix. Is this because they have long hair? Or because their guitarist is better than the ones in The Undertones put together? Or is it a combination of both? Maybe nobody at the *NME* likes them, or it just might be something to do with the fact that they are fuckin' magic.
Please say it's the latter.
Albert the Ox.
GRAND PRIX! They're the best! GRAND PRIX! Hot, throbbing and ready to rock! GRAND PRIX! Better than both The Undertones' guitarists! GRAND PRIX! With long matted hair! GRAND PRIX! Fuckin' magic! Satisfied? — AG.

APATHY AND ABSTENTION

Voting is a privilege which had to be fought for, only apathetic bastards misuse this right. If we did not have the right to vote I bet LKJ would be the first to start shooting his mouth off.
Paul Daly, Cheshire.

MILITANTER THAN THOU

I don't want to get involved in a childish "socialister than thou" argument but I can't let X. Moore get away with calling us all "placid liberals", especially since he doesn't seem to have followed recent events in our fair city — home of the Young Socialists, Militant Tendency and (though I hate to mention them) badstyle riots. Because Trevor Jones and Co got kicked out ages ago, along with our Lord Mayor, or didn't you notice?
We're the first city to have got rid of that archaic (to borrow a Tory phrase) waste of public money. Sheffield etc. ought to follow suit, and then next on our corporate list could be the monarchy, House Of Frauds and Conservative government — abolish them before they abolish us, in other words.
But X. Moore in his cosy London suburb hasn't been told about events up here yet. As Eric Heffer should so cutely have replied: If you don't know what you're talking about, keep it shut.
Mick Furey, Liverpool.

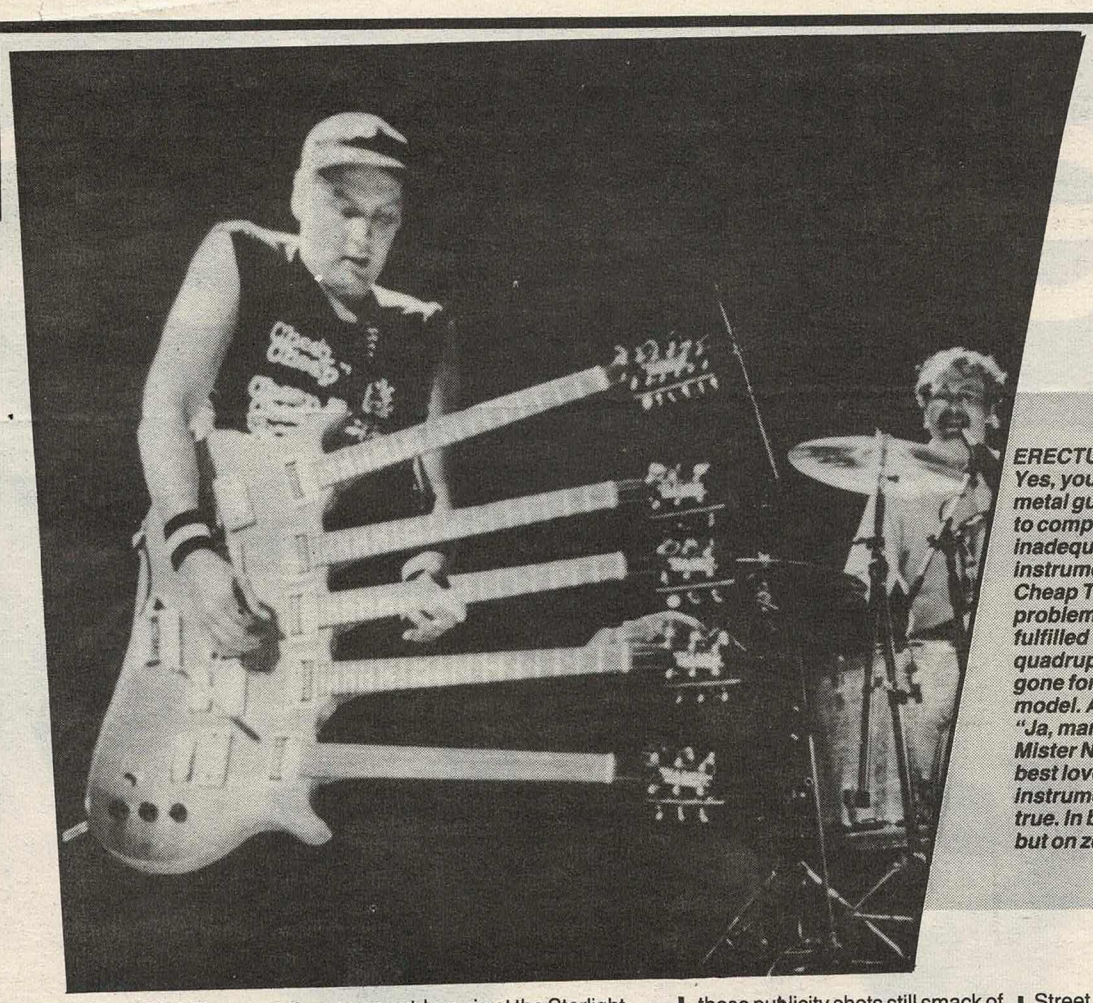
SUCKERS

The Hoover is the housewife's motorcycle!
John Gentles, Aintree, Liverpool.
I'm sure Jimmy will be ever so pleased. — AG.

Readers' Letters Edited By Andy Gill

Write to: Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, LONDON W1V1PG

T-ZERS



ERECTUM CUM PHALLUS: Yes, you've heard how heavy metal guitarists are supposed to compensate for their sexual inadequacies with their instruments, well boy, has Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen got problems then! Not completely fulfilled with a double, triple or quadruple neck guitar, he has gone for the QUINTUPLE model. A sex therapist writes: "Ja, many de people dink dat Mister Nielsen must not the best lover make because of this instrument you see. That is not true. In bed he ist fantashtic, but on zer stage he ist kaput!"

AAAH . . . AAAAH . . . aaaah . . . aaaahtschhho-oooo! Aaaahtschhhooooo! Aaaahtchhhooooooooooo!

Phew! Sorry about that, but **Mother Nature** has just decreed that this week's *T-Zers* column should be hit by a severe bout of hay fever. Ain't it just our luck! Here we are in the middle of flaming June with the little birds singing in the trees, nary a cloud in the sky and half the staff off sunning their wimpy, frail bodies at Glastonbury, pulling pints of real ale at The Oval or scoffing strawberries on the Centre Court.

And the **Dots?** Well, we're still here, wheezing and sneezing into the *T-Zers* bag, eyes reddening behind a pair of dark Demob shades, the sole pollen-stricken pen-pushers left in the goddam office . . . aaaaht-schhhooooo! Pass the Piriton someone, it ain't no fun playing the catarrh hero, you know, but some poor soul has to compile a *T-Zers* column in the middle of summer, so hankies away and we'll be off . . . aaaaht-schhhooooo!

BBBBRRRING! And our first caller is on the line. Hello, you're on the air, **Elvis!** Mister Costello, aka **The Imposter,** was somewhat surprised at the mischeivous conjecture in last week's column concerning the fate of his 'Pills And Soap' opus. A distrusting **Dot** had doubted whether the single would actually be deleted as from June 9, just as it threatened to propel Our El towards his first Top Ten placing for many a month.

Well, the dot stands accused, corrected and slightly shamefaced at the fact that the last of the 160,000 copies left the out-tray at Imp Records HQ at precisely 4pm on, ho yus, June 9! A few copies of the disc might still be available in the odd shop while existing stocks last, but, once they have been exhausted, The Imposter will be no more, if you follow our meaning.

So was Elvis at all miffed at having to forsake his hit status by sticking to his original deletion plan?

"No, not really . . . I wanted the record out and it served its purpose. Being realistic, a lot of the interest did stem from the fact that it was something of a mystery record. I'm obviously delighted that it did well and people will be able to hear it on the next LP if they didn't buy the single. There's another single ready shortly, so we'll concentrate on that."

The forthcoming 45, 'Every Day I Write The Book', another **Clanger-Winstanley** production is released on F-Beat, now through RCA, on July 1 . . .

Young guns **George** and **Andy** of **Wham** took a trip down Memory Lane last week by visiting the North West London nightclub where they spent the halcyon days of their soul-boy youth. The place in question is **Bogart's** in Harrow and the dynamic duo couldn't help coming over all dewy-eyed and nostalgic as they surveyed the dance floor where they first polished up the routines that would later grace the stage at *Top Of The Pops.*

"I remember having the time of my life here a few years ago," reflected George, like the veteran campaigner he is. "We wouldn't get drunk or anything like that. We'd just dance all night long, but getting nostalgic over it is a bit pointless. It's a bit like admitting that you've lost something . . ."

The arrival of the Wham album, meanwhile, has been slightly delayed once more, the reason being that the Bad Boys weren't happy with the sleeve — picky, picky! . . .

Pete Burns of **Dead Or Alive** went through nearly £1,000 worth of microphones whilst in the studio recently. Is it his voice alone which causes them to explode? And can he trigger a synthesiser just by shouting across the studio? The voice, the voice . . .

Mike-bashing aside, the new DOA album is already causing some consternation in the corridors of power up at Epic, what with the band's insistence that it contains no 'gaps' and runs through all the tracks without a break. Ha ha . . .

As **Jimmy The Hoover** hurtle inexorably towards the chart with their 'Tantalise' single, singer **Derek Dunbar's** past unfurls before his eyes. Did you know, f'rinstance, that he used to play a **David Bowie** (yes, *him,* **Kev!**) double in films? You didn't? Then catch *The Hunger* and check out some of the scenes . . . yes, it's *Derek!* Crazy, man, just crazy! . .

The Bronx meets Bermondsey on the latest transatlantic collaboration filtering into the *T-Zers* computer scanning device. Yes, **Grandmaster Flash** and Co are seeking the assistance of Yow Clubbers **Glen Tilbrook** and **Chris Difford** in the making of their next single. Flash and the Five are also to contribute two songs to the soundtrack of a forthcoming film *DC Cab,* starring **Mr T** of *Rocky III* and **Irene Cara.** The rap chaps will themselves make a cameo appearance in the flick . . .

Following their sessions with **Mel Torme** and **Ronald Reagan, Was (Not Was)** have hauled **Ozzy Osbourne** into the studio to work on their next album. Detroit chickens beware! . . .

Ross Middleton of **Leisure Process** has done another bunk, halfway through the recording of his new album. He has been neither seen nor heard for a fortnight now and ex-**Fashion**eer **Dee** has been roped in as a temporary replacement . . .

JOHN LYDON, stuck with gigs in California and Japan arranged by his recently departed cohort **Keith Levine,** has decided that the show must go on. He's replaced Levine with a **PiL** clone pickup band from New Jersey called **Westside Frankie And The Englewood Jerks.** Meanwhile, Keith's in-laws had apparently bought their son-in-law a rather expensive toy, a computer, and along with it went Little Levine's interest in Public Image...

In the same seedy city of New York, **Hugo** *(no, you go! — Ed)* has lost his seat — and maybe even his deposit — in the **Gang Of Four** to a drum machine. He is now shouting "sanctuary!" as he drums away in the new **Nina Hagen** band, tentatively called **Der Dachaux**...

Der Klas, meanwhile, are mixing in some pretty heavy company Stateside these days. And when we say heavy we mean...**Toto, Kiss, Charley Daniels** and **Better Midler.** The whole lot were scheduled to play an outdoor gig at the Starlight Bowl in California, but the bash was blown out by promoters who felt that "these people get pretty gritty at times". **Mick Jones,** back in London at the weekend, spent Sunday night checking out an impressive **Sade Adu** set at **Ronnie Scott's**...

Following her tight-lipped debut on Saturday's **Pop Quiz, Banarama's Sarah** has joined her co-crooner **Keren** on holiday somewhere in the Mediterranean. **Soibahn** preferred the somewhat less salubrious sunshine of the Costa Del Cork in Eire...

Perry Haines's latest creation, the very non-dolphinesque **King,** have just signed to CBS...

Gay men's monthly *HIM* this week features an interview with **Julie Burchill.** The no holds barred piece is trailered with an outspoken writer hits out at gays tag and and lives up to the billing. A sample: "If the only problems in the world were our problems, then of course they'd be worth fighting for. But when you look at what's going on in the world, with people who really are having a terrible time—and not just whining on about the right to commit buggery on street corners— but people who don't even have the basic right to sit down and eat without someone coming along and shooting them, saying they're communist insurrectionaries...it just drives me mad!"...

Despite the promises of a new **Brooooooce Springsteen** album with the **E Street Band,** it could well be that the solo debut by **Clarence Clemmons And The Red Bank Rockers** will see the light of day a little earlier than The Boss's new batch...

New label, old images: **Any Trouble** may have soft-pedalled their overt **Costello**isms in favour of shades of **Hall And Oates** for their EMI America debut, but those publicity shots still smack of 'My Aim Is True'...

The Crusaders edge closer to their half-century with the waxing of their 47th LP, to be entitled 'Ghettoblaster'. **Larry Graham** follows **Randy Crawford, Joe Cocker** and **Bill Withers** as the lead vocalist...

Ray Manzarek is currently finishing off what? (A) a solo album for A&M; (B) the next **X** album on Elektra; (C) a half-eaten fried egg sandwich; (D) a 'live' **Doors** collection with former sidekicks **Densmore** and **Kreiger;**

Country Jock Mcdonald is reluctantly to part company with his protege **Michael Fagen** following the cancellation of all but two dates — Crocks in Essex and the ICA — on the forthcoming **Bollock Bros** tour...

Keep turning that key, boys. **The JoBoxers,** a band not averse to the odd jape, couldn't have been winding up the venerable **Rick Sky,** pop hack *extraordinaire,* in their recent *Daily Star* interview, could they? Dig this: "Over recent years, we have been very down and out. We often didn't know where our next meal was coming from..." The 'Boxer Boys went on to detail how they met their singer **Dig** while scouting around for scraps of food amid the rubbish after a food market in Camden. They then tell of how they smuggle their many underage fans into gigs by hiding them in equipment cases: "We pack them in and wheel them past the bouncers!" Like, really *wild,* boys...

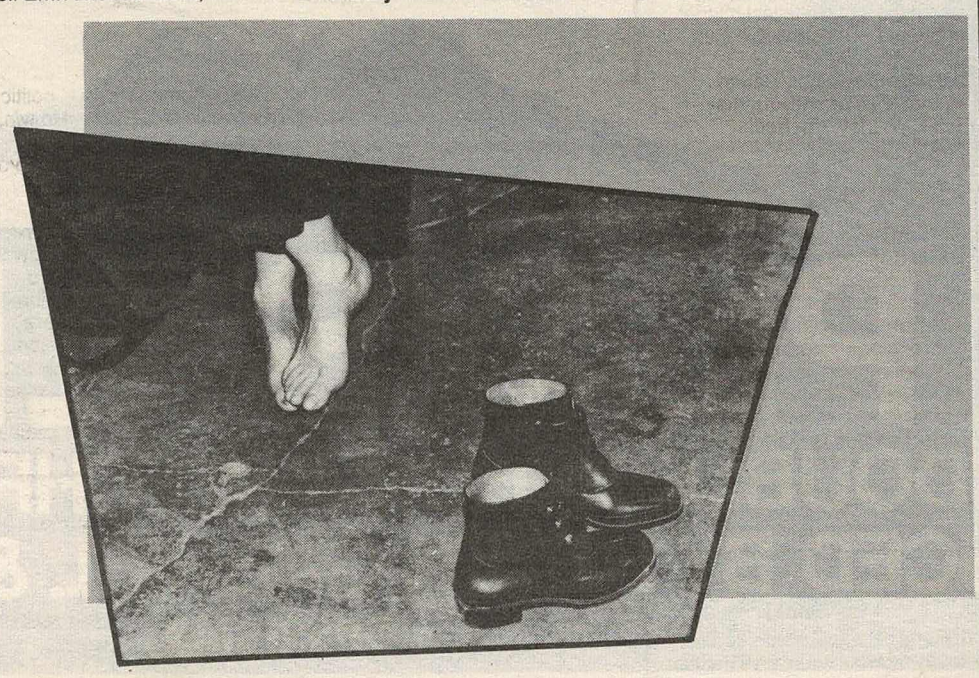
AND NOW a late result from the Carnaby Bowl, a pool hall somewhere off Piccadilly: **Tony "O" Ociepka,** the **Billy Whizz** of Stamford Street, has just beaten **Dave "Dead-Eye" Dorrell** by eight frames to seven in the final of the *NME* pool championship. Gutted by his defeat, the inconsolable chive-head has taken to staying in all day writing post-impressionist poetry, breaking this solitary crusade only momentarily to take in the vibes at Glastonbury. The first of his published works adorns the sleeve of a forthcoming **Jonzun Crew** single...

What a racket! After meeting Wimbledon tennis title hopefuls **John McEnroe** and **Vitas Gerulitus, Thin Lizzy** guitarist **Scott Gorham,** aware that the two were budding rock music fans, organised a "jam" session at Nomis Studios in their honour. Joining Mac and Vitas with their axes were Gorham, **Simon Kirke, Mick Ralphs, Dave Gilmore, Martin Chambers** and **John Deacon.** The unholy bout of boogie was recorded too! We live in hope that it will never see the light of day...

Lastly, a touching tale of concerning the fate of the **Anti Nowhere League's** charming ditty 'So What', the flipside of their 'Streets Of London' single. A judge at Croydon Crown Court last week ordered the destruction of over 8,000 copies of the disc seized from distributors under the obscenity laws. Despite appeals from manager **John Curd** that the record was aimed only at the over-16s, was not obscene and nothing compared to some of the stories published in *The Sun, Star, Mirror* and *News Of The World,* the court ordered the discs to be painlessly put down.

Said **Judge Jean Graham,** "It is quite overwhelmingly obscene...and one knows the effect of pop music on young people today."

One does indeed. Aaaah—tchhhooooooo!



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